Saturday April 5 1997

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# The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

46,830

**The Week**
French protest, chic to chic
G2 with European weather

**Special investigation**
On the trail of the monsters who prey on children
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**Grand National**
The richest lottery of all
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# Major stirs Scots row

## Blair fury at parish council 'ambush'

**Michael White and Erlend Clouston**

JOHN Major last night played the English card in his frantic struggle to reverse Labour domination of the election campaign when he predicted that Tony Blair's plans for Scots and Welsh devolution would "unleash English nationalism".

He revived a key theme of his 1992 campaign — defence of the Union — as Mr Blair became bogged down in controversy after admitting that the tax powers he would grant to the proposed Edinburgh assembly are no different from those enjoyed by parish councils.

The Opposition leader also stressed that sovereignty will remain at Westminster. That has long been Labour's position over devolution — as has Mr Blair's insistence yesterday that under Labour income tax would not rise in the next Parliament on either side of the border.

Conservative strategists, desperate to close Labour's 20-point lead in most polls, pounced on it as political dynamite. Scots Tory Unionists as well as hyper-sensitive Scottish Nationalists were furious at what the Labour leader and his allies saw as an ambush in the Scotsman newspaper.

The Scottish National Party claimed the interview confirmed the "puppet" status of an Edinburgh legislature while the Scottish Secretary, Michael Forsyth, urged Mr Blair to abandon "this reckless scheme which could lead to the destruction of the United Kingdom".

In his Scotsman interview, Mr Blair was asked if he would ever try to stop a Scottish assembly using its tax-raising powers. He said: "Powers that are constitutionally there can be used but the Scottish Labour Party is not planning to raise income tax and once the power is given it is like any parish council: it's got the right to exercise it."

Mr Blair was asked what he would tell his Sedgefield constituents about the unfairness of Scots MPs voting on English matters but not vice versa. He replied that devolution meant "the sovereignty rests with me as an English MP. And that's the way it will stay."

Mr Major told his party's Albert Hall rally in London to contrast Britain's economy in 1979 — "we might call it the English Patient" — with 1997 when, like the film, the economy was winning Oscars.

Coupling devolution with Europe and the Lib-Lab constitutional package, the Prime Minister then put the boot in.

"With his words Mr Blair both insults Scotland and breaks the promise he's given them for a long time. This is the man who only yesterday asked Britain to trust him. Today by his own action he divides his own party in Scotland, a party that has campaigned on the theme that a Scottish parliament would be a powerhouse for Scotland's future," he said.

"What a fall is here from powerhouse to parish council in one soft phrase too many from the Labour leader? This isn't the way to consider constitutional change. This is incompetence. Pure and simple. It's a man way out of his depth struggling and losing his grip on his own policy."

Mr Blair had used his visit to Scotland to confirm that his promise not to raise income tax rates if he wins power also applies to a Scottish assembly, though it will have theoretical tax-raising powers of up to 3p in the £.

Labour claimed to be satisfied last night that this message had got across.

Earlier, the Prime Minister said: "Everybody talks a great deal about Scottish nationalism ... I do hope nobody believes it would be an attractive position to unleash English nationalism. That wouldn't be a good idea.

"If you get yourself into a position — and Mr Blair's plans would do this — where the *Scots believe they can* send Members down to Westminster to determine how money is spent in England and the reverse does not happen ... that is bound to lead to bitterness and conflict."

**The Election, pages 4-5; Leader, letters and Mark Lawson, page 8; Hugo Young and Martin Kettle, page 9**

Star turn ... John Major addresses yesterday's Tory rally in London's Royal Albert Hall PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARGLES

# Empty seats in land of hope and Tory

## The elderly and the old at heart wave the flag at Albert Hall rally

**Luke Harding**

IT MUST have been a bit like this when the band *struck up as the Titanic* was sinking. As 2,000 Conservative activists converged on the Royal Albert Hall last night they were greeted by a rather elderly jazz band, the Mardi Gras Joymakers.

The band whipped the au*dience into a frenzy*. The army of women in navy pleated skirts and men in houndstooth jackets beat their plastic Union flags in time to music. Some hummed and others twirled their newspapers. Young Conservatives — at heart 48 years old but cruelly imprisoned in the bodies of teenagers — sat and sang.

The hall, in Kensington, west London, had been decorated with a 30ft blue cross. It set the evening off nicely. Behind the jazz *band a huge video screen* flashed up the Conservative slogan: "You can only be sure of the Conservatives." A waving John Major and an adoring Norma hung from the ceiling.

Suddenly there was a blast of what passes for *disco music in* Conservative circles, and Jeffrey Archer glided through the crowd. He was the warm-up man. "I'm a new Conservative. We have had 18 years of Labour rule and I have become a new Conservative," he declared. "I have a message for you, Tony Blair. Come out of hiding and let the people decide." Wasn't this a Referendum Party slogan?

Then it was Brian Mawhinney's turn. "You can vote for Mr Blair," he said. "Never!" they shouted back. "That means," the chairman said, "a sell-out to Europe in six weeks' time and millions of extra *taxes in three months.*"

And then John Major appeared, flanked by Norma. He went off his text several times, his theme the breaking up of the United Kingdom, and outlined a strong country not governed by Brussels. "That is the message I *wunt* you to take home with you: that this country is the best to live in. Go out with courage and on May 1 we shall win."

The crowd cheered, waved flags, shouted and whooped. Norma joined John on the stage. And then the inevitable happened: Land of Hope and Glory was pumped out of the sound-system. Though the activists scarcely noticed it, an uncomfortable truth became evident as Mr Major plunged into the auditorium. It was only half-full and many of the balconies were empty. Where was everyone? In the bar?

"Gee," an American jour*nalist said, "he could shake* hands with everyone in the hall: it wouldn't take him *long*."

Even the Tory chicken which had taken the plane to Glasgow earlier in the day was having a night off. The Daily Mirror chicken — its mortal adversary — was nowhere to be seen, either.

Alec Aitken, the Central Office press officer who wrestled with the Mirror chicken on Thursday, seemed relieved. "It was pure aggression when it attacked me," the bespectacled Mr Aitken said. Rough trade, politics.

# Soft edges of the LibDem radicalism

***Alan Travis***

The new Conservative Campaign Guide calls the Liberal Democrats "an extremist party unfit for office" but just how radical are they?

At the centre of the Tory *claim is Paddy Ashdown's in*sistence yesterday that his party's manifesto, Make the Difference, is an attack on the "terrible fatalism" which grips politicians and leads "only to the puny solutions of the politics of managing things better".

Mr Ashdown's pamphlet claims to root LibDem idealism in a tough realism which ensures the party stays in the realm of practical politics. So it is the only manifesto which is "a fully costed menu with the prices attached".

But it is also a document which fleshes out the claim to be a radical party of the left.

It is designed to leave Labour's "cautious radicalism" looking as though it is somewhere in the convergent centre of British politics. Labour's decision to accept acceptance of Chancellor Kenneth Clarke's spending plans for the next three years and the absence of any explicitly redistributive policies has left the Liberal Democrats with an apparently open goal.

The LibDem pledge of injecting £2 billion a year into education, funded by increasing the basic rate of tax by 1 per cent, gives the party a much clearer edge than they had when it was first launched back in 1992.

And Mr Ashdown has learned a few new moves since the last election.

Put five pence on a packet of cigarettes and free NHS eye tests and dental check-ups can be restored. Make those earning more than £100,000 a year pay a 50 per cent top rate of tax and Britain's poorest 500,000 can be taken out of the tax system.

Some of the pledges are pieces of positioning. Labour promises to cut class sizes to 30 or under for five- to seven-year-olds. So Mr Ashdown trumps it by saying he will do *it for five- to 11-year-olds.*

But it is not all a one way street. The small detail of the LibDem manifesto has areas where Labour appears to be more radical.

Take the national minimum wage. Critics complain *Labour has failed to specify* a rate.

The LibDemshowever are not even in favour of it. They go no further than supporting something which will lead to a "flexible labour market with a regionally, variable, minimum hourly rate". Labour promises to scrap VAT on fuel. No thank you, say the LibDems.

Labour says it will end the right of hereditary peers to vote in the House of Lords. The LibDems say only that they will "transform the House of Lords over the next two parliaments".

So on closer inspection the "most radical manifesto" contest is more complicated than at first sight.

When Mr Ashdown fought his first election as party leader in 1992, the LibDems had their 50 per cent higher rate of tax on incomes over £50,000.

It also promised peak hour urban bans on cars, 10 pence on a gallon of petrol and "a variety of road pricing schemes" to deal with pollution and traffic congestion. Now the car bans have gone, the petrol increase is halved to five pence and only the road pricing schemes remain.

What about Mr Ashdown's demands should there be a hung parliament? At the last election he put proportional representation and home rule for Scotland at the top of his agenda. No need for that anymore. Now both Labour and the LibDems agree that a referendum should be held before any changes in the voting system and there is no arguement over the Scottish Parliament.

So, while the LibDem manifesto is more radical than Labour, the party is not as radical as it used to be.

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# Science of love points to model answers in quest for perfect mate

**Chris Mihill**
**Medical Correspondent**

IT was a bad day for agony aunts, hopeless romantics and childhood sweethearts. Turning centuries of mush on its head, a psychologist yesterday claimed the key to true love lies in a simple mathematical formula. In a revelation which brings science to the choice of a lifetime partner, Peter Todd said experience of 12 partners provides enough information to select the ideal mate.

His mathematical model indicates that the search for the perfect partner need not be as long or heart-rendering as the likes of Barbara Cartland imply: after 12 boyfriends or girlfriends, choose the next person better than the 12 and stick with that one.

"The dozen will be your emotional benchmark," said Dr Todd, of the Max Planck Institute for Psychological Research in Munich, in an address to the annual conference of the British Psychological Society in Edinburgh.

His "try a dozen" rule means marrying a childhood sweetheart is not a good plan because no experience of anyone else can be a problem.

He believes that choosing a lifetime's partner is a more rational process than most people believe.

People employed what he called a "subconscious materating system" whereby they compared the new person with previous partners and also assessed their compatability in terms of leisure interests and social and educational backgrounds.

His research found that, usually, it was only if the person passed those standards that they fall in love — despite claiming afterwards that they married only for love.

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The Guardian Saturday April 5 1997

£5,000 award for African wrongly rejected as chaplain

# Black vicar wins hospital race case

Martin Wainwright

A CHURCH of England vicar is to be paid £5,000 compensation by an NHS trust after an industrial tribunal decided he was refused a hospital chaplaincy because he is black.

The north London hearing criticised the appointment panel at Chase Farm hospital in Enfield, which included two senior clergymen, for giving "inadequate and unsatisfactory" reasons for rejecting Rev Oluseye Olumide in favour of a less well-qualified candidate.

The tribunal ruled by a 2-1 majority that the choice had strayed into race discrimination because the full-time appointment was "for many a controversial one, and the appointment of an African, however experienced, would have been too controversial".

The trust was also criticised for failing to keep proper notes of the job interview, required by its own equal opportunity rules, and for relying on a version that was typed out long after the event. The Church is considering the ruling, but said yesterday that its representatives on the panel, Rev Dr Jonathan Trigg and Prebendary Peter Speck, were advisors and were not involved in the direct employment contract between the hospital and its chaplains.

However, there is concern among London churches at the small number of ethnic-origin clergy who have received hospital chaplaincy appointments.

Rev Olumide, who has worked as a hospital chaplain for 20 years, said yesterday: "I am naturally pleased that some of my questions regarding this incident have been answered to my satisfaction. However, I am deeply concerned that there are so few black full-time Anglican hospital chaplains in this country. "I suspect that a black face seldom fits the stereotype of an Anglican hospital chaplain in Britain and that this will not change without challenges and a conscious effort being made on the part of all concerned."

Rev Olumide, who was born in Nigeria and came to Britain in 1964, has since been appointed chaplain to Parkside NHS Trust — becoming the first full-time black Anglican hospital chaplain in the London area.

Before applying for the Chase Farm job, he had served for 10 years as full-time chaplain to Bradford Royal Infirmary and other hospitals in the Yorkshire city.

Courtney Hay of the Bradford-based Northern Complainants Aid Fund, which represented Rev Olumide, said: "He has shown courage and determination and has set an excellent example to other members of the clergy and the community at large in bringing this case.

"I hope that the health trust and the Anglican church learn from this experience."

The trust's personnel director, Claire Appleby, told the tribunal that Rev Olumide had been in the running for the post until he had "become angry, aggressive and started shouting" when she asked some "probing questions".

Class act . . . Jasmine Malpass, aged nine, arranging some of the banners made by children from each of Brighton and Hove's 71 schools with artists from the Same Sky Celebratory Arts Company. The banners have been hung on the sea front to herald the formation of the new council PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER BAMBER

# Paedophile Britons 'killed boys' in Dutch films

Nick Davies and Eamon O'Connor

DUTCH police are investigating allegations that British paedophiles in Amsterdam have murdered five children while making "snuff" movies.

The allegations focus on a group of British men who met in Amsterdam in the late 1980s, when the city had become a refuge for British paedophiles fleeing police activity in London. Three have independently claimed to have direct knowledge of the production of paedophile "snuff" movies, but none admits being involved.

The inquiry has been set up by the Dutch Ministry of Justice after it was passed evidence collected in the making of a Network First documentary, The Boy Business, to be shown on ITV on Tuesday.

One of the men, identified under the pseudonym Edward, describes seeing five videos, in each of which he says a boy died after being sexually abused. He gives detailed descriptions of the victims.

Edward has since given detailed statements to Scotland Yard's paedophilia unit and to Dutch police. He has identified a house in Hoofdorp, just outside Amsterdam, where he says some of the videos were made, and a mooring site for houseboats where he says others were made. He has led police to a lake where he says he was told the bodies of the five boys were dumped.

A second man in this group is named in the programme as Warwick Spinks, aged 31, who is serving a five-year sentence in Britain for abducting and raping a 14-year-old homeless boy.

Spinks subsequently sold the boy, who had been living rough in London, to an Amsterdam brothel.

Spinks has boasted of his knowledge of paedophile "snuff" movies. In a conversation recorded by an undercover policeman in Amsterdam, he said he might be able to provide a video in which a 10-year-old boy was killed, and went on to describe how an associate had seen a boy die in the course of making another film.

Spinks was associated in Amsterdam with a British drug dealer whose name has been passed to Dutch police. It is understood that this man has told British police that he, too, has knowledge of "snuff" movies being made in Amsterdam, although he has denied being involved. Spinks also denies he was involved.

Spinks and his associates created a string of lucrative businesses in Amsterdam catering for paedophiles. They imported boys from London and also from Eastern Europe where, Spinks boasted, he bought "chickens" — under-aged boys — for a pittance.

The paedophiles sold the boys into brothels and used them in the production of pornographic videos.

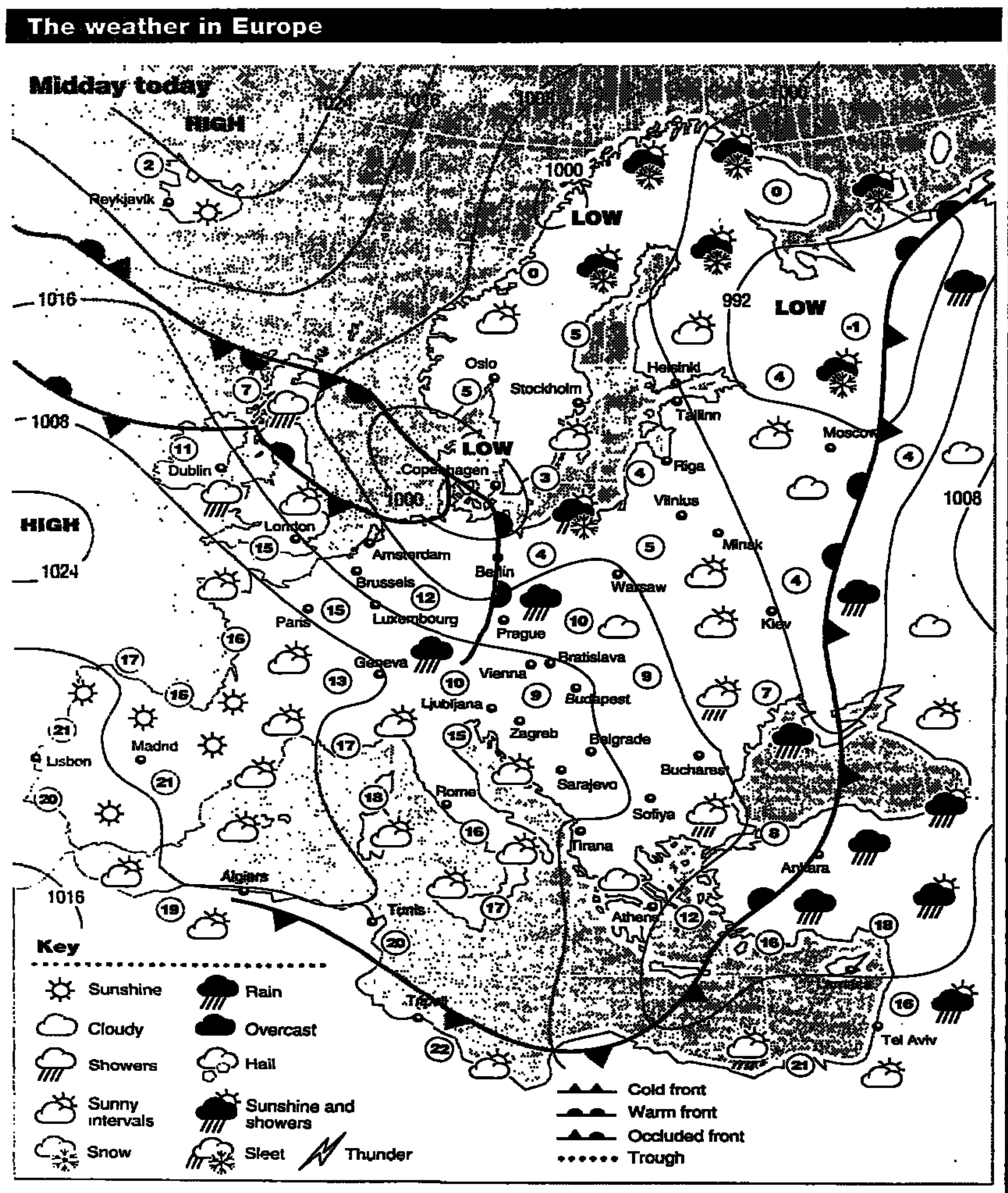
Spinks personally ran an escort agency through which he sold young men and boys in England and Holland.

Other associates of the men have described how some of them also used a house in North London where boys aged 11 to 14 were bound and buggered for the camera by two of the paedophiles. They say that boys were imported to Amsterdam for more film-making. They recall Spinks trying to charge £34,000 for a video of an eight-year-old boy being sexually abused and tortured by two men.

*The Boy Business. Network First, ITV, Tuesday, 10.40pm.*

The Week, page 16/17

## The weather in Europe




### Forecast for the cities

Today / Tomorrow / Monday / Tuesday [illegible]

### Around the world

Lunchtime yesterday (previous day in Americas) [illegible]

### European weather outlook

**Scandinavia:**
East of the norwegian mountains in Sweden and Finland, skies will be bright with good sunny spells, although a snow shower is possible in eastern Finland. Meanhwile, there will be lots of clouds along the Norwegian coast with periods with snow or rain. Temperatures will range between -1C in the north and 11C in the south.

**Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland:**
Another fine day with lots of bright sunshine. A few small clouds will develop in northern Germany in the afternoon, but it will stay dry. Maximum temperatures will be between 13 and 16C.

**France:**
A sunny day, although sea fog may spoil the day on the beaches of the Bay of Biscay. Temperatures will rise to 16C in the north and 22C in the south, but on the beaches of the Bay of Biscay temperatures will struggle to reach 15C.

**Spain and Portugal:**
The day will start out sunny, but a few clouds will develop in the afternoon with a risk of showers in the south. It will be quite warm with temperatures rising to 25C in the interior. Along the coast sea breezes will keep temperatures just below 20C.

**Italy:**
Northern and central Italy will be fine with sunny skies and temperatures around 19C. Southern Italy will see another day with mostly cloudy skies with widespread showers developing in the afternoon. Temperatures will only be around 15C in the south.

**Greece, Turkey and Israel:**
Lots of clouds with numerous showers, some with thunder. It will be rather cool with temperatures around 13C in Greece and between 14 and 18C in Turkey. Israel will be fine and warm with top temperatures around 25C.

## Television and radio — Saturday

**BBC 1**

8.00am Harry And The Hendersons. 8.25 News And Weather. 8.30 Children's BBC: Felix The Cat. 8.45 Phantom 2040. 9.10 The Real Adventures Of Jonny Quest. 9.35 The Flintstones. 10.00 Live And Kicking. 1.12 Weather. 1.15 Grandstand. 1.25 Football Focus. 6.20 News And Weather. 6.30 Regional News And Sport. 6.35 Tom And Jerry. 6.45 Dad's Army. 7.15 The New Adventures Of Superman. 8.00 Whatever You Want. 8.50 The National Lottery Live. 9.10 Crime Traveller. 9.59 National Lottery Update. 10.00 The Ice House. 11.25 News And Sport. 11.55 Match Of The Day. 1.05 Grand National. 1.30 Top Of The Pops. 2.00 FILM: The Spring. 3.40 Weather. 3.45 Close.

**BBC 2**

7.20am Open University: Christopher Plantin, Polyglot Printer Of Antwerp. 11.50 Congo Maisie. 1.00 FILM: The Adventures Of Sherlock Holmes. 2.20 FILM: Mutiny On The Bounty. 4.30 FILM: Mogambo. 6.25 The Saint. 7.15 Travels With Pevsner. 8.05 Newsnight. 9.00 Weather. 9.05 Close Up. 9.10 Call Of The Sea. 9.50 Trade Secrets. 10.00 The Big One With Michael Moore. 11.30 Performance: Macbeth On The Estate. 12.55 FILM: Wings Of Fame. 2.40 Later With Jools Holland. 3.50 Close.

**BBC Prime**

● Intelsat

7.00am World News. 7.25 World Weather. [illegible]

[illegible] Bunder (Drama). 9.30 My Generation. 10.00 Newshour. 11.00 News. 11.05 World Business Review. 11.15 Britain Today. 11.30 Meridian Live. 12.00 Newsdesk. 12.30 Play of the Week: Ashes To Ashes. 1.30 Andy Kershaw's World Of Music. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 Letter From America. 2.45 Britain Today. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30 On Your Behalf. 3.45 Sports Roundup. 4.00 Newsday. 4.30 Music Review. 5.00 News. 5.15 Sports Roundup. 5.30 F.O.O.C. 6.00 Newsdesk. 6.30 Global Business.

**The Movie Channel**

● Astra

7.00 Mysterious Island. 8.00 Robin Hood Junior. 9.00 Stand-In. 11.00 Lightning Jack. 1.00 Free Willy 2. 3.00 My Summer Story. 5.00 Three Ninjas Kick Back. 7.00 Three Ninjas Knuckle Up. 9.00 Free Willy 2. 11.00 Schindler's List. 2.15 Nostradamus. 4.15 Bad Boy Bubby.

**Sky Movies**

● Astra

7.20 The Ladies' Man. 9.00 Howard: A New Breed of Hero. 11.00 Princess Caraboo. 12.45 The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking. 2.30 Walk Like a Man. 4.00 Howard: A New Breed of Hero. 6.00 Princess Caraboo. 8.00 Getting Even with Dad. 10.00 The Quick and The Dead. 12.00 Alien Abduction: Intimate Secrets. 1.30 Rooftops. 3.05 Some Kind of Miracle. 4.40 Garbo Talks.

**Sky Movies Gold**

[illegible]

## Television and radio — Sunday

**BBC 1**

8.25am Children's BBC: Dilly The Dinosaur. 8.30 Teletubbies. 9.10 The Pink Panther. 9.30 Breakfast With Frost. 10.30 Discovering Eve. 10.45 First Light. 11.15 See Hear! 11.45 Baraka. 1.00 CountryFile. 1.25 Weather For The Week Ahead. 1.30 On The Record. 2.30 EastEnders. 3.25 FILM: Columbo: Last Salute To the Commodore. 4.55 A Perfect State. 5.25 EastEnders. 6.20 True Tilda. 6.50 News And Weather. 7.15 Regional News. 7.20 Songs Of Praise. 7.55 Last Of The Summer Wine. 8.25 Antiques Roadshow. 9.10 Hamish Macbeth. 10.00 The Ice House. 11.30 News And Weather. 11.50 Everyman. 12.40 FILM: The Cassandra Crossing. 2.45 Weather. 2.50 Close.

**BBC 2**

7.10am Open University: The Lyonnais: A Changing Economy. 9.15 Computer Show. 9.30 Children's BBC: Oakie Doke. 9.40 Stay Tooned! 10.15 The Adventures Of Skippy. 10.40 Pirates Of Dark Water. 11.05 Mighty Max. 11.30 Grange Hill. 12.00 Sweet Valley High. 12.25 Charlie Brown And Snoopy Show. 12.50 The O Zone. 1.20 Singled Out. 1.45 The Simpsons. 2.30 Regional Programme. 3.00 Don't Be An Anorak. 3.10 FILM: Anchors Aweigh. 5.25 The BT Global Challenge. 5.55 Rugby Special. 6.55 Land Of The Eagle. 7.45 Star Trek: Voyager. 8.30 Brahms' Requiem. 10.00 The Debate For A Chancellor. 11.00 FILM: Raising Cain. 12.30 FILM: Dead Ringers. 2.25 The Phil Silvers Show. 2.50 Weather. 2.55 Close. 3.00 [illegible]

[illegible] Newsdesk. 12.30 Global Business. 1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 Anything Goes. 2.00 News in German. 2.15 Sports Roundup. 2.15 In Praise of God. 3.00 Newshour. 4.00 News. 4.01 International Question Time. 4.45 Letter From America. 5.00 News. 5.05 Sports Roundup. 5.15 Concert Hall. 5.30 News in German. 6.00 Europe Today. 6.30 Sunday Sportsworld. 7.00 News. 7.01 Policy & Prejudice. 7.30 Weekend. 7.45 Sports Roundup. 8.00 Newsdesk. 8.30 Play of the Week: Ashes To Ashes. 9.30 Anything Goes. 10.00 Newshour. 11.00 News. 11.05 Write On. 11.15 Britain Today. 11.30 Music Review. 12.00 Newsdesk. 12.30 Health Matters. 12.45 Sports Roundup. 1.00 News. 1.05 Science View. 1.10 The Making of Hamlet. 1.25 Pop Short. 1.30 In Praise of God. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 Short Story. 2.45 Britain Today. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30 Pick of the World. 4.00 Newsday. 4.30 Meridian Feature. 5.00 News. 5.05 Write On. 5.15 Sports Roundup. 5.30 Europe Today. 6.00 Newsdesk. 6.30 Europe Today.

**The Movie Channel**

● Astra

7.00 The Phantom of the Opera. 8.00 Up in the Air. 9.00 Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay! 11.00 Cloak & Dagger. 1.00 The Big Knife. 3.00 Major League II. 5.00 Invisible Mom. 7.00 The Next Karate Kid. 9.00 Major League II. 11.00 Les Rendez-Vous de Paris. 12.40 The Movie Show. 1.10 Jack Reed: One of Our Own. 2.45 The Glass Shield. 4.35 Confessions of a Sorority Girl. 5.55 Up in the Air.

**Sky Movies**

[illegible]

Financier Joe Lewis, whose £3bn makes him Britain's richest person PHOTOGRAPH: CRAIG LENIHAN

# Divorce pay-off puts Diana in Rich List

Alison Daniels

DIANA, Princess of Wales, and Delia Smith may not share a love of food but they hold joint 916th place on the list of Britain's richest people to be published tomorrow.

The annual Sunday Times Rich List this year ran to 1,000 names and included a lottery winner and 16 billionaires.

Confirming that the North/South divide is still with us, the list reveals that over half the country's wealthiest live in the South-east. Another significant proportion live abroad as tax exiles.

It also reveals a decline in old money — only 155 of the top 500 inherited their fortunes. Over half of the the top 200 list in 1989 inherited their money. According to the newspaper, fortunes are being amassed faster than ever before with a host of newcomers displacing 81 of last year's top 500 entrants.

The richest person in Britain is the slightly mysterious financier Joe Lewis, worth £3 billion. Mr Lewis, often described as a recluse, runs an international empire from the Bahamas and earlier this year paid £40 million for Glasgow Rangers football club. The son of a Jewish pub landlord born in the East End of London, Mr Lewis began working as a waiter before he made his fortune on the stock market and retired to the Bahamas aged 42 in 1979. He usurps the food packaging billionaire Hans Rausing who is worth £2.8 billion.

Diana, on the list for the first time, is worth £17 million and is now wealthier than Prince Charles, whose name does not appear. His assets are included in the Queen's.

Diana's wealth is attributed to cash she received from her late father's estate and her £15 to £20 million divorce settlement.

Among the new arrivals in the list is Harrods' owner Mohamed Al Fayed, whose inclusion the newspaper explains by noting: "Doubts were continually raised about whether the money used to buy Harrods belonged to Al-Fayed. Now Dr Philip Beresford, the author of the Rich List, is convinced it does."

Another new entrant is David Bromilow, who made £427 million through his stake in the the sportswear firm Adidas when it was floated in 1995. He is now worth £800 million.

Heading the richest Asians' list are Lakshmi Mittal and his wife Usha, whose fortune made in steel totals £1.5 billion.

Robert Earl, 45, the Surrey university graduate who set up the Planet Hollywood restaurant chain, leaps up the list after doubling his fortune to £800 million.

Scraping over the £15 million minimum entry requirement is lottery winner Mukhtar Mohidin, a Blackburn factory worker who won £17.8 million in December 1994. He was the first public winner who found that wealth did not bring happiness, but tabloid voyeurism. He later denied marital strife and was recently reported to have fled the country.

Scotland's richest couple are Stagecoach founders Ann Gloag and her brother Brian Souter, worth £500 million, while the richest person in Wales is electronics businessman Terry Matthews, worth £900m.

Trailing behind the business tycoons come stars from the entertainment world, including Lord Lloyd Webber, with £550 million, and Sir Paul McCartney, with £420 million.

Princess Diana and cookery writer and broadcaster Delia Smith, who share 916th place on the list of Britain's richest

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There's a great deal going on

# Teachers scorn Shephard threat

John Carvel
Education Editor

GILLIAN Shephard was hissed, booed and laughed at by a conference of teachers yesterday when she warned that a fifth-term Tory government would stop them taking industrial action against official failure to tackle indiscipline in schools.

The Education and Employment Secretary started by congratulating delegates of the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers in Bournemouth for their strong line against unruly pupils.

About 500 teachers present thought she was about to thank them for restoring order to the Manton School in Nottingham and the Ridings School in Halifax, where their strike threats were catalysts for official action, providing the Government with the opportunity to attack Labour local education authorities.

However, she said: "Whatever the situation in a school may be, there is never any excuse for a professional person to strike or take industrial action ... for teachers the interests of the pupils should always come first."

The delegates hissed and shouted "rubbish" as she went on to deliver what sounded like valedictory thanks "for all the help you have given me during my time as secretary of state". She left out the line in her prepared text on looking forward to meeting them again.

Mrs Shephard told journalists that the Tory manifesto proposals would make it possible for parents and governors to take legal action against teachers for disrupting children's education. That would have made the staff at the Manton and Ridings schools "think twice" about their action, she said.

Nigel de Gruchy, the association's general secretary, said the proposal was a "dirty, back-door, underhand approach, thoroughly unworthy of any government pretending to be democratic". Politicians might argue that teachers should not strike, but teachers had the fundamental right to decide the matter for themselves.

Mrs Shephard won support from the conference for admitting the Government had "learnt lessons" about the best way of introducing change and would consult more fully in future.

But the delegates from the second largest teaching union laughed at her when she said it "welcomed some of our reforms". Her speech was interrupted by hisses and catcalls when she mentioned the Office for Standards in Education, delegation of budgets to schools, appraisal of teachers, and nursery vouchers.

Afterwards, Mrs Shephard refused to forecast the number of schools that might opt for grammar school status during a fifth Tory government, but she set a target of 720 that should get specialist status as colleges of technology, modern languages, sports or creative arts.

But the union fired a shot across the bows of an incoming Labour government with a resolution advising members not to co-operate with its plans for homework clubs and other "twilight learning sessions" relying on the unpaid goodwill of teachers.

# Police in terror summit

Owen Bowcott

THE M5 and M6 motorways reopened yesterday, more than 30 hours after being closed by two bombs, as police chiefs convened an emergency anti-terrorist conference in Cheshire.

The extensive disruption to road and rail networks caused by what is assumed to be an IRA active service unit based in the North appears to have caught the security services off guard.

MI5 and the Anti-Terrorist Branch had been warning for several months that the Provisional IRA might resume its mainland campaign in the run-up to the election.

Those responsible for the IRA's attack on Wilmslow railway station in Cheshire on March 26 are believed to have co-ordinated the attacks on the motorways. There have been no arrests so far.

Cheshire Police, who are investigating the Wilmslow explosion, led yesterday's meeting, which was attended by senior Special Branch officers and detectives from the West Midlands, Northamptonshire, South Yorkshire, and forces in the North-west. Commander John Grieve, of the Metropolitan Police's Anti-Terrorist Branch, was also present.

"By collectively looking at the pattern of activity in these incidents we are able to address the big picture and bring together all the information relevant to our particular investigations," said Cheshire's Chief Constable, Mervyn Jones.

The sections of the M6 and M5 in the West Midlands which were closed by the bomb warning reopened at 2.45pm yesterday.

Police Land Rovers travelling at 20 mph led a convoy of cars and lorries back on to the motorway at Junction 10 southbound. Other junctions were reopened at staggered intervals to prevent accidents.

## Archers reap 4m listeners as Grundys beat eviction

Andrew Culf
Media Correspondent

ONE of the most hotly debated storylines in the 46-year history of the Archers was resolved last night with the news that the Grundys are to remain at Grange Farm.

Attempts by landlord Simon Pemberton — castigated by Radio 4's Today presenter Anna Ford as a "shit" — to have Eddie, Clarrie and Joe evicted, failed.

The verdict of the agricultural lands tribunal was that Pemberton had failed to prove the intended eviction was the action of a reasonable landlord.

The crucial evidence came from his ex-girlfriend and former land agent, Shula Hebden, who decided at the 11th hour to be the Grundys' farming witness.

The storyline, which began last December, attracted nationwide attention; questions concerning the rights of tenant farmers have been asked in the House of Commons, and Anthony Julius, former lawyer to Diana, Princess of Wales, offered Eddie and Joe his legal expertise.

In last night's cliffhanger episode, attracting an estimated 4 million audience, the tribunal agreed with Shula that Pemberton had refused to consider a negotiated agreement because he was in "no mood for compromise".

Vanessa Whitburn, editor of the Archers, said last night: "It is the biggest storyline since the campaign to free Susan Carter. I am thrilled at the reaction because an agricultural story is back at the heart of the Archers.

"It featured the dramatic conflict between strong characters, while reflecting the real-life erosion of smaller, more traditional farms by intensive, business-orientated agriculture."

Ms Whitburn insisted the outcome was not a fairytale, but based on sound research. The Tenants Farmers' Association had always insisted the Grundys had a strong case.

Over-enthusiastic celebrations by Eddie and Joe would, however, be premature. Pemberton's £60,000 claim for damages following a devastating fire at Grange Farm is still outstanding.

Television nights picture a nation locked in a raucous traffic jam of buses and soundbytes. The real world seems rather different
**Peter Preston**

The mansion blocks are a nightmare. When you come across a Tory voter, they call the porter who throws you out
**Labour candidate Robert Atkinson**

# Sleaze, chickens and maybe

**ONE STEP BACK**

People are not yet talking about this election. The nightmare for the Tories is that they never will. **Peter Preston** reviews the opening shots

ELECTION campaigns don't really start when Prime Ministers fire guns, drop flags, press buttons — or otherwise park their soapboxes on the corner of Cliché Street. They start when the only people who matter, the voters, get interested. By those lights, this campaign has barely begun. The days since Easter have been days of weird dislocation.

In one world, the politicking machinery of press conferences, manifesto launches and battle buses has cranked into gear: with a dutiful media throwing in their extra hours of news coverage and axed forests of analysis. They're off! Television nights picture a nation already locked in a raucous traffic jam of buses and soundbytes.

The real world, though, seems rather different. Sunshine and a patchily indolent return to work after the hols. Kids and mums heading for the park. Not a poster in sight on the drive into work, not a leaflet through the door. TV coverage appears to arrive from a distant comet, one only glimpsed on clear evenings through heavy binoculars. Nothing connects yet.

That will probably change, but it's not very evident when or how. For the moment it is the machines which matter — and their internalised churnings which govern the pace of the process.

Churn One: what happened to sleaze? Easter had it by the rotting eggfull, a gathering mess of peculations, fornications and resignations. Mr Major's briefers were caught in a ratty drizzle of contradiction. One Tory MP, John Townend, declared: "We have got to lance the boil." (He meant Neil Hamilton).

But 48 hours later the boil was still pustulating happily away and the Prime Minister had fallen on his lance. A "line" had been apparently "drawn" under the matter. It would, apparently, be quite wrong if this vital election were to be "dominated by the trivialities of sleaze". And lo! wise heads of all parties nodded sagely and headed for higher ground.

Piers Merchant and wife Helen . . . of public interest

It was a question of campaign process. Campaigns are supposed to discuss great issues on a rolling basis, to exhaust one and move on to another — a manifesto symphony of vibes. Time for a change of tune (however temporary): not because the voters necessarily want it — they still seem quite interested in teenage blondes and the rest — but because the circus moves town to a schedule.

Churn Two: can we talk about something else for a bit then? It could have been the approaching thrill of genuine television debates between the leaders (especially thrilling for broadcasters who, naturally, like events which exalt their medium). Alas, no dice. Tony Blair has taken his roulette wheel home for prudent repairs. Mr Major prefers barnyard metaphors. "Turkeys may not vote for Christmas, but chickens run away from broadcasting." Various photo opportunities in chicken suits begin to pursue the leaders.

Is this better than sleaze? There is a brief interlude in which David Blunkett tells the National Union of Teachers that "we won't tolerate division or bullying or threats" and Mr Blair vows to quell the union menace by simply saying "no". Baroness Thatcher is not impressed. No-one at Central Office knows whether to encourage more of her or organise a Hong Kong lecture tour sharpish.

Churn Three: at last, the process gets a full grip. We have manifesto lift-off.

The Conservatives promise to give non-working mums back some of the tax money that Chancellor Major took away at the end of the Eighties. This is called "supporting the family". Sleaze — as in families deserted by Tory MPs — almost makes a comeback, but its time has not yet quite come again.

Mr Major, asked about the possibility of more tax rises, gets into a lather of not absolutely being able to rule out totally unforeseen circumstances, without uttering the dread words "we have no current plans to..." The manifesto itself attracts reasonable approbation because it is either (a) still drivingly radical at heart or (b) a programme for truly conservative consolidation. The Tories' best day so far.

New Labour — with a précis in Mr Blair's own fair hand — promises all the things it has been promising for months. This is either (a) admirable and confident consistency or (b) more mudgy fudge. There may or may not be a "black hole" where the revenues from privatising the Tube can't be, but Gordon Brown spreads a blanket of words over it. Another good day.

The Liberal Democrats feistily promise to put up taxes a bit, the universally praised policy from 1992 which worked everywhere but the ballot box, and join Mr Blair in tempering any vestige of enthusiasm for European monetary union. They've read their focus group research, too. A decent day in the sun for Captain Ashdown.

And that, for the moment, is the limit of the churnings — though the manifesto parade barely rates so active a word.

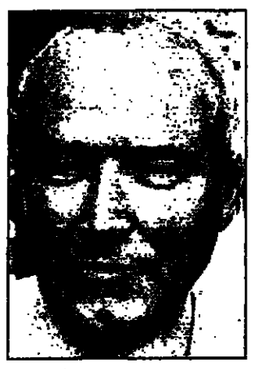
Nobody does badly: indeed, the process almost dictates that nobody should emerge too splattered in blood at this stage. The parties — and the pundits — realise that the ritual race is still terribly long. No fallers please. (Maybe sleaze was cutting too deep).

There is a traditional

**SPOTLIGHT/KENSINGTON**

# Beguiling old charmer sets pulses racing in Tories' best banker

The louche appeal of Alan Clark has seduced London's wealthiest voters, writes **Luke Harding**



Alan Clark rearranges his spiritual mentors. Opponents Robert Atkinson (above left) and Robert Woodthorpe Browne prefer the diaries to the man MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARGLES

IT IS 11.30am, and the elderly envelope-stuffers of Kensington and Chelsea Conservative Association are discussing knicker elastic. "I've tried the stockings with elasticated tops and I can't get on with them," one woman confides to her grey-haired neighbour. "They do slip down. You can't trust them." (A bit like New Labour, really.) "I wear them because I have knickers with elastic. Is that the lot?" her co-stuffer replies.

Next door, the object of their envelope-licking ardour is on the telephone: the prospective parliamentary candidate for this most Conservative of London boroughs, Alan Clark. To say that the air crackles with sexual electricity would be an exaggeration. But there is no doubt that the most celebrated diarist since Pepys causes pleasant hormonal flutterings among Tory dames of a certain age. "I *do* like men who wear waistcoats," another votive helper, tells Clark. He bristles with masculine efficiency and *politesse*. "These things are very important," he replies.

Alan Clark is an astonishing political phenomenon. In just over a week, on April 13, he will be 69 years old. And he is about to make a triumphant return to the Westminster fray. Six weeks ago he secured the nomination for the newly amalgamated seat of Kensington and Chelsea by bedazzling its Conservative association with an intoxicating mixture of guile, charm, flirtation and chutzpah. It was, he admitted afterwards, an "extraordinary coup".

The man he replaced, the retiring Chelsea MP Sir Nicholas Scott, is five years his junior. Clark's prize is the safest, wealthiest Conservative seat in the country. Even if the Tories suffer a Canadian-style wipe-out at the polls, he will be guaranteed a place in the House and a celebrity elder statesman role in a Euro-bashing Conservative opposition.

Sitting in his association's headquarters in Chelsea, beneath a beatific portrait of Lady T, Clark expresses gratitude for having been given a second chance. "I really don't take anything for granted. I'm extremely concerned about the whole thing," he says.

He described his last Conservative association, Plymouth Sutton, which he stood down from in 1992, as "boring, petty, malign, clumsy, conspiratorial and parochial". His Diaries make it clear he loathes constituency work. But if his relationship with Plymouth was a sullen marriage of convenience, it is clear Kensington and Chelsea is a knickers-off love affair. "People are so nice to me. They cross the road and wind their windows down in traffic jams. I'm extremely fortunate to have been chosen."

He admits "the boys" — the Tory high command — are in "bad shape". The sleaze thing hasn't helped. "I do think you must separate bonking, which everybody does, or buggery, which everybody does broadly speaking, from taking bribes. They are totally different orders of culpability," he explains affably.

After the election, there is the faint prospect of ministerial office, or — more realistically perhaps — a shadow cabinet role. Clark spent nine years as a minister under Margaret Thatcher. In his winning speech to his new Conservative association, he recalled the happy times he had spent with "the lady" drinking whisky. What role does he envisage for himself in the new party? "There are things I want the Conservative Party to do," he says, a trifle cryptically. "That is the reason I came into politics. I have been most fortunate to be allowed to go back into politics. More than that, I cannot say." There is little doubt, however, that he will try to steer the party in a more sceptical direction.

His Labour and Liberal Democrat opponents know their mission is hopeless. The seat was created after Scott's Chelsea constituency was merged with that of Kensington MP Dudley Fishburn, who is also standing down. The few Labour wards of the old constituencies are now part of a new Labour target seat, Regent's Park and North Kensington. Clark's notional majority on the new boundaries is 21,899.

Wandering round the streets of Kensington, among squares of four-storey late Victorian terraces, it is not hard to see why this is the strongest Conservative fiefdom in the country. In the car park of Sainsbury's on Cromwell Road, people do their shopping in Ferraris, Bentleys and Jaguars. Around £90,000 will buy you a shoebox here. £200,000 a small flat, £4.5 million a house in The Boltons.

There are many who live in the constituency who cannot vote: rich Arabs, Filipino domestic servants, itinerant backpackers in Earl's Court, peers, and voter number 1791, who appears on the electoral roll as Diana, Princess of Wales, apartment 8/9, Kensington Palace. There are a few dissenting celebrities: Alan Rickman (Labour) and John Cleese (Lib Dem). But those who can vote invariably vote Tory.

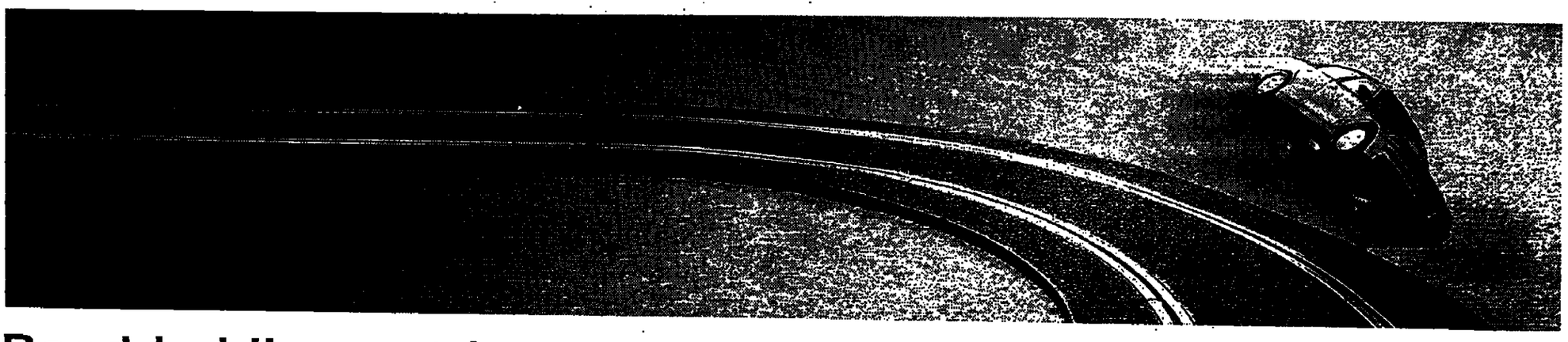
Robert Woodthorpe Browne, a Europe-loving Lloyd's reinsurance broker who is contesting the seat for the Liberal Democrats, admits he faces an uphill struggle. He doesn't like Clark much, but — like his Labour adversary Robert Atkinson — admits to having enjoyed his Diaries. "One doesn't want to be sanctimonious," he says, speaking from his elegant flat, soundproofed against Kensington's thundering traffic. "But some people do find Alan Clark distasteful. At the end of the day someone who is a butterfly in his personal relationships has got to be untrustworthy."

Outside Earl's Court tube station, Atkinson and a small band of helpers are handing out leaflets to early-evening commuters. The leader of the Labour group on the Conservative-run Kensington and Chelsea council, he describes himself as "middle-aged Labour". He is a likeable fellow. He has been "in the party" for 20 years. Canvassing in Kensington, he says, is different to canvassing anywhere else. Instead of knocking on doors, canvassers press entryphone buttons. "The mansion blocks are a nightmare. It is very difficult to get in. You have to hit four floors at the same time. When you come across a Tory voter, they call the porter who throws you out."

Atkinson, who is director of the Camp America programme, first met Clark two weeks ago at a meeting of Chelsea pensioners. He was not impressed. "His sex life is his own. His role in the Arms to Iraq affair makes him unsuitable to be in Parliament." Atkinson contends that Clark shows no more than a superficial interest in his constituents' problems — for example, the difficulties tenants face from rapacious landlords.

It is the success of Clark's Diaries, and not his mixed fortunes as a minister, which has brought him fame. During the wilderness years after 1992, he was invited to speak by 150 Conservative associations who liked what they read. His urbane, ultra-louche persona was just too much for Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells and North Dorset, which rejected him as a would-be MP. But it worked a treat among the well-bred urban elite of Kensington and Chelsea. An asset then, the Diaries? "The Diaries were a work of art. You can't judge a work of art by dissecting it," he declares.

Back at Kensington and Chelsea Conservative HQ, just off the King's Road, he removes the photo of Winston Churchill from the wall. Around him are the other stars of the Conservative 20th century pantheon — Macmillan, Eden, Douglas-Home. But Clark wants to be photographed in front of a portrait of Sir Austen Chamberlain, a member of Lloyd George's wartime cabinet and a former Chancellor of the Exchequer and Foreign Secretary. "He was an imperialist and a protectionist." A sort of proto-Euro-sceptic then? "Those sorts of divisions didn't exist then," he snaps. "People don't have 19th century history any more." He smiles for the camera. What, incidentally, does he make of Gladstone then, arguably the century's greatest Prime Minister? "Ghastly old wanker," Clark says, scowling.



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Reports that the Labour Party is backing away from its commitment to a Scottish parliament are pure distortion
**Tony Blair**

We give people a voice and they come to us, whereas they often would not go to a large council which seems remote
**David Petrie, Wylam parish clerk**

# the beginnings of debate

weight of expectation to affairs. The regulated broadcasters know that, one way or another, they're reporting on the election of their new regulators. A stately caution prevails (and Peter Mandelson is on the telephone again).

But when, you wonder, will worlds start to collide? When will a visceral issue — or horrible gaffe — puncture defences and begin to spread a little debate beyond formalised studios — into pubs and living rooms? When will the ordinary voter get involved?

Such things are not impossible. Scottish battle — over devolution — is joined already. The real news of the week, in the sense that it presages real possibilities, was Mo Mowlam's trailer for Sinn Fein back in peace talks by the summer. Matters of life and death beyond manifesto platitudes.

On the centre ground, though, it's difficult to see where a breakthrough can come. John Major, in his campaign world, is losing this election. He has probably been losing it ever since Black Wednesday, 1992. Mr Blair, equally, has been winning for almost three years by ruthlessly excising any remnant of Old Labour which loses votes.

His order of the day, of every day, is simple. Reassurance, reassurance, reassurance. Labour says it wants to be positive and seeks to talk about education and health. But education — an issue, unhappily, that only moves the votes of particular parents in particular areas — is not easy electoral stuff.

If there actually are 15,000 incompetent teachers, where are the 15,000 competent ones waiting for a job? Does anyone realise how infinitely slow the shift of money from assisted places to staffing levels will be, and will anyone remember when it's over? And health is only a mystic debate about GP fund-holding (with GPs available to speak on either side).

The trouble for Labour, if

John Major fishes for anglers' support in a Hamble pub

they were losing, is that their "positive" themes sound bigger than they are. The trouble for the Conservatives, who must attack, is that Mr Blair may have no hidden agenda and no secret plans. What you see is presently all they think you'll get. There is no way to break through the foam rubber of reassurance, because it's foam from top to bottom.

Trusty old scares like defence are redundant: Brigadier Portillo is playing all-purpose sweeper on Newsnight these days. Gordon Brown may have swept tax rises right off the park, at least until after May 2. Even Europe is tricky. Raise it, and Mr Blair will pavilion his promised referendum in a torrent of sub-clauses — while you could send Kenneth Clarke ape again.

Awful thought: it is fashionable — in Labour *and* Conservative circles — to portray Tony Blair as some kind of Clinton clone, as a tricky pragmatist light of ideological baggage. Well, that's one American parallel. But there is a more chilling one for Sir Tim Bell and Lord Saatchi as they fret within Central Office. Forget Clinton and remember Bob Dole.

The Republican nominee last November started behind, continued behind and finished behind. He had all the sleaze arguments on his side; he promised 15 per cent tax cuts; but he never, for a second, broke out of the process. The camera crews and the spin doctors followed dutifully in his wake, but he never connected with an electorate which trudged apathetically along a predestined path, voting in ever-decreasing numbers for the first candidate they thought of.

This, at the close of a week where the machine began rimming, may be the Conservatives' ultimate nightmare. Nothing will happen. It will all be much the same. An early poll (by ICM) shows a dip in Labour's lead. Later polls fail to confirm that trend. Time drags by.

How do you begin to turn that around? There are clues, and yesterday may have provided more of them. Tony Blair *is* New Labour. Damage him and you damage the project.

Mr Blair is good and duly inspirational at setpieces like the manifesto launch. But he can seem flaky when the going gets unpredictable. He didn't do well with Jeremy Paxman on an early Newsnight (perhaps John Birt would have been kinder to him). Several influential Labour turkeys weren't voting for the Christmas of a TV debate. And then there is Scotland.

The point (for the Tories) about the tartan tax which can't be raised for five years and Mr Blair's likening of his Edinburgh Assembly to a parish council may, at root, have little to do with Scotland itself. That's another faraway country of which the English know too little. The point is how Mr Blair reacts under heavy fire.

He is, we know, tough on his party, and magically tough on the causes of grief within his party. But what does he say on big issues, like the tartan tax and EMU, or smaller issues, like fox-hunting, when the heat is on and the voters appear troubled? He retreats and finds a fresh bunker of reassurance. Is this the man who'll say no — "just no" — to the unions?

It's an interesting question from the week past for the week to come. It could be the beginning of a connection. But whether Sir David Frost, or anyone else, will be able to make it remains problematical. And the dragons of defeatism, dissent and sleaze are just as likely to bite Mr Major in the back. Hope for an imminent break into the real world: but do not, I think, hold your breath.

## 26 days to go

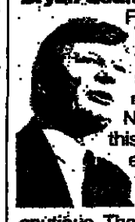
**Good day: Ken Livingstone**

The veteran left-winger's career prospects were transformed after a glowing backing for New Labour: "I believe Tony Blair will turn out to be our best Prime Minister since Clement Attlee."

**Bad day: Tony Blair**

Made his first howler as he compared Scottish parliament's tax powers with those of a parish council. Fine, except Scotland has community councils and they can't raise taxes.

**Old Labour watch: Bryan Gould**



From far-off New Zealand, the former shadow minister gave New Labour this helpful endorsement: "Labour has been far too cautious. They have been terrified that somehow they could put a foot wrong."

**Sierra driver of the day**

Today's target voter for Tony Blair is John Saunders, 37, who drives a white Sierra, reg H595 CMR. "I wasn't going to vote. In my book, they're all as bad as one another."

# Blair struggles to keep unruly Scots in the fold

## Party leader has yet to convince doubting left of his credentials

**Erlend Clouston**

TONY Blair's relationship with his Scottish party is something that fascinates political observers.

On the one hand he has led the humiliated party of the 1992 election, whose share of the vote went down by 2.4 per cent in Scotland, to the brink of what should be an electoral rout over the long-term class enemy.

On the other the party is repeatedly dogged by tales of the quasi-contempt with which the messiah is viewed north of the border.

Mr Blair, Edinburgh-born with strong Glasgow roots, clearly finds these stories distracting. At yesterday's press conference he repeatedly ridiculed the notion that Old Labour and New Labour were somehow incompatible.

"Nobody wants more to save our National Health Service and rebuild it for the future than traditional Labour supporters," he lectured a sceptical media audience. "New Labour belongs to them as much as anyone."

Vanity, or self-preservation, comes into this. A Labour focus group poll leaked, or stolen, this year indicated that many Scots did in fact find Mr Blair "smarmy". In this context it is logical for the insulted party to stress that it is the critics, not him, on the outside.

But more than ego is at stake. Mr Blair needs to keep the Scottish party on board his New Labour project. Half the Scottish parliamentary party is considered to be well to the left of Islington.

A sizeable crew from the home rule wing, like former constitutional spokesman John McAllion, who quit the party's frontbench last year after Mr Blair insisted a referendum must precede devolution, have made it clear that they want a Scottish parliament to raise taxes to improve the quality of Scottish public services.

He said today reports that the party was backing away from its commitment to a Scottish parliament were "pure distortion". But he insisted that a Scottish parliament would be in "absolute control of its own affairs".

If these MPs, or their supporters, become too disillusioned with the centrism coming out of London there could be a terminal haemorrhage to the more radical Scottish National Party. This could cripple a Blair administration. Whatever the polls say, it is likely that Labour will depend on a sizeable contingent of Scottish MPs to secure Mr Blair's majority.

The leader has two techniques for neutering opposition. One is patriotic flattery. Yesterday he told his audience that "people in Scotland perhaps more than anyone, appreciate how important education is to our economy, and to a decent society".

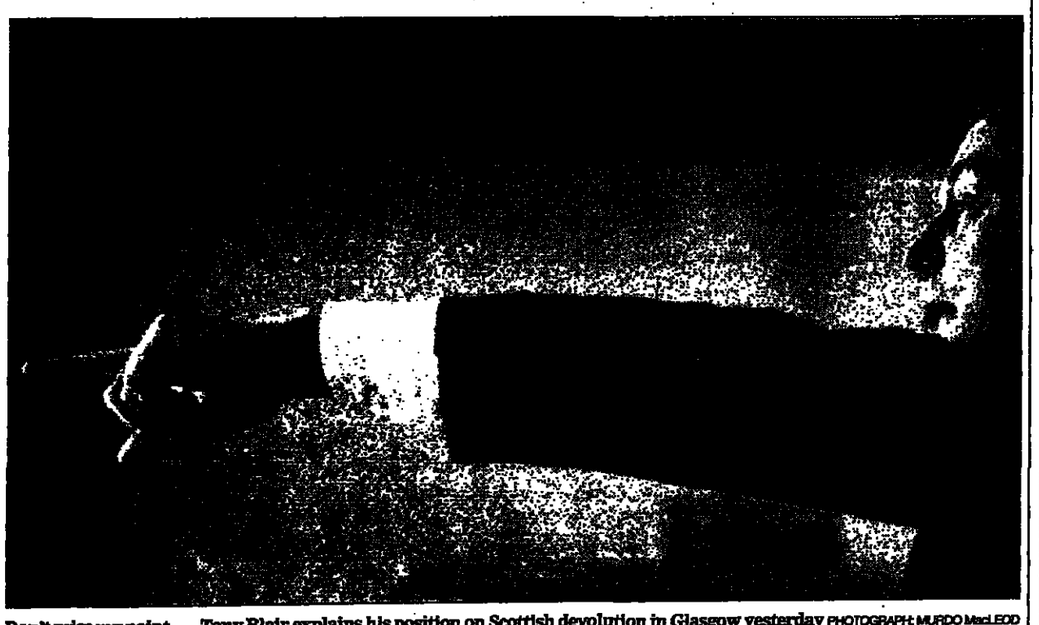
But he can also intrigue with the best of them. Last month a putsch at the party's Scottish conference removed seven anti-Blair members of the Scottish executive. This was interpreted as revenge for the embarrassment of last summer's temporary two-referendum plan foisted on Mr Blair by members outraged at the about-turn on the single referendum.

The takeover has left Mr Blair and his ally George Robertson with superficial control of the party. The new emollient, modernising executive plans to spend the next year neutering itself. Union representation will be cut. One-member-one-vote may be introduced. Policy decisions will be transferred from the executive to forums, as elsewhere in the party.

Glasgow's Labour administration has been riven by infighting and discord after it emerged that six Glasgow councillors, who have not been named, face disciplinary action over allegation of sleaze and patronage in the city council.

Among the allegations submitted to Labour's national executive in London for scrutiny after the election were claims of expenses discrepancies and unjustified attendances at conferences. It has also been claimed that councillors traded votes in internal party elections for places on foreign junkets.

What matters now is what erstwhile Labour voters think. Pessimists note that in the local body elections in May last year Labour's support in Fife's Hill of Beath seat collapsed by 21.9 per cent, while the Democratic Left (communist) candidate collected a mean 30.2 per cent.


Don't miss my point . . . Tony Blair explains his position on Scottish devolution in Glasgow yesterday PHOTOGRAPH: MURDO MacLEOD

# Modest player in local tapestry

**Peter Hetherington**

THEY recycle household waste, maintain the cemetery, provide saplings for a voluntary tree warden, and produce a bright local news sheet.

The eight members of Wylam parish council, serving 1,700 electors in the Tyne valley, do much more besides on an annual budget of £17,087 — like vetting all local planning applications.

"We are the first tier of local government, a clearing house for complaints which might be regarded as minute by a larger authority, such as cracked pavements," says the energetic clerk, David Petrie. "We give people a voice and they come to us, whereas they often would not go to a large council which seems remote."

In its own way, Wylam enjoys the kind of small-scale financial independence which larger authorities often envy, according to Austin Rubery, a long-serving member who also sits on Tynedale district council.

"There is no limit to the amount we can spend and we cannot have our spending capped like larger authorities," he said. "We tell Tynedale how much we need over a year and they provide it."

Spending, based on an elector-related formula delivered through the council tax, is modest, although Mr Rubery says the council could assume more functions if it wanted, such as grass cutting or street cleaning. "We have an important role to play and are very active, particularly on the planning front, and in a modest way we are improving the lot of Wylam."

Planning applications are considered by a four-strong sub-committee, which makes observations before they are sent to the district council.

Mr Petrie is in no doubt his council plays a key role in keeping alive community facilities and ventures — £2,000 was given to the modernisation appeal for the village hall in addition to a contribution towards running costs of £1,250. The council also gave £1,250 to the playing fields association and a more modest amount to a theatre group.

Mr Petrie's wife Lynne, a former parish council chairwoman, is particularly proud of a recycling scheme she inaugurated in 1988, involving paper, glass, cans and plastics.

"We have won national awards for our farsighted approach to the environment," she enthused. "Things that are not important to a big organisation are very important to us."

This week they unveiled a large tapestry in the village hall — known as the institute — to mark its centenary. The 8ft-high embroidery features local landmarks. A total of 150 villagers and 36 local groups spent a year stitching it together.

Postcards depicting the tapestry are now going on sale in the village, birthplace of railway pioneer George Stephenson. Typically, the parish council gave a grant towards this latest enterprise.

### Parish councils

☐ **How many?**
None in Scotland. Nearest equivalent: community councils. 8,600 in England and Wales

☐ **How many councillors?**
About 75,000

☐ **Smallest?**
Wellingham, Norfolk. Population 35

☐ **Largest?**
Bracknell, Berkshire, 48,000

☐ **How much can they raise?**
Scottish community councils: nothing. Parish councils: no limit. Usually a few pounds on council tax bills plus up to £3.50 a year per elector to help charities and voluntary groups

☐ **Total spending?**
0.3 per cent of £85 billion local government expenditure

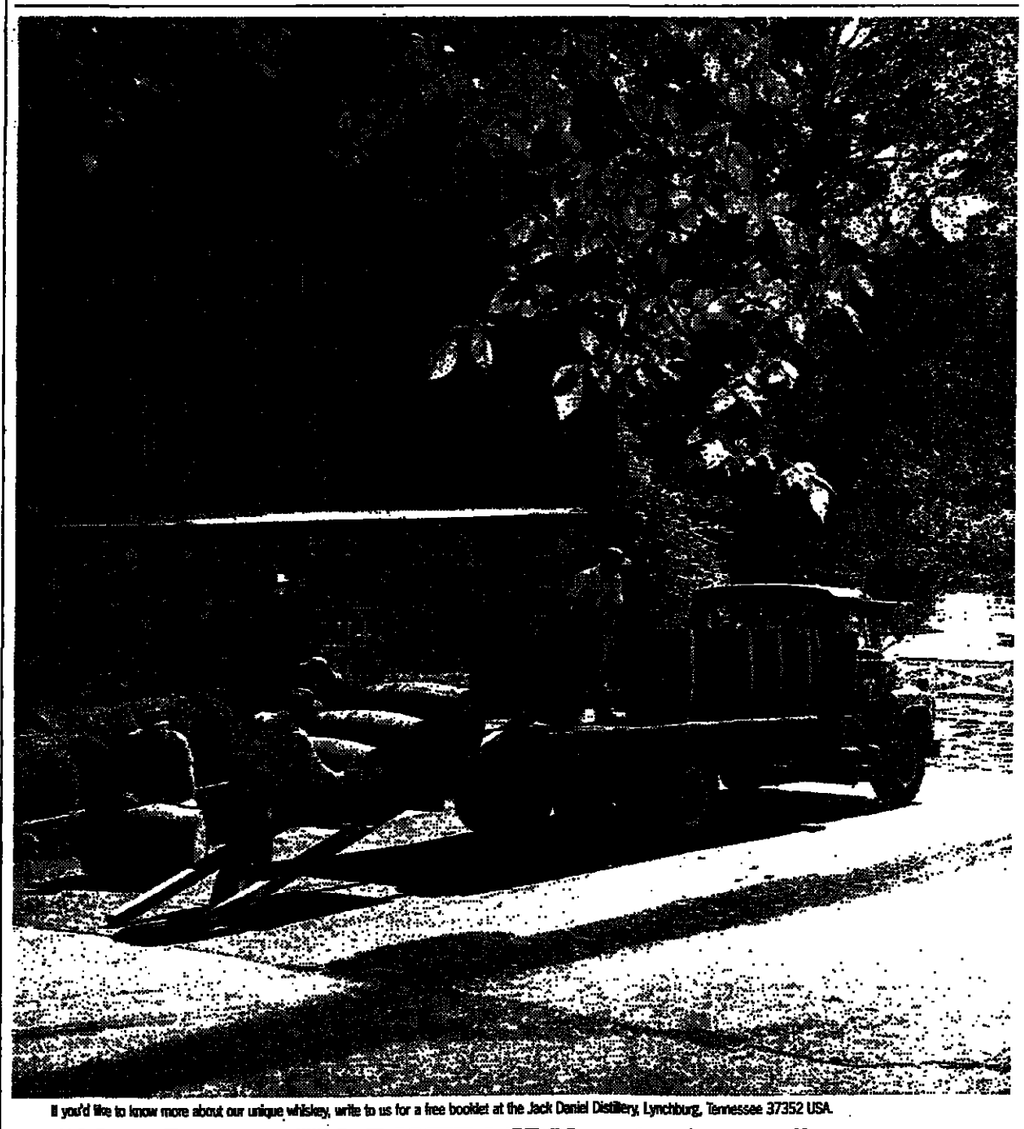
☐ **Total borrowing?**
£6.25 million

☐ **Biggest budget?**
Swanley, Kent. Over £1 million a year

☐ **Powers?**
Traditionally, allotments, footpath lights, bus shelters, playing fields, burial arrangements, church and public clocks, but some run leisure centres and own pubs

☐ **Image?**
Ambridge, Vicar of Dibley

☐ **Ambition?**
Mouse that roared

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

**John Palmer** reports from Noordwijk on a new conflict about Beijing's human rights violations

# EU divided on China policy

FRANCE, Germany and Italy have withdrawn their backing for a United Nations resolution on China's human rights violations, sponsored by the European Union.

The reversal of their previous stand against China was denounced by international human rights organisations yesterday as a capitulation to threats from Beijing to jeopardise export deals. President Jacques Chirac is about to pay a state visit to China, where he is expected to sign a multibillion pound contract for Airbus.

The decision has also infuriated the Dutch government, which holds the presidency of the European Union. It has now withdrawn its sponsorship of other proposed resolutions in the UN human rights commission, on violations in Burma, Iraq, Iran and Zaire. The row could develop into an open foreign policy split when EU foreign ministers meet informally here this weekend.

In an irate letter to other EU governments, the Dutch foreign minister, Hans van Mierlo, called the French decision "a serious setback for the prospects of the European Union developing its own common foreign and security policy". He added: "More serious is the fact that the essence of the human rights policy of the European Union is at stake."

The refusal of some powerful EU countries to stand by their commitments on human rights would raise the issue of "double standards" and "undermine our credibility on human rights *vis a vis* other nations."

For these reasons the Dutch government would not now propose other human rights resolutions agreed by all 15 EU governments, he said.

Nicolaus van der Pas, spokesman for the Commission president, Jacques Santer, conceded that the Union's foreign policy on this issue was "in complete disarray", and said it viewed the development "with very great concern".

Human Rights Watch/Asia, which is based in Brussels, said the position taken by France, Germany and Italy was "a big step backwards" and a triumph for the Chinese government policy of "using the carrot of commercial contracts" to silence critics of its human rights policies.

This is the first year since the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre that the European Union has not either sponsored or supported a resolution condemning the holding of political prisoners, torture and other human rights violations in China.

Individual EU countries, including Britain, may still decide to support a resolution in the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva. But while the United States confirmed yesterday that it was ready to back such a resolution, it is reluctant to sponsor the motion itself.

"We do not seek confrontation over this issue, but we firmly believe that [China] should be held accountable ... to the international standards that China itself has endorsed," said its ambassador to the UN, William Richardson.

The French foreign minister, Hervé de Charette, last week played down suggestions that France would withdraw its support for an EU-backed resolution. But yesterday senior French diplomats in Paris and Brussels said France had decided that in future "private persuasion should take place over public posturing" about human rights in China.

A policeman brandishes his riot stick during clashes at a demonstration by 900 Renault workers in central Brussels yesterday against plans to close their car plant. The protesters, *throwing eggs and stones, clashed with police as they tried to break through a barricade in front of the offices of the Flemish regional government* PHOTOGRAPH: YVES HERMAN

# 'Coffin' case mother jailed

**Kate Connolly in Vienna**

A RETIRED religious-studies teacher who admitted locking her daughter in a coffin-shaped box at night has been jailed for five years by a Viennese court.

Ernestine Kiersling, aged 65, was found guilty of repeatedly incarcerating her mentally handicapped adopted daughter Maria, now aged 22, over a period of six years.

She was also found guilty of child abuse after the court heard how she beat her daughter, locked her in a shed, tied her arms behind her back and sealed her mouth with tape.

In January 1991 the mother commissioned a carpenter to make a coffin-like box with a lid fastened by a bolt. Maria, who has a growth problem related to premature birth, was forced to spend her nights in the box. Her mother said this was to make her grow.

"You won't believe it, but she grew by 14cm," she told the judge.

The prosecutor, Michael Klackl, said that Maria tried to force her way out of the coffin, banging the lid, scratching the wood and crying for help.

An anonymous call alerted the authorities in June 1996, when police found the box *smeared with excrement and* urine and full of blood-stained newspapers.

Maria's adoptive father Walter, aged 67, a local politician, was given a 20-month suspended sentence for failing to stop his daughter's ordeal. A neighbour, known as Aunty Irmengard, was given a one-year sentence for acting as an accomplice.

Maria gave evidence via video recordings. Speaking in short, nervous sentences and talking of her mother with a mixture of revulsion and affection in her voice, she said: "Mummy beat me, kicked me in the stomach, pulled my ears and tore my hair."

She said she was too scared to admit her situation to anyone. "I didn't want it to be spread about for all to hear."

Gunther Harrick, defending, said the so-called health bed was "for a good cause". He said Maria grew because she lay perfectly flat.

Pointing at the wooden coffin, Mr Klackl said it had "robbed Maria of her childhood, her youth and every last bit of self-confidence".

The mother, who appeared attentive and composed, reacted calmly to the verdict. "I am unbelievably sorry I locked her inside. I believed I was helping her," she said.

# Moscow to keep wartime art booty

**James Meek** reports on President Yelstin and Germany's angry reaction to the Duma vote to keep disputed treasures

GERMANY reacted angrily to the Russian parliament's decisive vote yesterday confirming that priceless hoards of gold and paintings secretly removed from the Third Reich by Soviet troops at the end of the war will never be given back.

President Boris Yeltsin's administration, which vetoed parliament's first attempt to pass the bill on Moscow's "trophy art", warned the nationalist-dominated legislature that it was pushing Russia into a position of confrontation with the rest of Europe.

The lower house of parliament, the State Duma, voted in favour of the bill by 308 votes to 15, easily gaining the two-thirds majority needed to overcome Mr Yeltsin's veto.

The measure designates *all cultural* treasures transferred to the USSR after the second world war as Russian property, to be treated as compensation for the Russian culture destroyed by the 1941 Nazi invasion.

To become law, the bill must be approved by a two-thirds majority in the upper house, the Federation Council. But the council has already backed the measure once and is expected to do so again.

Karl-Heinz Hornhues, chairman of the German parliament's foreign policy committee, recognised the rift between Mr Yeltsin and the Duma but warned that Russian MPs were jeopardising Germany's role as Moscow's chief advocate in the West.

"If the Russian parliament, contrary to all agreements, declares the works of art to be Russian property, it doesn't exactly support the German government's international efforts to present Russia as a reliable partner and friend for the West," he said.

Mr Yeltsin's representative in the Duma, Alexander Kotenkov, said the president would send the bill to the constitutional court. He said parliament was undermining talks with six European countries on the restitution issue.

The treasures held by Russia, some of which have been exhibited after being believed lost for decades, include paintings by Matisse, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Goya, Renoir and Degas and the "Gold of Troy" discovered by the 19th century archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann.

Some of the artworks taken by Soviet trophy squads had been seized from other European countries by Nazi treasure-hunters in the war.

Mr Yeltsin is to visit Germany in less than a fortnight, and may find his normally friendly reception from his friend Helmut Kohl marred by the restitution row. Germany accuses Russia of going back on earlier promises to return the art it took.

The president's spokesman, Sergei Yastrzhembsky, accused the Duma of going for an emotional solution to a legal problem, and said it had put Russia "in an extremely unfavourable position, not only from the viewpoint of international law but also in terms of relations with Germany, the Netherlands and a number of other countries."

# Ministers grapple with the single currency timetable

**John Palmer in Noordwijk, the Netherlands**

EUROPEAN UNION finance ministers last night began finalising a timetable for the planned move to European Monetary Union (EMU) in 21 months' time.

During a two-day informal meeting in this Dutch resort, the ministers will also tackle the sensitive issue of when and how to fix the rates at which currencies will permanently convert to the euro.

One suggestion is that the fixing of values should be left to the financial markets, the rates on December 31 1998 being used to lock the currencies together on January 1 1999.

Others believe target rates should be decided and announced when the successful candidates for the single currency are chosen next spring.

The British Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, will underline his conviction that Britain looks like meeting the EMU entry terms. But with the election campaign in full spate, he is being careful to repeat the Cabinet's agreed position that its final decision will be influenced by whether monetary union is being launched on a stable and sustainable basis.

● A committee of experts from the 15 EU countries has shortlisted eight designs for the euro coin. Citizens throughout the EU will be polled on the designs.

## World news in brief

### Baku tells Armenians to return munitions to Russia

AZERBAIJAN demanded yesterday that a huge supply of Russian arms to its neighbour and enemy Armenia should be returned.

The chairman of the Azeri parliament, Murtuz Alesker ov, told parliamentary hearings that the arms shipments should not harm relations between Baku and Moscow but could further destabilise the region.

Earlier this week the head of the defence committee in the Russian Duma, Lev Rokhlin, said the shipments had totalled £625 million between 1993 and 1996. He said the shipments included dozens of missile-launchers, hundreds of anti-aircraft rockets and a large amount of ammunition.

He also said the arms were handed over to the Armenians illegally.

Azerbaijan and Armenia declared a truce in 1994 in their dispute over the enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh, but the conflict has yet to be settled. — Reuter.

### Israel wants peace talks

ISRAEL'S prime minister, Binyamin Netanyahu, offered yesterday to meet American and Palestinian leaders for three-way talks to forge a final peace deal.

But he made no commitment to halt Israeli building in Arab areas, weakening his claim that "as soon as violence against us stops, we can clear up all *outstanding questions* in six months".

President Clinton met Mr Netanyahu at the White House on Monday to discuss fighting in the West Bank, but the United States has announced it will sharply increase aid to Tel Aviv's Arrow anti-missile programme. — Reuter.

### Splits grow in Berisha party

Rifts opened in President Sali Berisha's party yesterday, aggravating the crisis in Albania as the country prepares for the arrival of an Italian-led force to protect aid.

A faction of about 30 Democratic MPs signed a statement saying they would no longer "accept the diktat of the president" — the strongest criticism yet of Mr Berisha from his own ranks since Albania slid towards lawlessness last month. — Reuter.

### Sex crackdown

The city authority in Tokyo, one of the few areas in Japan where sex with children is still legal, has urged a prohibition on "obscene acts" with anyone under 18, as part of its crackdown on the growth in prostitution among schoolgirls. — AP.

### Jail demands

Inmates who seized control of a prison in the north Colombian city of Valledupar, killing four guards and taking a dozen hostages, yesterday demanded bulletproof vests, a cellular phone, parachutes and helicopters to take them to freedom. — AP.

### Snow in desert

Snow fell in part of the Altar desert in Mexico's Sonora state for the first time in almost 40 years on Thursday night, a week after temperatures soared to 40C. — Reuter.

### City comet shows

Rome, Milan, Florence are among the Italian cities dimming street lighting tonight to improve views of the comet Hale-Bopp. — AP.

### N Korea food plea

Famine looms in North Korea unless the world provides more food, the head of the UN World Food Programme, Catherine Bertini, said yesterday, adding that £60 million was needed to buy food. — AP.

### El Loco pledge

Abdala Bucaram, Ecuador's deposed president in exile in Panama whose nickname is El Loco, vowed that he would be back in his native country by June and return to politics. — AP.

### End to rape law

The Peruvian Congress, bowing to pressure from feminists worldwide, has voted overwhelmingly to repeal a law dating from 1924 that allows rapists to go free if they marry their victims. — Reuter.


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# Rebels take Zaire's diamond centre

Queues of Rwandan refugees in the Zairean border town of Goma wait to cross the frontier back to Rwanda. Thousands of Rwandans are repatriated from this point by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and Zairean rebels PHOTOGRAPH: REMY DE LA MAUVINIERE

**Chris McGreal in Lubumbashi and Cindy Shiner in Kinshasa**

ZAIREAN rebels yesterday captured their richest prize so far by seizing the capital of the Kasai diamond-mining region, Mbuji-Mayi. The city's fall severs a leading source of government revenue, boosts dwindling rebel finances and virtually throws open the road to the capital.

It leaves the army in control only of Kinshasa and Lubumbashi among Zaire's large cities. The insurgents are ready to take Lubumbashi, the capital of the copper-rich Shaba province.

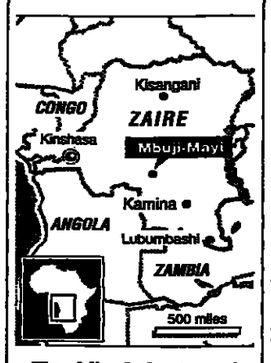
Mining sources in Mbuji-Mayi said the rebel Alliance of Democratic Forces for the Liberation of Congo-Zaire began its assault at 3 am, whereupon government soldiers stampeded to escape. The troops looted vehicles and property from mining firms, diamonds from trading houses and money where it came to hand. There was no report of significant fighting.

Yesterday afternoon the rebels broadcast a message on the Mbuji-Mayi radio telling residents that they had liberated the town from President Mobutu Sese Seko's rule. The broadcast told people to stay in their homes and not be afraid.

The diamond industry has remained an important, if dwindling, source of revenue for the government and President Mobutu's bank account. Its loss deprives the regime of funds and many an army general of a source of personal wealth. Potentially, the rebels now have a larger source of income than the government.

The diamond industry officially earned up to £250 million a year, but the real value was much higher because of the vast trade in smuggled gems. International dealers, including De Beers, will have to decide whether to continue dealing with Zaire's government or to begin working with the Alliance.

The head of Zaire's state-owned mining company Miba said last month he would do business with the rebel leader, Laurent Kabila, and the diamond industry need not shut down when the Alliance took over Mbuji-Mayi.




The fall of the town increases the pressure on Lubumbashi, which is likely to be the rebels' next big target. Villages and towns in striking distance of Zaire's second-largest city have fallen in recent days; residents presume the rebels will move on Lubumbashi before long.

Government forces in the city have swollen, although that may be as much to do with the retreat in the face of rebel advances as any intention to defend Lubumbashi seriously.

As the rebels advance, President Mobutu is trying to hold on to the power he has enjoyed for 32 years as leader of one of Africa's largest and richest countries. He is also recovering from surgery for prostate cancer. Yesterday he walked with a cane but unaided at a news conference in Kinshasa. When asked how he felt, he said: "I feel good. I wouldn't say very good, but I feel good."

During the day Mr Mobutu met the new prime minister, Etienne Tshisekedi, and indicated that he would not interfere in the latter's attempted formation of a new government. But a close presidential aide accused the prime minister of "intellectual dictatorship".

Questioned about the six government posts Mr Tshisekedi has reserved for the rebels, Mr Mobutu said: "It's not my problem."

The rebels have already rejected the posts in the cabinet announced on Thursday by Mr Tshisekedi, who has been dismissed as prime minister twice by Mr Mobutu in the past five years. The prime minister also dissolved the transitional parliament, installed in 1993 at Mr Mobutu's behest.

"I would say it is a dangerous tendency towards intellectual dictatorship. It's dangerous," said Mr Mobutu's cabinet chief, Prof Vinduawe te Pemako, of the dissolution of parliament.

● Refugees in makeshift camps in eastern Zaire are so weakened that some appear to be "walking cadavers", the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees said yesterday.

At least 120 refugees are dying every day in two camps sheltering 80,000 people south of Kisangani, the UNHCR spokeswoman Pam O'Toole said.

The world's four biggest humanitarian organisations — UNHCR, Unicef, the World Food Programme and the European Union's humanitarian affairs office — launched an unprecedented joint appeal for help for the refugees.

# Lack of money makes life rough for diplomats with no homes to go to

**Chris McGreal in Lubumbashi**

WHOEVER Zaire's new foreign minister may be, he will find it lonely at the top. The six floors beneath his office are all but devoid of personnel. The lift ride to the seventh, where a handful of staff wear tattered suits marginally less worn than the threadbare carpet, is in total darkness. But at least the new minister will have his office's only official car.

If Zaire's soldiers are a sorry lot on the battlefield, its diplomats are in little better shape for the difficult struggle of conjuring up international understanding for President Mobutu Sese Seko's despotic regime.

Money is in such short supply at Kinshasa's foreign ministry that embassies wishing to do busines send their cars around to help out.

Zaire's diplomats overseas, meanwhile, are often living hand to mouth, running into the street to use public phones, and with no homes to go to.

It is not a recent problem. Cleophas Kamitatu-Massamba was Zaire's ambassador to Tokyo. He sold half his embassy. Although political rivals accused him of pocketing the profits, Mr Kamitatu-Massamba insists he did it to raise funds to keep the remainder of his mission going.

"Embassies haven't received any budget for eight years, not even wages, not even for transport, not even for medical needs. Many of the ambassadors don't even have housing. Some have to sleep in the office," he said.

Zairean diplomats have been ejected from their homes in Europe in recent years because they were unable to pay the rent. In Poland, Kinshasa's chargé d'affaires was found sleeping rough in Warsaw railway station.

Three Zairean diplomats were arrested for vagrancy in Italy. The Foreign Office in London rescued Zairean envoys from eviction but it could not stop BT from cutting their phone.

"Diplomats who haven't been paid for eight years are totally ineffective," said Mr Kamitatu Massamba. "Usually diplomacy is a weapon for a government at war but even now they haven't allotted any resources to it. That's why we have lost the diplomatic battle. If we had ambassadors capable of defending our position it would be different. The rebels have lobbies in the United States communicating information every day."

Still, Zairean diplomats know how to make the best of a difficult situation. In some capitals they are well-known faces on the cocktail circuit, often seen showing a particularly vigorous interest in the food.

And however difficult it may be abroad, some of Kinshasa's envoys still have good reasons to remain at their posts. Life is often considerably better than being at home, war or not. At some embassies, particularly in Africa, small fortunes are pocketed from the hundreds of pounds extorted for visas and other "services".

Diplomatic privileges are also useful for shipping smuggled diamonds out of Zaire and valuable duty-free electronics back home.

Zaire's ambassador to Rwanda, which is practically at war with his country, found himself on such a nice little earner that even after his dismissal he refused to leave the embassy and to this day issues visas at £230 a time to anyone foolish enough to pay. Those arriving at Kinshasa airport with one find themselves back on the plane.

Perhaps the foreign ministry should take a leaf out of the army's fundraising book. European ambassadors invited to meet the defence minister were bemused to be greeted by a footstamping guard of honour. After the meeting, the guard was again at hand — this time demanding payment for the earlier performance.

A themed exhibition in Memphis to mark the 85th anniversary of the ship's sinking, which includes a display of artefacts, such as the cherub, above, retrieved from the seabed, has led to a huge outcry over bad taste

# Survivors sail into Titanic row on disaster spin-offs

**Alex Duval Smith in Washington**

SURVIVORS of the Titanic claim that tasteless commercialism — including an overspent disaster film, a Broadway musical, a themed exhibition and a recipe book of the last dinner on board — is cheapening the 85th anniversary of the ship's sinking.

At the first of the anniversary events, an themed exhibition which opens this weekend in Memphis, Tennessee, visitors standing on a model of the Titanic's deck are invited to divide into groups of men, women and children in order to relive the moments before the death of 1,523 people in icy waters off Newfoundland on April 15 1912.

For the entrance price of $12 (£7.50), visitors to the Memphis Pyramid can also see the largest collection of Titanic artefacts ever put on display.

They include a child's bracelet inscribed with the name Amy, pieces from the ship's dinner service, love letters, a cork life jacket retrieved from a corpse, a megaphone and a watch.

The $6 million exhibition, for which 130,000 tickets have been sold in advance and which is expected to tour several countries, has been created by RMS Titanic Inc.

*Survivors have long been* critical of the company, which has staged several attempts to raise the wreck and sells lumps of coal, allegedly from the Titanic's boiler room, for $25 each.

Louise Laroche, a French survivor, aged 86, said the company was guilty of merchandising a historic event without consulting survivors. "If the exhibition has been created by RMS Titanic Inc, you can be certain that it lacks taste and that survivors have not even endorsed it," said Miss Laroche, from Meaux, near Paris.

Another French survivor, Michel Navratil, aged 87, who lives near Montpelier, said: "I am very sceptical about all this American fuss. Titanic Inc merely aims to raise the hull and sell it.

"To me, this grave plundering has already started with the retrieval of at least 8,000 items from the seabed. They are being put on show but, ultimately, they will be sold."

*But Jon Thompson, director* of the Memphis Wonders series of exhibitions, is confident that Titanic, which runs until the end of September, will be one of the Memphis Pyramid's biggest successes.

> 'This grave plundering has already started with the retrieval of 8,000 items'

"We are guarding the memory and telling the tale of the ship, the survivors and the victims. The way the exhibition works, people will get a real idea of what it is like to be on board and then what it feels like to walk on to the deck and realise all the lifeboats are gone and they're still aboard and the ship's going down."

The exhibition is the first in a series of events and products marking the 85th anniversary, this year, of the demise of the ship which was thought unsinkable.

The Titanic was thought unsinkable. When it hit a huge iceberg off Newfoundland, only 705 people survived. The wreck was discovered by an expedition *funded by RMS Titanic Inc* in 1985.

A $10 million Broadway musical, Titanic, opens later this month. Written by Maury Yeston, the composer of Nine, which recently played in London's West End, its previews have been marred by technical problems with the show's huge set.

Similar scenic hitches have beset Titanic, the $180 million film. Directed by James Cameron and starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet, the period disaster movie film features hundreds of extras and was filmed in California on a set built to scale.

Already in bookshops, Last Dinner On The Titanic (published by Weidenfeld), invites cooks to recreate 50 dishes which were on the ship's menu.

They include the 11-course dinner, served with nine wines, which first-class passengers tucked into shortly before their icy death.

## Clinton urges bar on spirits adverts

**Alex Duval Smith in Washington**

PRESIDENT Bill Clinton has asked for advertisements for spirits to be banned on American television and radio because of a fracture in the alcohol industry's half-century voluntary agreement to keep them off the air.

Amid increasing reports of alcoholic excesses among teenagers, he sent a cautiously-worded letter to the Federal Communications Commission, the broadcasting regulatory body, asking it to consider a ban on adverts for alcoholic products other than beer and wine.

A recent survey showed that 10 per cent of 14-year-olds and 31 per cent of 17-year-olds had "been drunk" in the past month.

His request to the commission, which was prompted by the decision of the distillers Seagram to breach the 48-year voluntary code, was widely criticised.

Parents' groups warned that, with so much beer advertising on television, he was sending out the message that there was good and bad alcohol.

"Alcohol is alcohol," said Karolyn Nunnallee of Mothers Against Drunk Driving. "When beer is the number one alcoholic beverage of choice among our youth, it just does not make sense that beer ads should not be targeted also." Budweiser sponsors the Superbowl, and beer companies such as Coors back the baseball World Series.

## Julie Andrews stars in an insurance song and dance

**Mark Tran in New York**

JULIE ANDREWS, star of the Broadway musical Victor/Victoria, is centre stage in a legal battle between the show's producers and insurers. She has missed performances because of throat and larynx complaints and a gallbladder operation. The producers refunded £1 million to ticket-holders.

Refunds to ticket-holders have cost the producers over more than $1.5 million (£900,000) almost £1 million.

The Insurers refused to pay because Ms Andrews had allegedly said she had never had respiratory or lung problems. The producers are suing the insurers for rescinding a policy covering missed appearances.

The 61-year-old star missed shows because of a sore throat, a gallbladder operation and a bad larynx.

## Postview — A Schengen shenanigan

Thousands of Greek Orthodox zealots and priests have joined forces to combat a new evil — the Schengen Treaty, which ends border controls inside the European Union and provides a cross-border police computer database. "Satan is Schengen," they chanted as MPs debated the treaty.

**Death: the film** ABC TV plans a television movie based on the experiences of Richard Ford, a former member of the Heaven's Gate cult, which came to prominence last month with the mass suicide in San Diego.

The Los Angeles Times reported that cult members gambled in Las Vegas, and visited Mexico and other tourist destinations in the weeks leading up to their suicide.

**Meeting his maker** Tomoyuki Tanaka, the father of the Godzilla monster movie series, has died of a stroke aged 86, 16 months after his giant lizard-like creation was killed off in the final Japanese episode, his family said.

**Call to account** Israel's police commissioner, Assaf Hefetz, wrote himself a £140 ticket after he was spotted talking on a mobile phone while driving.

**High anxiety** Aviation officials said the fuselage of a passenger jet that crashed last month near the south Russian city of Stavropol, killing all 50 on board, was so rusted it fell apart in mid-flight.

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# Austere but attractive

## Paddy is still in the game

AFTER THE LAUNCHES of two state-of-the-art electoral brochures from the Conservative and Labour parties on the preceding two days, yesterday's Liberal Democrat manifesto seems like a return to an earlier, more rational and less marketing-dominated approach to electoral campaigning. Compared with the Tories and Labour, theirs is much less of a production number. The waffle factor in it is lower too, though not of course entirely absent. Where the Tories and Labour relentlessly used their manifestos to promote John Major and Tony Blair, the Liberal Democrats have kept Paddy Ashdown in a more confined role, which is odd when you realise that to most people Mr Ashdown *is* the Liberal Democrats and that few of his colleagues are recognised outside their own homes. This austere approach also tells us something attractive about the party Mr Ashdown leads. As does the fact that, in the best traditions of the Liberal Democrats, their manifesto is simply crammed with policy. Reading it makes one realise some of the issues the others have left out.

The manifesto's title, Make The Difference, conveys the political task which faces the party in the 1997 election. It is always difficult to be the third party in a two-and-a-half party system such as ours (a three-and-a-half party system in Scotland and Wales). But this is a particularly difficult contest for the Liberal Democrats, because Tony Blair's reforms have transformed Labour into a safer and more attractive alternative for disillusioned English Conservatives, while the sheer mass of Labour's consistent opinion poll support threatens to squeeze the Liberal Democrats off the perch to which they had grown accustomed as heirs presumptive to the Conservatives. In Scotland, the further challenge of the SNP, fed by events like yesterday's renewed furore over Labour's devolution plans, creates another sort of squeeze. Whatever the circumstances, the Liberal Democrats will have to fight harder and more uncompromisingly for their votes this time round, as the polls confirm.

Yet if Mr Blair's Labour Party has caused a serious problem for the Liberal Democrats, it has also provided at least some of the answers for them too. By fixing its sights on potential Tory-Labour "switchers", Labour has become obsessed with the competition for fiscal caution, social disciplinarianism and conventionality. Mr Ashdown has his limits too, but the result of Labour's defensiveness is that he has been given the space to promote a more innovative mix of ideas. He will earn envious looks from many on the left as he promotes such policies as hypothecated taxation for educational investment, a more audacious attitude to upper rates of personal tax, stricter controls over motor cars and a more robust defence of civil liberties. Making the difference has been made easier by this convergence between the Conservatives and Labour over some — though not all, don't let's exaggerate — important issues. Sometimes in the past, the Liberal Democrats (and their predecessors) have had to be pretty opportunistic to mark their differences. This time, that has been less necessary.

The perennial problem for the Liberal Democrats, though, is that no one, not even the party itself, actually believes that they are going to form the next government. That makes it easier for Mr Ashdown to make sweeping promises and to use apocalyptic language. That's not a reason for Labour to avoid the radical challenges or for the Liberal Democrats to retreat from them, but it underlines that, under the first-past-the-post electoral system, there is always a slight air of unreality about some discussions on LibDem ideas and prospects.

That said, the Liberal Democrat manifesto is nevertheless a practical document. On some issues the party has been and remains a beacon of principle which both Labour and the Conservatives ought to emulate. On subjects like tax, civil liberty and fair voting, Mr Ashdown's party got there first. But past achievements and feeling good about oneself are not enough in politics. This election is beginning to show signs that it will reshape the political world. The terms of engagement that gave rise to the creation of the Liberal Democrats over a decade ago are changing. For the moment, as the old political world enters its twilight, they remain important players in the electoral stakes, and there will be many places in this election where a vote for the Liberal Democrats will not only be principled but tactically right too.

# With feathers flying

## Why not have the whole menagerie?

SCIENTISTS AT the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have conducted a series of experiments in animal dynamics which might be worth copying for the election. Though they have not actually worked with live chickens, they have learnt some useful lessons from the natural world. After a false start with a boat which wiggled a false tail, they developed a more successful craft powered by flippers — copied from the penguin.

In our political climate where a brace of chickens almost dragged the headlines away from the Labour manifesto, there is an obvious moral here for spin doctors of all parties. If wearing an animal costume can so easily win the headlines, then the practice should be extended from the floor to the platform. The chicken metaphor has negative connotations which are clearly inappropriate. But Paddy Ashdown would come over very well in the costume of a gritty bulldog, barking out his conviction that the LibDems are fighting "for every seat and evey vote in the country". Anyone tempted to snigger would keep quiet for fear of getting bitten in the ankle. John Major is harder to typecast: in the theatre of realism he should really appear as a turkey voting for Christmas. But the object of the exercise is to win and not lose votes. In view of the Prime Minister's love for "the rich tapestry of our tradition", it should be a dependable rather than a dynamic image. How about a country shire horse, as used for pulling the heavy roller over the village green before a game of Sunday cricket?

Tony Blair is a natural for this exercise in reverse anthropomorphism: the only problem is to choose between so many heroic options. The British bull could be a touch too virile: the British lion rather too obvious. The right choice must surely be the Golden Eagle, soaring high into the dawn of a new future, and clutching all our hopes between its talons. If he eventually lets go of them, well that's politics.

# Letters to the Editor

## A stalker's victim writes

I AM the victim of a stalker. I was shocked to have confirmed (Sketch, April 4) that, not content with leering down at me from the Press Gallery, reporting my every fidget through his steamed-up glasses, Simon Hoggart has now followed me to Lichfield.

At first I thought it was paranoia. Earlier this week I could have sworn that I spotted Hoggart's greying hair and malicious grin in Bird Street just down from the cathedral near my home. Surely not. He wouldn't dare. It must be fantasy: the dwarf in the red raincoat haunting Donald Sutherland in Don't Look Now. I would turn a corner and he would be there. Three times I thought I would bump into him, and had to dart swiftly into an alleyway.

And what does he write? That I block the aisles of Safeway chatting with my constituents, and rude things about my hair. Mr Hoggart: you should know that I am to a shopping trolley what Damon Hill is to a Formula One racing car, and that your local mole was wholly inaccurate about my hair.

Nevertheless, I look forward to grinning at Mr Hoggart from the government benches in the next Parliament.
**Michael Fabricant MP.**
House of Commons,
London SW1A 0AA.

## Life support

THE recovery of Andrew Devine from the ill-named "persistent vegetative state" (Fan's recovery "unique", March 27) is a powerful testimony against the defeatism of those who regard PVS as a living death and sufficient reason to bring about death by starvation.

At present the view that disabled people's lives are worthless applies from pre-birth (abortion is legal up to birth if the baby has a disability) to adulthood. If anyone actually bothered to listen to those affected, they would discover that we actually value our lives, however limited they may be.

This is not only the case for those like me with congenital physical disabilities, but also for those like Andrew Devine, who are recovering from the most profound disabilities of all. Geoff Wildsmith, who was thought to be in PVS for over a year, is now able to communicate by buzzer, and he has signalled very firmly that he is glad to be alive. In view of this, it is a pity that Dr Keith Andrews seems to be suggesting that, as recovery is rare, it is not worth keeping "9,999" alive for the sake of one who may recover. This misses not only the infinite value of those 9,999 but also the anguish the one may suffer in being put to death while able to experience pain, hunger and thirst.

The real question is the value we put on disabled lives, and whether we think people who are less than fully able nevertheless have the right to live. We do not have a choice between being able bodied and being disabled. We have a choice only between being disabled and being dead, and of those two options the former is most definitely to be preferred.
**Alison Davis.**
35 Stileham Bank,
Milborne St Andrew,
Blandford Forum,
Dorset DT11 0LE.

We do not publish letters where only an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. We regret we cannot acknowledge those not used.

## What a pen and ink

DO WE really need graphology to tell us that Tony Blair is, amongst other things, goal-minded and prone to exaggeration (Positive but impatient, ruthless but impulsive — it's Tony Blair, April 3)? These qualities, and most of the others you list, are probably true of every candidate seeking political office.

More seriously, given that some employers are foolish enough to use graphology in their selection procedures, and presumably sometimes reject able candidates on this basis, it is worrying that the Guardian should give front-page coverage to this essentially useless technique. To cite just one recent paper, from the International Journal of Selection and Assessment, despite its intuitive appeal "graphology should not be used in a selection context".

Let's leave newspaper coverage of this pseudoscience to the tabloids.
**(Dr) David Hardman.**
Department of Psychology,
City University,
Northampton Square,
London EC1V 0HB.

I REGRET that for reasons of speed and convenience this letter is not handwritten; for if it were then it might stand some chance of making the front page with a neat little graphological analysis rather than languishing on the letters page.

The article was amusing, diverting and strictly irrelevant, certainly in comparison with, say, the news from Israel. The (im)balance between home and international news in British newspapers is already notable. Of course you have an emphasis on domestic affairs, especially during an election campaign, but with a daily supplement devoted to this already and a 3-to-1 ratio of home to international news in the main section, aren't we becoming a little self-absorbed?
**Jonathan Woolf.**
Woodfield, Merrymeet,
Liskeard,
Cornwall PL14 3LS.

IT seems very revealing that the leader of the New Labour Party should draft his personal manifesto with a fountain pen and in blue ink. Surely the only proper pen for a socialist is the communal, egalitarian Biro? The only people I know who professionally are required to use a fountain pen are judges and registrars of births, deaths and marriages. Perhaps Mr Blair's preference for the fountain pen comes from his family's legal background? (Or can Mrs Blair not afford to buy him a PC?)
**Tom Nossiter.**
38 Newlay Lane,
Leeds LS18 4LE.

GRAPHOLOGY has previously been revered only by personnel managers and the feeble-minded. Some years ago the Guardian ran a lengthy investigation into the connection between zodiac signs and jobs. This discovered (shock, horror) that birth dates were evenly spread for jobs which employed large numbers, but that jobs which employed small numbers could have a relatively high proportion of births during a short period.

This was, of course, a perfect description of probability and completely debunked the theory. Perhaps you will do the same for "graphology". Then we only have to worry about palmistry!
**Jonathan Brind.**
3 St Helier's Road,
London E10 6BH.

## A lesson for the future: public schools no longer have class

I WONDER if Rachel Cusk (Don't mention it, April 3) need be quite so angry about the public schools. The social hierarchy whose upper echelon they feed is imploding.

There was a time when a coherent UK nation state was ruled through such hallowed institutions as the Inner Temple, Whitehall, the Palace of Westminster, the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, Aldershot Army Depot, Lambeth Palace and Conservative Central Office — overwhelmingly by ex-public-schoolboys.

They are still there. But the game is up.

Thankfully, the European Court of Justice has turned the judicial functions of the House of Lords into a local court. Only the persistence of purely national media maintains the illusion that Westminster is still the focus of political power. The true patricians have long known class to be crumbling.

But much more than this has destroyed the Britain which needed its ancient — mostly Victorian — public schools. Their alumni have been trained in leadership but total separation from the led means nobody has followed since the evacuation of the empire.

The last thing they can do is manage what is left of industrial production. Not that they much liked soiling their fingers with it anyway. And when they suddenly found the cheques for their Range Rovers going to the subsidiary of a German firm, the message finally sank in.
**Tom Snow.**
33 Mundania Road,
London SE22 0NH.

PERHAPS the main reason private education has not become an election issue is that, in these Post-Fordist, Post-Modernist, Postman-Pat times, "class" as a social label has been junked.

There is a gentleman's agreement among the major parties not to use it.

It may have its rhetorical uses at dinner parties and among assemblies of schoolchildren, but to argue publicly that the values of exclusivity and attachment to hierarchy are "the birthright of the British public schools" and provide "an inside track" for the privileged few, is the anachronistic language of Old Labour.

New Labour has no more desire to abolish the public-school system than to reinstate Clause 4.
**Ron Noon.**
5 Greenwood Road,
Liverpool L18 7HT.

RACHEL Cusk falls into the classic trap of thinking it is somehow our fault that we have the education we have. Whereas in fact the system we have is imposed on us from above.

We have no control over it: all we can do is make the best of it.
**John B Reade.**
123 Andover Avenue,
Manchester M24 1JQ.

## Dr Rogers' fundamental mistake

TO DESCRIBE Muslim culture as "fundamental" illustrates Adrian Rogers' prejudice and ignorance (Letters, April 4). Islam, like Christianity, is a huge religion comprising different schools of thought, with varying attitudes to integration. Christian fundamentalism is as opposed to integration in society as its Islamic counterpart. The integration comes from those of us who attempt to practise tolerance, a trait Rogers seems to lack.

Or is it simply that he finds Christian fundamentalism more palatable, since it is practised here by white-skinned people of British ancestry?
**Nicki Barclay.**
Ferry Hill,
East Portlemouth,
South Devon TQ8 8PQ.

THE Exeter Conservative candidate, Adrian Rogers, says of his Labour opponent that "he's everything about society which is wrong" (Love and hate in a holy war, April 2) because, amongst other things, he likes Europe, has studied German, rides a bike, and is homosexual.

As an unprejudiced, Europe-loving, five-language-speaking, cycling health worker, this comment makes me want to throw up — preferably over the doctor.

The problem is, I am a socialist too. What could I get if I vote tactically to do my bit to stop him winning? A New Watered-Down Labour MP who sought his party's nomination as "a bit of fun".

Exeter's contest highlights two worrying things: the prominence of prejudiced people like Dr Rogers, and the disappearance of a true, serious, leftwing option on May 1.
**Peter Kaan.**
Reynolds, White Street,
Topsham, Devon EX3 0AA.

## A view to costs

YOUR Leader on the inauguration of Channel 5 (March 31), apart from assuming that the Spice Girls represent some sort of peak in cultural development, also endorses the channel as a "free" source of entertainment.

This is manifestly absurd. Every broadcasting source must be funded and, in the case of the BBC, this revenue is quite openly extracted from our pockets in the form of a licence fee. In contrast, all the other channels are funded by advertising revenue: a hidden tax on all our shopping bills.

If I decide to stop watching TV, I could dispose of my set and cease to pay a BBC licence. But there would be no hope of negotiating a discount on the price of goods whose advertising keeps the other channels going.
**E N Martin.**
40 Junction Road, Norton,
Stockton-on-Tees TS20 1PW.

## Let's kick racism even harder

NATHAN Blake is to be congratulated on his courageous stand against racism (Race row threatens Gould, April 2). The notion that alluding to a person's colour in a jocular manner is not racist behaviour needs confronting. I am sure that Bobby Gould doesn't consider himself a racist and he has consistently picked players on their abilities, not their skin colour.

But what Mr Gould doesn't appear to understand is that racism takes many forms, and to identify his players by skin colour, and as a butt of jokes, is racism. By highlighting the players' colour, especially as part of a joke, reinforces the notion that to be white is to be normal, and therefore to be different is abnormal.

As a respected manager of an international team Mr Gould's remarks, however harmless their intent, give comfort to those football supporters whose racist taunts have been largely silenced. Nathan Blake is wise to point out that it is white people's responsibility to confront this type of racist behaviour. It shouldn't be left to the victims to fight alone.
**Dennis Green.**
Lime Road,
Bristol BS3.

HAVING witnessed racist comments in every corner of the senior amateur and semi-professional game over the last 35 years, I am very pleased that someone with a high profile is prepared to stand up and be counted.

Our children need role models with ethical standards worthy of the beautiful game.
**Steve Teasdale.**
Gibb Lane Farm,
Ovenden Wood,
Halifax HX2 0TW.

## Some home truths for Mr Major on tax breaks

YOU and your correspondents have put a number of telling arguments against the Conservatives' proposal for a transferable tax allowance (Tories to cut family taxes, April 2; and Letters, April 4). However, there is one further argument which has so far been ignored.

Even for the minority of families who will benefit, research and experience indicate that tax relief is not the best way to channel support to those providing care at home. The benefit of tax relief will accrue to the earning partner, not the carer, and there is no guarantee that the money will be passed on from the former to the latter.

Such a proposal, which serves to reinforce the economic dependence of women (still a majority of carers) on their male partners, sits oddly with the Conservative aim "to replace the false security of dependence with the real security of independence". Of course, it is dependence on the state (in the form of cash benefits, not tax relief) that counts here, not private dependence within the family.

If the Conservatives are genuinely concerned to promote the economic independence of those at home providing care, they would do better to target the resources directly on those providing the care through improved cash benefits, such as child benefit and invalid-care allowance.
**(Prof) Ruth Lister.**
Dept of Social Sciences,
Loughborough University,
Loughborough,
Leics LE11 3TU.

WONDERFUL work by the spin doctors. Now for the reality. That extra £17.50 a week will be deducted from a low-income family's DSS benefits so they will not be a single penny better off, and will cost the Government nothing.

If we decide one of us should "stay at home and look after the children", as Mr Major suggests, most of us will lose our homes. Finding a secure full-time job is almost impossible and on low wages one breadwinner is not enough for any standard of living. Consider these facts:

- The Council of Europe estimates a decent lifestyle requires £6.31 an hour, yet 2.3 million people in the UK earn less than £3.50 an hour, three-quarters of them women (Source: Low Pay Unit).
- A family with an average income of between £100 and £125 a week have to spend 4 per cent of their weekly budget just on metered water, compared with a national average of 1 per cent (Save the Children, 1996).
- Some 4.3 million children are living in poverty, compared with only 1.4 million in 1979 (Public Health Alliance, 1997).

Tax breaks are for the rich.
**Nicholas Kulkarni.**
27 Methuen Avenue,
King's Lynn,
Norfolk PE30 4BN.

## A Country Diary

MACHYNLLETH: Although I have walked up the valley many times over the years I have never seen the waterfall looking more spectacular than it did last week. After two days of rain the clouds quite suddenly unravelled from the north-west and there was this magnificent fall taking the sunlight as it thundered down several hundred feet of dark heathery rocks into a warm-brown zone of bracken slopes. Immediately after heavy rain this is one of the great waterfalls of Wales and so far it is mercifully unknown to the tourist industry. I had two strokes of luck that day. I not only saw water falling more gracefully than I have ever seen it, I also found myself on a green road in almost pristine condition. When I first walked the hills decades ago, green roads were taken for granted but we all know how rare they are these days. I followed this welcoming green road on and on and up and up until I was far from any house or any Tarmac, deep among the hills of Meirionnydd which the 19th century historian, Thomas Nicholas, described as "this county beyond question the wildest and most picturesque in Wales." For company up there I had only barking ravens, wailing buzzards and the silent sheep of the hills. But then, somewhere up in the rocks, a peregrine began to speak in unmistakeable anger. This is not a sound I enjoy because I knew that as long as I stayed there this irate bird would probably fly back and forth across the sky shrieking his indignation at my intrusion of his nesting crag — a particularly unnerving experience because peregrines have such a gift for anguished expression. So I took myself off down the valley forthwith and it was well that I did. For when I looked back at the fall it was already vanishing behind the next curtain of rain.

*WILLIAM CONDRY*

# Words are louder than actions in this campaign

Mark Lawson

THE Conservatives' current favourite word of the election campaign is "sleep-walking." Britain is supposedly "sleep-walking towards Socialism." But the real fear of politicians of all parties is sleep-talking. For all the talk of photo-opportunities, a British election is still fought primarily with words. Utilising the main elements of campaign vocabulary — metaphors, puns, jokes, hyperbole — politicians live in fear of a remark which will lead to the use of the media's own favourite word "gaffe".

The first linguistic business of the week was the announcement of the official campaign slogans. Each of these chants was true to current character. Labour's — Britain Deserves Better — was snappy, low in aspiration and non-controversial. The Liberal Democrats, the main exponents in modern politics of the pun, were true to their word-play with: Make The Difference. (This attempt to combine an urge to activism with an attack on the similarities between the two main parties was later underlined by Paddy Ashdown: "This manifesto is about making the difference, not spotting the difference.")

Equally in line with recent form, the Conservative Party's mainline phrases were confused and inadvertently self-revealing. You Can Only Be Sure With The Conservatives is simply limp and derivative, with its distracting echoes to a commercial-literate generation of famous campaigns for petrol and condoms. The most prominent poster slogan — Britain is Booming. Don't Let Labour Blow It — is actively ham-fisted. What falls oddly on the ear — the posters have no visual content apart from these words — is that the imagery in both sentences is linked with explosives: bombs boom and also blow. In a Freudian slip by Central Office, voters are being warned not to risk the explosion of something which is already being blown apart.

In terms of individual leader-speak, Major — with less to lose and more need to take risks than his main rival — has been by far the most verbose in the first week of all-out campaigning. Major's language is strangely formal and antique. He speaks of the "deliberations" of Parliament. He recently excused himself from a media appearance because of "expecting some people for luncheon." Despite his professed ambition of a classless Britain, Major seems at some point in his 20s to have constructed for himself a quasi-Victorian speaking style, probably from the novels of Trollope, as a bulwark against the snobbery of the Tory party.

Another Major weakness is metaphor-selection. Take Wednesday's promise on wages and prices control: "So we will keep inflation by the scruff of its neck." Traditionally, inflation has been depicted by Conservative leaders as a ravening beast, a lethal predator. Yet the only creatures generally held by the scruffs of their necks are puppies and pussy-cats. The effect is to portray the money-monster as a domesticated pet which, by extension, anyone could control.

Another feature of the language of Majorism is the sawn-off metaphor, the half-cock comparison. The preface to the manifesto, for example, reports that "a country once the sick man of Europe, has become its most successful economy." The medical image, once introduced, surely demands completion: something about now being financially healthy or fit or visiting all the other European economies in the sanatorium. There was even the possibility of a corny topical cultural reference of the kind that politicians enjoy: "We used to be the sick man of Europe — but The English Patient is now winning all the economic Oscars."

Major, though, seems determined to be the sick man of English, refusing to complete the course of any image. "A country once brought to its knees by over-mighty powerful trade unions . . .", he began on Wednesday. Knees, knees — this clearly calls at least for something about standing tall, towering over. But no: the sentence falls lamely to the ground: ". . . now has industrial peace."

Metaphors and simile, though, are always the biggest danger for politicians. Comparisons always carry the risk of offence. The week's nearest thing to a gaffe resulted from a simile: Tony Blair's comparison of Labour's promised Scottish parliament with an English parish council.

What has been noticeably lacking from the campaign so far has been the punning sound-bite, the American import which monopolised the air-waves in 1987 and 1992. The Tories half-heartedly tried, with Thursday's suggestion that Labour's manifesto pledges to the electorate were "a con-trick, not a contract." Otherwise, only Paddy Ashdown has kept the tradition alive. His claim this week that voters wanted a leader who was "less politician stuck-up and more politician stuck-in" was a classic example of this podium poetry.

But the relative absence so far of these machine-made phrases is probably not a coincidence. The party leaders seem aware of viewer-resistance to speech-writing and spin-doctoring. This is the only explanation of the strange incident this week in which Labour released the manuscript version of Tony Blair's manifesto preface. We have reached a stage when it is thought necessary to emphasise that a politician is responsible for his own promises.

Once able to speak only in the ballot-box, voters are given an increasing voice in the campaign by the proliferation of phone-ins and vox pops on television and radio. In the first week of the election proper, both examples of that most enjoyable aspect of campaign language — hysterical hyperbole — came from people not standing for election.

The first was from Margaret Parry, a member of the constituency party of Piers Merchant, the MP in teen-kiss-shock case. Before entering the meeting which would decide the MP's fate, she said: "This is Beckenham's Chappaquiddick." Perhaps appreciating as she said it the rich comedy of this collision of place-names —, and the comparison between the wrecking of presidential ambitions through drunken manslaughter and a back-bencher's brief rise from obscurity through a fumble in a park — she rapidly added: ". . . though, in this case, thankfully, no-one died."

Mrs Parry's close rival for the over-the-top trophy in week one was "Betty", a caller to Sky News's Adam Boulton phone-in on Thursday who demanded of guest, Margaret Beckett: "Why are you going to sell my grandchildren into slavery?" This proved to be a reference to Labour's policy on Europe and devolution. If the polls remain as they are, Betty may yet hear her image emerging from John Major's lips.

# Too much caution in the Lib Dem mix

**Commentary**

**Hugo Young**

WHATEVER the Liberal Democrats win or lose at this election, their role is no longer to be the party of the centre. That ground is taken. Tony Blair has colonised it with a greed and spread that the third party cannot begin to contest. Yet old perceptions die as hard as old habits, and the two are yoked in the party's manifesto, a centrist document that eschews the uniqueness which ought now, in the new configuration, to be the Lib Dem's proudest message.

In narrow strategic terms, this has its obvious purpose. The party is directing itself, more exclusively than ever, to the seats it has some chance of winning. These are almost all Conservative seats where the Lib Dems are the strongest alternative. To mimic the Labour Party seems, in such circumstances, the safest bet. If Basildon won't vote for a Labour party brushed with any trace of old socialism, Portsmouth might be frightened off Paddy Ashdown if he stood up, loud and clear, for what his party most daringly believes in.

When they hover over the same ground, moreover, the Lib Dem manifesto is often more honest and sometimes more convincing than Labour's. Pledging to spend more money on education is saying out loud what most Labour people concerned about schools conspire to mutter under their breath. There may be a budgetary reason, but there is not an educational reason, for saying that schools can't immediately have more money to buy books and cut class sizes. This is where Labour's pretence that it will never raise tax comes over at its most complacant and perverse, and the Lib Dems, sticking to a five-year line, show them up.

They tell still more awkward truth about the environment, on which the two big parties tout their greenness with as much facility as donning their green wellies. The third party is vastly bolder and more specific, for example, in what it has to say about promoting fuel-efficient cars, and about road-pricing in urban areas. These initiatives have several things in common: they are practical, benign and likely to be effective. Everyone knows that sooner or later all countries concerned for the environment will have to adopt them. What's lacking is the political will even to mention that they might be contemplated. Cutting through such evasions, the Lib Dems are being true to their proper modern calling, rational unorthodoxy.

Too often, however, they duck this role. Mr Ashdown said some time ago that he saw the present phase of Lib Dem evolution as one in which they would consolidate old positions rather than invent some new ones. And it's true that the manifesto has little originality about it.

PERSONALLY, I don't mind that. There's time enough to be creative when Parliament is sitting, without suddenly springing half-baked wheezes on the voters. But old positions being newly neglected is another matter. A manifesto doesn't need to be just a litany of specifics. It should also be a proclamation of values. On two fronts, this one disappoints. The first is Europe. The Lib Dems are the most European Party, and it's a travesty to divine from the words here printed, as some have done, that they've gone cold on the single currency. But they have not found the words to fire up any national enthusiasm for the European project. It all sounds like mundane drudgery. The one party that need not have been half-hearted about the large idea of Europe either never thought of saying so or deemed it wiser to sound as drearily cautious as everyone else. This is a badly missed opportunity, and reveals how ensnared Liberal Democrats have become in the language and priorities of the status quo.

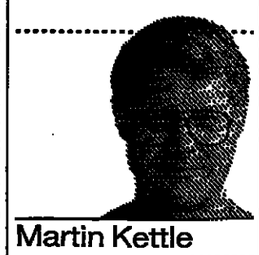
The second zone of passion omitted is the one where Liberalism finds its deepest principles and can claim its finest record. The whole area of state power and police powers, and the civilian's liberty not to be coerced by them, is classic Lib Dem territory. The party did exceptionally well in Parliamentary manoeuvring both over the Police Bill and the Crime (Sentences) Bill. Its politicians, especially in the Lords, stopped some terrible things hapening. They not only showed up the diabolical collaboration between Michael Howard and Jack Straw, they did something about it that nobody else could do. On very little else, in fact, has Mr Ashdown's party had so much influence as it has on mitigating the grotesqueries of the law-and-order debate.

NONE of this gets a mention in the manifesto. It's as if the leadership prefers to draw a veil over its libertarian achievements, and imitate all the usual stuff about strengthening the criminal justice system with a focus on crime prevention etc etc. This is the centrist self-image coming over in every paragraph, playing safe, diluting distinctiveness, and it mistakes what the Lib Dems are ever likely to be about in the next Parliament.

Centrism, then, will get them nowhere. Whether or not Tony Blair has plans to offer them some kind of incorporation into his project, their role is no longer to serve as an insurance against the left. That is old politics with a vengeance. By far their most credible function will be as goad and scourge to a Labour government constantly in danger of sliding away from the principles which a lot of its members want it to defend. But you wouldn't know that from the Liberal Democrat manifesto.

Martin Woollacott is away

# Behind Blair's back



Martin Kettle

OUTWARDLY, Thursday's packed Labour election manifesto launch looked and felt like the apotheosis of Tony Blair's leadership of the opposition. It appeared to embody the entire revolution which he has driven through his party since July 1994. The event reeked of the difference and control which Blair has brought to Labour. The policies were Blair's. The language was Blair's. Blair was the entire focus of the launch event. His picture, presidentially casual but serious, dominated the manifesto cover. The party that we were invited to contemplate, was the party supposedly remade by him in every particular.

In many respects this outward appearance is also the inward reality. The Labour Party is indeed not as it used to be. These changes are both constitutional and cosmetic, but they go further too. They are also increasingly cultural and, to coin a phrase, endogenous. Labour has disciplined itself to achieve in 1997 what it failed to achieve in 1992, and then to transmit its discipline into government by continuing to think self-critically about everything it says and stands for. It has done this at Blair's urging, but not simply on Blair's orders. The process has been led from the centre, but it is beginning to be self-sustaining at local level too.

I stress these things because there is also another inward reality which was not on surface view at Thursday's launch, even though it was very much there just below the surface. But this other inward reality, which is much less gratifying to Blairite aspirations and which may even in the end be catastrophic to them, should not be misrepresented. It is not the "new danger" of Tory demonology with its secret left-wing agendas and its union barons pulling the strings of a Labour government, though there is a bit of that. Nor is it the instinctively bureaucratic and manipulative "old Labour" of the modernisers' pandemonium, though this may be rather closer to the mark.

The word that best describes the hidden face of the Labour Party is less loaded but ultimately more dangerous. It is "politics". And it was embodied this week by two things. One was the sight of the shadow cabinet, silent and apparently adoring at Thursday's launch. The other was the equally resonant decision by Labour's national executive committee byelection panel not to include Jack Dromey on the shortlist for selection as the Labour candidate for the safe seat of Pontefract in West Yorkshire where, irrelevantly to this tale but I'll tell you just the same, my great-grandfather was once vicar.

It was sometimes alleged that, come the election, a clutch of Blairite intimates would be parachuted into nominations in safe seats like this. That allegation conveniently ignores that such nominations are not actually Blair's to confer. Nevertheless, Labour's rules do allow the leadership to choose the shortlist in the small number of seats where the sitting MP retires immediately before the general election. It is a significant, if limited, power. There have been six such seats this time round, one of which was Newport East in which Alan Howarth was put on the shortlist before being chosen by the local party last month.

Pontefract was the last of the six, and the byelection panel met to choose the shortlist on Wednesday. Yet Dromey did not even make it to the final five. This is very extraordinary. After all, Dromey is supposedly the labour movement's Mr Moderniser, arguably the most Blairite trade union official in the country, and Blair certainly owes him a favour for running as his candidate for the leadership of the transport workers two years ago.

Dromey's exclusion could have several causes. Perhaps people wanted to get one back at the husband of Harriet Harman. Perhaps there was anxiety about nominating a high-profile trade unionist at this time. Perhaps Blair was more concerned to get his ex-SDP economic adviser Derek Scott on to the shortlist, with Gordon Brown simultaneously manoeuvring for independent journalist Yvette Cooper, partner of his own adviser Ed Balls. Whatever the truth, though, it's a dirty business.

And I had that same feeling on Thursday as I watched the assembled and silent shadow cabinet sitting behind Blair at the launch. As Blair talked about the paramount need for the voters to trust Labour, I asked myself how many of the 25 men and women there assembled actually trusted him? If the launch had been on Wednesday, I would have said probably only Harman. But on Thursday, I wonder if even she would have qualified.

FOUR weeks today, these 25 people will make up the first Blair cabinet. They would not be human if that thought was not near the surface of their minds most of the time, but I am sure that not one of them has any intention of stepping aside to make Blair's cabinet building the slightest bit easier, another scenario which is occasionally predicted by those who exaggerate Blair's power and possibly his instincts.

But then that's politics. Old Labour or New Labour. In this respect, at least, the difference is not as great as they pretend. I was solemnly told yesterday that shortlists are chosen on the basis of merit, and doubtless that will be the official version if and when Blair chooses his cabinet too. I tried not to laugh. Blair's manifesto speaks of merit coming before privilege in a Labour Britain. I'm sorry to say that, where politics is concerned, I don't believe a word of it.

**Bert Keizer** is a doctor. Thirteen years ago one of his patients, who was dying of lung cancer, asked him for 'help at the end'. For the first time, Keizer had to ask himself the meaning of euthanasia

# In search of a decent death

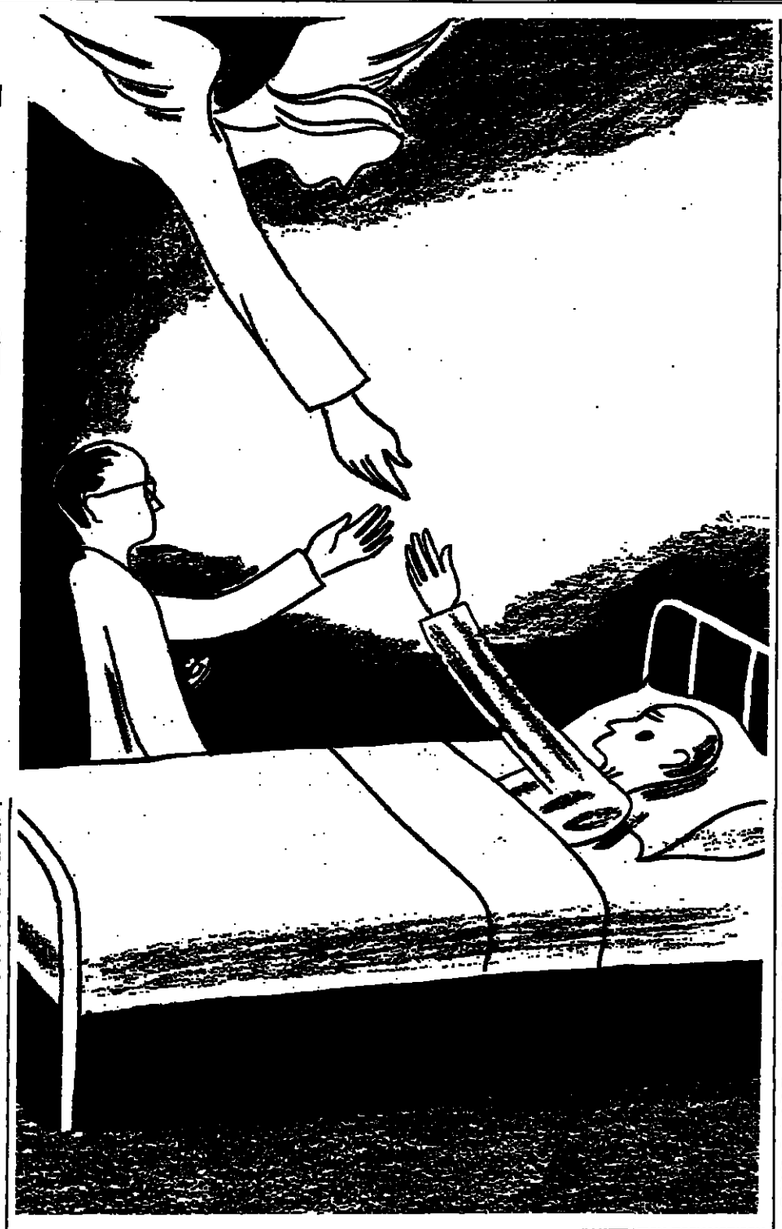


ILLUSTRATION: TOBY MORISON

THERE has always been a mad fringe around the euthanasia debate, which could almost make you forget that somewhere behind all the nonsense there must be the possibility of a sensible conversation about the subject.

About a year ago I was interviewed for a BBC Radio 4 religious programme. While talking we strolled around the nursing home where I work in Amsterdam. The reporter was favourably impressed by the level of care, the dedication of the staff, the facilities offered to the patients. And he asked me: "It seems to me that the people here are being cared for in an exemplary fashion: now isn't that a contradiction of your euthanasia policy?"

I was stunned. What did he expect? That I was going to show him the gas chamber in the basement? For there's always a whiff of Auschwitz in the air when certain questions are raised about euthanasia. A bit later, as we were walking down a staircase, the mike in front of me, the reporter asked:

"Just when, if you could date such an event, would you say that you left religion behind you?"

"Well, Trevor, as it happens, I know precisely when this occurred: it was seven minutes after my first erection. No sooner did my libido rear its tiny little head, than God dashed from the premises. Striking, ain't it?"

Now he was stunned and almost fell down the stairs laughing. But added: "I'm sorry, but I can't leave that in. No, really, it's impossible. This is a religious programme, you know."

I know. But the preposterous suggestion that in Holland patients are being killed by their doctors could stay in.

LET'S MOVE beyond the nonsense and try to get a glimpse of death and dying. One of the problems surrounding death is that so few of us have any clear ideas about it. I don't mean that we don't have any clear (or foggy) ideas about being dead, but most of us have no idea of what dying is *like*. We are in a comparable position on the subject of birth; most of us nowadays attend only two or three deliveries during a lifetime, either as onlooker or main performer, but always in a pent-up emotional state which hardly predisposes to quiet observation. The same goes for deathbeds: the average late-20th-century European doesn't attend a sufficient number of deathbeds to arrive at any sort of appraisal of the process of dying. Death on screen is always a very obvious business: it is either abrupt and violent, or preceded by a sweet preamble in which the dying woman goes through a bout of restlessness in view of her imminent departure, then sends one more piercing glance to the world, utters a grammatically correct sentence, neatly closes her eyes, turns her head aside and places a full-stop at the end of her life.

This is so grossly beside the truth that it is not even wrong. And yet this sequence is so universally accepted that many people, when they are standing right next to a dying person, don't realise what is going on.

Most people die unknowingly. At the end we slip into unconsciousness all unawares, in precisely the way we fall asleep. People usually look on death as the one last and most horrible task they have to perform, right at the end of what has, more often than not, been a pretty heavy and difficult journey. Usually it is nothing of the sort.

What I am saying here does not imply anything about the nature of being dead, or about where we are going when we are dead. Nor can these thoughts be any comfort on the point of our fear of death, meaning the dread of not being. I am only trying to say that in most cases dying can hardly be described as a horrible event for the person in question.

It follows from these rather unexciting facts that requests for euthanasia or physician-assisted suicide are often based on groundless fears and can *almost always* be answered by a sincere *promise to alleviate suffering* in the last stages of a disease. By "euthanasia" I mean physician-assisted suicide, and not any of the other palliative measures taken to alleviate suffering. May I describe one case to show you what those last stages of a disease can be like?

I HAD KNOWN Horace D for several years when he was diagnosed as having lung cancer. He was then aged 78. Immediately I told him the diagnosis, he asked me: "Will you help me at the end?"

Without a moment's thought I said, yes, of course I'll help you, don't worry. A few weeks later he reminded me once more of my promise. He was afraid, not of death, or of dying even, just afraid. I wondered if he worried about what might befall him after death. No, it wasn't that, "because I don't believe in anything", was his disarming comment. He was losing weight at an appalling rate; he was always feeling exhausted and had no appetite. When he looked in the mirror he was frightened, he was so ill and pale and worn out. Again he asked me: "You're not letting me down, are you?"

"Of course not," was my glib but rather meaningless reply. This was in 1984, and it was the first time that I was face to face, inescapably, with a request for death. I didn't have a clue what to do.

Horace's grand-daughter phoned me one day and asked me what exactly I had promised her grandfather.

"Well, I said that I wouldn't let him down." She suggested we stop going round in circles and either face the issue or stop talking about it. "My grandfather wants you to help him die. And he wants it soon. He's been asking long enough, I'd say."

Now she really got me scared. It's true I had promised, more or less, but I didn't know how to do it. In the first place I didn't know what medication I should use, and I was afraid to ask my colleagues, who I knew were opposed to euthanasia. They wondered if he was really suffering that badly. I wondered why Horace had to get to the stage of abject misery before we took his request seriously. For wasn't that precisely what he was asking us to save him from?

Another week went by during which I kept on wavering, and tried to avoid having to go to Horace. In my despair I attempted to have it out with my colleagues once again. They advised me to procrastinate, just put it off indefinitely. The underlying thought being: he'll die anyway, without you getting into trouble.

And in the interval, they suggested, I should try to make him feel better by giving him steroids. This was precisely the dose of cynicism and duplicity I needed in order to make up my mind, and straight after the meeting I went to Horace to tell him I was ready when he was. He was very pleased, and asked me who should be present.

"Well, don't look at me," I said, "it's your death."

When I came into his room on the appointed evening he was sitting on the bed with his two sons. They embraced for a last time and said farewell. I was very shaky, and as I gave him the injection he said to me: "Thank you for doing this. Don't be scared, will you? It's all right."

Then he lost consciousness and we laid him down on the bed. After three-quarters of an hour he was dead.

THE CASE of Horace is not untypical. The patient is insistent, because he knows, or worse, he experiences, that time is running out. It is the patient who is asking for death, not the doctor who is offering it. On the contrary, the doctor is scared, and tries to avoid the whole situation, or clutches at steroids.

To suggest that proper palliation would reduce the number of requests for death to zero is a mistake — there are always, and there will always be, people like Horace, asking for death, and not for palliation, in the last stages of their lives. They do not want to linger on, not even in a hospice.

There will always be doctors who want to help their patients in these circumstances. It is of the greatest importance to regulate this kind of help, because you wouldn't believe the messing around you can come across in situations where these things are not above board. To mention some aspects: most doctors do not know what medication to use. Furthermore the need for secrecy inevitably leads to shoddy performance. The doctor will spend more energy trying to cover his tracks than helping the patient die in a decent manner. He will, for instance, avoid being there in person when the patient dies. But his presence is vital at such a difficult time.

Opponents suggest that anyone asking for death is disturbed or depressed, and therefore needs treatment instead of an overdose. I cannot answer this, because it is the perfect Catch-22 clause: asking for death is taken as a proof that you *cannot* ask for death. Horace was not disturbed; he was certainly depressed, but not within the Prozac range, which is a shady area anyway.

NOW FOR the slippery slopes. Yes, there are two of them. The first is that if you've been involved once, the next time you'll be much less thoughtful. And after ten cases you'll be doling out lethal doses over the phone.

I've experienced the direct opposite of this: because I know so well how much fear and trembling a doctor has to go through in order to help a patient reach a decent end in this way, I tend to recoil. I cannot think of any colleague who would rather be faced with a request for death than with a request for an appendicectomy. *In the foreign press* I read reports of an extraordinary number of eager killers among my esteemed Dutch colleagues. I have never met any, nor do patients know where to find them, as was shown in a recent survey by the Dutch Voluntary Euthanasia Society, which reports that it is not so easy in Holland to find a doctor willing to consider a request for death.

The other slippery slope is the danger, not so much that one doctor will be more and more generous with his help, but that more and more categories of sufferers will consider themselves eligible for such assistance. Quite right. Holland is the classic example of this: as the debate goes on, more and more categories apply the rules to themselves. Thus we move from the terminally ill, to people with disabling chronic disease, then to a psychiatric patient who wants to be helped. And there is the debate about a death pill which would enable elderly people, who feel that their lives are over, to die peacefully at their own appointed hour without having to wait endlessly for Godot.

In all of these cases the criteria are upheld of unbearable suffering, a persistent death wish, no chance of recovery, a second opinion, no treatable psychiatric condition, and a truthful report to the coroner.

I say "more and more categories apply the rules to themselves". Opponents say: "More and more people are being killed by their doctors." There's Auschwitz again. Some time ago I saw a picture in the paper, showing a demonstration in front of the White House in which a crowd of handicapped demonstrators in wheelchairs voiced their fears about euthanasia. They carried placards reading: "WE WANT TO LIVE!"

Great thinking there! It is almost impossible to defend yourself against this type of accusation. Imagine you're helping a nervous old lady to cross a busy road. Halfway across someone stops you and says: "You're going to rob her, aren't you?" "No I'm not, I'm just trying to help her reach the other side." "Maybe you are. But still, you'll have to admit this is a great opportunity to rob her."

"BUT I'M NOT GOING TO ROB HER!"

"All right, no need to shout. But now you yourself are talking about robbing her. So it was on your mind after all, wasn't it?"

Lots of talk about euthanasia bristles with this type of "robbery". And, yes, I suppose sometimes old ladies do get robbed under exactly such circumstances. If I may sum up:

☐ Dying is a relatively unknown process, surrounded by fear and ignorance.

☐ This ignorance and these fears lead to a lot of unbased hankering after euthanasia, which is in fact only very rarely called for;

☐ The problem of euthanasia has not been solved in Holland. But what the Dutch have achieved, if anything, is a widespread realisation that euthanasia is a serious problem.

Lastly I wish to emphasise that there are situations in which, strange as this may sound, physician-assisted suicide is a blessing.

> I went to Horace to tell him I was ready when he was. He was very pleased, and asked me who should be present. 'Well, don't look at me,' I said, 'it's your death'

**THIS WEEK'S essayist, Dr Bert Keizer, is a Dutch physician who wrote a book about the startling aspects of his work in an Amsterdam nursing home, Dancing With Mister D (out next week as a Black Swan paperback, Doubleday, £6.99). He was born in 1947 and took a philosophy degree at Nottingham University before studying medicine in Holland. His writing is the outcome of what he describes as a healthy obsession with death**

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Jurek Becker

# Dark themes, light touch

WHEN the German novelist Jurek Becker, who has died aged 59, was invited to London several years ago, he accepted on one condition — a ticket to White Hart Lane (months in advance he knew that Tottenham Hotspur would be at home to Leeds United). On the way to the match he expressed his disquiet at the prospect of a dull match and a goalless draw. He was right on both counts. When literary matters briefly surfaced, he stressed his admiration for one writer above all others, Flann O'Brien. Becker, equally at home with English football or Irish humour, was not self-consciously springing surprises by deflating high seriousness or by subverting literary stereotypes about the writer as guru. The football fan just happened to be a writer. Or was it the other way round?

That absence of grand gestures was in fact second nature — he could not write a line while his wife was pregnant, and declined on another occasion to discuss literature because that would be like a bird pretending to be an ornithologist.

Becker's self-diagnosis in 1992 — "The tone of voice that comes most naturally to me has something to do with irony and comedy, possibly something to do with being entertaining" — suggests that the man, relaxed, unpompous, and the writer were one. And yet that comic note was won against the odds.

Born in Lodz, Poland, he grew up in the ghetto and the concentration camp. He learned German only in his teens in East Berlin. From 1957 to 1976 he was a member of the East German Communist party. In 1976 he was expelled from the party; in 1977 he was granted an exit visa and moved to the West.

However unendurable life in East Germany had become it did not furnish him with his richest themes, except in his second novel, *Misleading The Authorities!* (1972) in which wry humour at bureaucracy was oblique enough to pass the East German censor.

German novelist Jurek Becker . . . humour, irony, and a limitless capacity for sheer fun PHOTOGRAPH: DER SPIEGEL

It was the early nightmare years that proved inescapable and inexhaustible.

The comic tone of voice, so obviously cherished in 1992, was no late addition to Becker's narrative voices. It was there from the start among the Jewish inhabitants of a Jewish ghetto in *Jacob The Liar* (1969), Becker's first and most acclaimed novel which later became the basis for an outstanding film. Jacob, a vivid mixture of the naive and the inventive, keeps a community's hopes alive by claiming to hear cheering news bulletins on a non-existent radio.

It is a story told from a distance and yet in emotional close-up by a survivor; in other words biographical fact (Becker was, after all, a survivor), fuels exuberant storytelling. No German novel more compellingly portrays ghetto life and few if any suggest the unimaginable darkness, not by piling effect on effect, but by adroitly mixing light and shade.

*Jacob The Liar* was a brilliant start, but not a final reckoning. Two further novels *The Boxer* (1976) and *Bronstein's Children* (1986) also centre on the Jewish experience. Not that Becker is reworking his old theme — these two novels are set in a post-war world in which past and present collide when a Jewish father seeks to shield his putative son, found again in 1945, from Jewishness (*The Boxer*) and a new generation of Jews, 30 years on, imprison an ex-SS man (*Bronstein's Children*). The three novels span without histrionics both unspeakable tragedy and its aftermath. That Becker was later to see them as a kind of trilogy suggests narrative coherence around a preoccupying theme.

The world of *Bronstein's Children* is less evidently comic than the earlier world of *Jacob*. But in recent years, Becker found new outlets for that urge to entertain. He wrote a TV series, *Darling Kreuzberg*, which, apart from being hugely popular earned high critical praise. And his recent novel, *Amanda Herzless* (1992), for all its Berlin setting and its gestures towards an East Germany in terminal decline (it ends in early 1989) is, above all, an unserious novel which crosses political borders not for political ends but to keep pace with a woman and her three men. Praise, such as it was, was faint. Critics who admired Becker's ability to handle dark themes with a light touch were less pleased with what looked like an escape into mere frivolity.

The worst time of all — those childhood years — seems to have brought out the best in Becker in that sequence of three loosely connected novels which are unparalleled in post-war German literature. But the character in *The Boxer* who complains that life is an intolerable state of affairs if you are a victim of fascism and nothing more is not Becker's *alter ego*. Becker was no lifelong professional victim. Humour, irony, and a limitless capacity for sheer fun shielded him from self-dramatising and kept the traumas at bay. Football helped, too.

**Philip Brady**

Jurek Becker, writer, born September 30, 1937; died March 14, 1997

The Rev Dr John Kelly

John Kelly . . . most undergraduates became close friends

# Driving force at St Edmund's

WHERE to begin? Which of the many, varied, and passionate interests of the theologian John Kelly, who has died aged 87, should be emphasised? Perhaps the sum of the parts were expressed in his greatness as principal of St Edmund Hall, Oxford, from 1951 to 1979.

Kelly was born in Scotland and graduated from Glasgow University with a first in Classics after which he took firsts in Mods, Greats and Theology at The Queen's College Oxford. He then worked for the priesthood at St Stephen's House and became a popular assistant curate at St Lawrence's, Northampton. In 1935 he was ordained priest and came to St Edmund Hall as chaplain and tutor in philosophy. Two years later he was appointed vice-principal of the last of Oxford's once numerous medieval "halls".

In 1951 its principal, A B Emden, retired because of ill-health and Kelly succeeded him. He was tireless in giving form to his vision of St Edmund's which was as a self-governing body with a Royal Charter, and full collegiate status within the university — which was granted in 1957. He increased student numbers, and built a reputation, and buildings, for the college which enabled it to hold its own in the University in any field of activity.

He widened undergraduate entry, accepting those whose skills and reputations would bring others to the college in their train. This far-sighted admissions policy meant that scholars, soldiers, sportsmen, musicians, and actors were welcome — all who had something to contribute to the college. Most of these, like the other undergraduates, became close friends of the principal of what had always been a friendly place.

By the late 1950s the college had far outgrown its tiny dining hall. Emden had bought the leases of the adjacent Masonic buildings but it needed Kelly's skill as a negotiator, ability and contacts to obtain from the trustees of the Wolfson Foundation the munificent benefaction which along with the college's own meagre savings enabled it to build a new dining hall, common rooms and accommodation.

Kelly also negotiated remarkably generous terms from the Church Commissioners for St Edmund Hall to acquire the disused ancient parish church of St Peter in the East. The college made a noble conversion of the building into a library, and the churchyard into a garden.

Between 1948 and 1976 Kelly was the university lecturer in patristic studies. He published his authoritative *Early Christian Creeds* — which led to his doctorate — in 1950. Five years later came his edition of *Rufinus, A Commentary On The Apostles Creed* and in 1958 Kelly's *Early Christian Doctrines* made an important mark in international theological circles. In 1963 he brought out a commentary on *The Pastoral Epistles* and a year later his cogent *The Athanasian Creed* was published. His great biography of the saint, *Jerome*, appeared in 1975 and in 1995 came *Golden Mouth: The Story Of John Chrysostom — Ascetic, Preacher, Bishop*. Nine years earlier *The Oxford Dictionary Of The Popes* was rightly a widely translated best-seller. Kelly, who was always to be seen in the Bodleian Library, was working on a dictionary of the Archbishops of Canterbury until very recently.

He received many academic honours and from 1948 to 1993 was a canon of Chichester. Between 1963 and 1968 he chaired the Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission on Roman Catholic relations and in 1966 accompanied the Archbishop, Michael Ramsey, on his visit to Pope Paul VI. That year too he was briefly Oxford's vice-chancellor but illness led to his resignation, perhaps almost with relief since the office took him away from scholarship, contact with the young, and college life.

> Kelly was a keen squash player — his gargoyle on St Peter in the East holds a squash racket

He was a dedicated traveller, a keen squash player — his gargoyle on St Peter in the East holds a squash racket — and an acute collector of paintings. A bachelor, he nevertheless fully backed the college's abandonment of its single sex status.

Kelly loved to talk, to be surrounded by beautiful people, and his much imitated tricks of speech will be much missed by those with whom he was still dining twice a week until a short time ago, and by all the enthusiastic and loving friends he acquired.

**Reginald Alton**

John Norman Davidson Kelly, theologian, born April 13 1909; died March 31, 1997

Annie Hayes

# A tiny moment made brilliant

THE actress Annie Hayes, who has died aged 50 following a brain haemorrhage, had a cameo part in *Secrets And Lies* which the director Mike Leigh described as "A tiny moment in which she was brilliant. It was an absurd moment but nevertheless she was right inside it." In that scene, Annie, fittingly paired up with her long-term friend Peter Wight and with a monster child in tow, were the original family from hell.

Annie's overflowing sense of life and generous spirit made her a witty companion and gifted actress. Though perhaps underestimated by casting directors, she was held in high esteem by her peers.

After graduating from the Birmingham School of Speech and Dramatic Art in 1972, her career went on to define the trajectory of the post-1960s acting world. After an obligatory stint in leftwing fringe theatre — in which hers was a sane voice amid a cacophony of half-baked opinion — her lasting memorial lies with her name on many original cast lists for new plays. Starting with Howard Brenton's *Weapons Of Happiness* (which in 1975 was the first new play at the National Theatre), Annie went on to create a variety of leading roles. Two years ago she was at the Royal Court in Michael Wynne's debut play *The Knooky*.

She was a godsend to any writer. "Her acting was so real," remembers Brenton, "there was no affectation or rhetoric. It was clear and utterly modern."

Annie appeared in episodes of *The Bill* and *Casualty* and one of her big roles back in the 1980s on Friday nights was the long-suffering wife in Central TV's comedy drama series *Eh Brian! What A Whopper!* More recently she often found herself cast in a caring role such as the social worker in the recent child abuse docudrama *No Child Of Mine*.

Annie Hayes . . . a godsend to any writer

Although she never married, she truly seized the moment and enjoyed a vibrant relationship with the American stand-up comic Mark Shorey, who moved to London after Christmas to be with her. It was at his instigation that Annie, who had never owned a car or driven much, embarked on her big adventure — a drive across America from coast to coast.

At her death, her life was beginning to come together, both professionally and emotionally. Times had often been bleak with work sometimes thin on the ground but Annie diversified into short stories and scripts (a play was staged in her native Birmingham), and directed and taught for a while at the Arts Educational School.

She is survived by her mother and three brothers.

**Christine Eccles**

Annie Hayes, actress, born April 17, 1946; died April 2, 1997

## Frank Llewellyn-Jones

FRANK Llewellyn-Jones, who has died aged 89, was the quintessential cultured Welshman and a scientist of distinction. The pre-eminent authority on the physics of electrified gases and on electrical contact phenomena, he published five text-books and more than 70 scientific papers.

After graduating with a first in physics from Merton College, Oxford, he went into research with Sir John Townsend at the Clarendon laboratory where he began his work on spectroscopy and on ionisation and electrical breakdown in gases. The research continued after he was appointed lecturer at University College Swansea in 1932. During the war he worked at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, resolving problems of spark-plug ignition and erosion at magneto contacts in aircraft engines.

This work and his studies of ionisation and plasma phenomena, were the foundations on which Llewellyn-Jones built two renowned research schools on his return to Swansea in 1945 as professor and head of the physics department. He was quite unable to stick to lecture notes, and would launch into an extempore treatment of abstract topics which held his classes enthralled. He was tireless as dean of science, vice-principal and principal at Swansea and as vice-chancellor of the University of Wales.

Courteous and gentlemanly, Llewellyn-Jones was sensitive and sometimes vulnerable, combining intellect with humanity. He was kind, witty, warm, always very honest, direct and often impatient. As a decision-maker and on committees he was a fearless and formidable fighter.

In retirement he pursued his interests in the history of naval warfare, industrial archaeology, gardening — growing exquisite grapes — ornithology, and his 1930s Talbot car. He had a passion for railways and steam locomotives and ran a superb model railway he largely built himself.

His first wife, Eileen, whom he married in 1938, and his daughter, Anne, predeceased him and he is survived by his son, David, professor of physics at Leicester University, and by his second wife Gwendolen Thomas.

**C Grey Morgan**

Frank Llewellyn-Jones, physicist, born September 30, 1907; died February 3, 1997

Face to Faith

# A new way of seeing in the spiritual world

**Graham Harvey**

RELIGIOUS festivals appear to cluster together twice a year. At midwinter, religious people light candles or fires, give gifts and share food. In springtime, many religions celebrate the gift of new life — though they don't always agree on who gives this gift, what it means or how to celebrate it. Christian celebrations of Good Friday and Easter Sunday are not like Baha'i celebrations of Naw-Ruz. Pagan celebrations of Spring Equinox are unlike Jewish celebrations of Purim and Pesach.

For many, these festivals are times to celebrate the dramatic intervention of a deity into the world. But the dominant forms of religion seem to have gone stale. People want something more exciting. In the West there is a tendency to see religion as a set of beliefs about a deity or, perhaps, deities. But this is really appropriate only to Christianity. Not only are other religions more interested in practice than belief but most cultures make no distinction between religion and the rest of life. This makes it possible to celebrate the whole of life without fear that something is sinful or irrelevant to God. For all these reasons, the shamanic traditions are of increasing interest to Western people.

Who are shamans? What do they do (or believe) that is so attractive in Britain today? The title was taught us by anthropologists who had studied the Tungus-speaking Evenk of Siberia and then realised that many other cultures have similar religious leaders. It is the job of shamans to alter their state of consciousness in dramatic ways in order to serve the clan, family or community who share their way of seeing. We are all used to forcing ourselves to pay attention. We know that we feel differently doing different things: reading a love-letter is not the same as reading a phone-bill. Reading is different to driving a car or watching TV.

Shamans alter their consciousness more dramatically and achieve awareness of things about which most of us only dream. Using rhythmic dance or drumming they stimulate themselves to be able to see the real nature of the world. They see the souls in all things. They employ all their abilities in healing the sick and lost. Sometimes they see animals who are souls come to offer themselves to us as food.

This may seem to have nothing to do with contemporary Britain. But an increasing number of people call themselves shamans. Some are attracted by bits of native American traditions. They are willing to wear feathers, bang drums and spend hours sweating in temporary sauna-like shelters or sweat-lodges. Some are trying to connect with their true selves, others want to learn how to communicate with other living beings.

Yet other neo-shamans prefer their psychotherapist to guide them on gentle meditative journeys into their psyche — to the accompaniment of taped drum rhythms. Why do they do it? At best, it can be seen as a struggle against alienation, anonymity and boredom. It is a quest for enchantment, meaning and community in the late 20th century, the end of modernity at the cusp of postmodernity. After all, the study of other peoples is meant to lead to careful thought about our own ways of life.

SO it is not surprising if some find that other cultures have better ways of being human than us. It is not just that we want to try everything, experience more, possess it all, and play at being someone different — though these should not be dismissed too quickly. Perhaps some of the new shamans are leading a new attempt to build better relationships with the world around them.

Traditional cultures with shamans treat the world as a living community. Humans are not so different from other living beings around us. We are not separate from nature, observing its earthy goings-on from some objective, impassive and lonely self-awareness. Instead of arrogantly assuming that only humans have life, consciousness and intelligence, we might learn from the shamans that we are part of the community we call Nature. The animals, trees, rocks and clouds are alive too. They just express themselves differently. And the job of the Shaman is to make sure that when humans abuse the goodwill of "all our relations" in the natural world, or fail to follow appropriate etiquette in approaching them respectfully, nothing too unpleasant happens.

So, the nearest thing we have to shamans are the environmental educators who introduce us — or, more often, only our children — to Nature. Among them are some who treat everything as alive and worthy of respect: they are the folk who live among the diverse eco-systems threatened by roads, quarries and runways. They are not only to be respected but also supported, encouraged, heard and emulated.

Graham Harvey lectures in Religious Studies at King Alfred's College, Winchester. His book, Listening People, Speaking Earth: Contemporary Paganism is published on Tuesday by C Hurst & Co.

## Weekend Birthdays

And what is **Rory Bremner** (36 tomorrow), going to do *after* the election? He'll be hit hard by the impersonator's problem — being so attuned to the zeitgeist of the Tory/royalist years that he may be left without an identity (or rather, assumed identities). The smugness of his John Major nearly overtook the reality and he must have sourced his mascara from Diana's own beautician: but what can he do with Tony Blair? Perfecting the wolverine smile with a little orthodontic help is easy but where does Bremner find a new attitude? He's been using mimicry reactively, both mocking the physical tone of the star bores of the last decade and condemning their beliefs and policies at length in the scripts (although he's voted for all three parties in the past). He doesn't call what he gives us sketches but "stories", and researches them as if he were working for Newsnight, lunching not with the serious mob from Light Entertainment, but with politicians, civil servants and economics editors. We can all guess what will be laughable about the next lot — puritanism, pomposity and the public pretence of caring: but can Rory, whose own worst failing as a performer is didactic earnestness, make a Peter Mandelson funny?

*Today's birthdays:* **Jane Asher**, actress, 51; **Andrew Buxton**, chairman, Barclays Bank, 58; **Allan Clarke**, rock singer, 55; **Roger Corman**, film director, 71; **Tom Finney**, former footballer, 75; **Arthur Hailey**, author, 77; **Nigel Hawthorne**, actor, 68; **Prof Donald Lynden-Bell**, astronomer, 62; **Stan Orme**, Labour MP, 74; **Gregory Peck**, actor, 81; **Gen Colin Powell**, former chairman, US Joint Chiefs of Staff, 60; **Tessa Solesby**, diplomat, 65; **Stanley Turrentine**, saxophonist, 63.

*Tomorrow's other birthdays:* **Alyson Bailes**, diplomat, 48; **Rodney Bickerstaffe**, general secretary, Unison, 52; **Roger Cook**, investigative journalist and broadcaster, 54; **Willis Hall**, writer, 68; **The Rev Ian Paisley**, MP, leader, Democratic Unionist Party, 71; **André Previn**, conductor, 68; **Prof James Watson**, geneticist, biologist, joint discoverer of DNA, 69.

## Death Notices

BURTON, David John, Chief Executive Bury MBC. At peace, on March 28 1997 whilst with his family. David aged 52 years of Alkrington, Middleton. Private cremation took place on April 3. Memorial service in the Elizabethan Suite, Bury Town Hall, Thursday April 17 at 12 noon. If desired, donations in DAVID's memory may be sent to Christie Hospital Middleton Committee, c/o Mrs J Hyde, 86 Mount Road, Middleton, Manchester M24 1EZ.

HENDERSON, Jean, Barrister, many years a resident of Hampstead Garden Suburb. On April 1st, aged 97, peacefully, Bensiow Nursing Home, Hitchin. Dearly loved Aunt, cousin, friend and colleague. Memorial meeting to be announced later.

OKU-WATTON, Thomas Nimotayo on March 31st in his eighth year peacefully at home in the presence of his mum and dad after a short illness. He leaves behind his friend and brother Cabral aged 12. Thomas a beautiful, sunny child, much loved by all who knew him, regularly enjoyed the Saturday Guardian Weekend Sports Page. Wake keeping tonight at St Peters in the Forest E17. Funeral Tuesday 8/4/97 at St Peters followed by interment at Oakfield Wood, Essex. Donations, if desired, to: In memory of Thomas Oku-Watton, British Brain & Spine Foundation 0171 404 7777

## In Memoriam

DESCOMBES, Nigel George, April 5th 1993. Weeping yes, but rejoicing too, for the song continues to be heard strong and true. Love always, Christine.

To place your announcement telephone 0171 713 4567 or fax 0171 713 4129 between 9am and 3pm Mon-Fri

City moves to pre-empt feared Labour attack and says companies could face £2bn bill to top up funds

# Scare over pension tax rules

Roger Cowe

THE City has begun a fierce campaign to head-off reported Labour plans to attack pension tax breaks, warning that any boost to government revenues could be shortlived, with companies finding themselves with a £2 billion bill to top up weakened pension funds.

Tom Ross, chairman of the National Association of Pension Funds, said the removal of tax benefits could cripple pension fund returns and lead to a massive rise in companies' liabilities. "We would be extremely concerned were a future government to remove pension scheme tax breaks," he said. "UK equities represent more than half most funds' investments. It could cost £2 billion a year in extra contributions."

In a letter to the Financial Times yesterday, Alastair Ross Goobey, the high-profile chief executive of Hermes Pension Management, spelled out the dangers to the pension system of changing dividend taxation.

"It would be ironic if a thoughtless act of a new government would be to undermine the first attempt to back the pension promise with assets and move the balance still further against the funded pension schemes with which Britain has secured its workers' futures so much better than most of its trading partners," he wrote.

City sources fear Labour may be planning a continuation of the change introduced by then-Chancellor Norman Lamont in 1993. He cut the amount pension funds could reclaim from 25 per cent of dividend income to 20 per cent.

Mike Pomery, of actuaries Bacon & Woodrow, said the move, which raised £1 billion for the Exchequer, reduced the pension industry's dividend income by 6 per cent.

But the true impact on pension fund income is unclear, because many companies are thought to have increased dividend payments to compensate for the tax change.

Companies pay dividends after deducting tax at a rate currently equivalent to the 20 per cent lowest rate of income tax. Before 1993 the deduction was 25 per cent.

That deduction is treated as a first instalment of companies' tax bills and is known as Advance Corporation Tax (ACT). Shareholders who do not pay tax — including pension funds and charities — can reclaim the deduction. Because the rate of ACT is the same as the tax credit, taxpayers receive dividend income net of tax, but the two rates could be changed independently, for example removing the tax credit while leaving the rate of ACT unchanged.

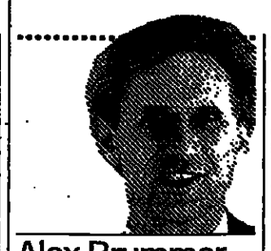
The Government gains by cutting the rate of ACT because that does not affect the total tax paid by most companies, and because the Exchequer has to repay less. Any gains would be reduced, however, if companies were forced to compensate their pension fund investors by increasing their contributions to company funds. Contributions are tax-deductible, so any increase would cut the Government's corporation tax receipts.

But Lucy Chennells, of the Institute for Fiscal Studies, pointed out yesterday that, in theory, a cut in the dividend tax credit should reduce pension funds' preference for dividend income over retained earnings.

Flying a kite . . . Alastair Ross Goobey raised the spectre of a new government changing the way pension funds are taxed PHOTOGRAPH: GARRY WEASER

Saturday Notebook

## Neat one-liner on corporation tax



Alex Brummer

IT IS just a one-liner in Labour's election manifesto, but the promise to review corporate and capital gains tax regimes so as to encourage long-term investment, is a critical one. If there is an unseen Labour tax agenda it is this. The advantage of reforming corporation tax is that, initially, it is a cost-free political enterprise.

It is also entirely sensible. One of the great criticisms of British business and capital is that it is driven by short-term gains: even pension funds with long-term horizons are prone to take profits now in takeover bids and seek higher dividends to improve position in performance tables rather than show a little patience.

Plainly, however, the fund managers are already running scared of ideas, which we explore today, to raise funds by reducing the advanced corporation tax credit, which flows through to pension funds. When Tories started to whittle this bonus to pension funds down in 1993-94 they raised £1 billion — with the public barely noticing — although the stock market took a temporary knock.

What, however, was demonstrated was that pension funds are the last great beneficiaries of the tax break. In some respects this has served Britain well. The UK has the best funded and the most comprehensive occupational pensions scheme cover of almost any western country, a point well made by Alastair Ross Goobey, of Hermes, in his letter to the FT yesterday.

The result has been some extraordinarily well funded schemes with large surpluses, over which there have been frequent disputes.

However, all tax allowances distort. In much the same way as the Miras relief on mortgages contributed to runaway house prices in earlier decades, so the generous benefits for pension funds — including the indivivual allowances — distort the patterns and investment.

Clearly, if Labour started to reconsider these reliefs it could have a deterimental effect, over the short-term, on share prices. That may be no bad thing in that the cult of the equity has almost certainly become overdone in recent years. A future Labour government would certainly find it worthwhile to explore whether the tax relief benefits, particularly to higher tax payers, from pensions contributions have got out of hand.

If this allows it to find the income to provide better investment in health, education and jobs, then all the better.

### Black holes

THE reprimand handed out to JP Morgan & Co by US federal and bank regulators, over poor management and controls in its base-metals lending business, has to be a landmark. It represents a stain on the reputation of JP Morgan, widely regarded as the most blue-chip and conservatively run of the big US financial houses, and illustrates how the crisis in the copper market spread out from the London Metal Exchange and Sumitomo to the broader financial sector.

The comforting issue for anyone involved in JP Morgan is that as a money centre bank, watched over by the Federal Reserve and the New York State banking department, there is no dispute as to who the responsible home or consolidated regulator is. If anything goes wrong anywhere at JP Morgan the lines of authority track back to the banking regulators in Washington and New York.

However, this is not the case with all the big US financial institutions. As was reported on these pages earlier this week, there is heightened concern among supervisors about the failure to settle the issue of lead or consolidated regulators for financial conglomerates like GE Capital Corporation and Merrill Lynch, — which although as much a bank as a stockbroker — is regulated by the Securities Exchange Commission in the US.

A new stab at dealing with these issues urgently — so as to ensure there is not another Barings, BCCI or Daiwa — was launched this week by the Washington-based Institute of International Finance which represents some 245 financial groups. Its ideas, including special arrangements for global financial groups, a risk-based supervisory structure, a home-based supervisor for each global group and improved disclosure by such groups, are not terribly radical but make sense.

The key problem remains political. The securities regulators remain reluctant to relinquish responsibility to the banking supervisors and vice-versa. While the stalemate exists the global financial systems remain riddled with holes. It will need all the willpower of the G7 heads of government, meeting in Denver in June, to sort this out.

### M&S pounded

MANUFACTURING groups like British Steel are not the only firms starting to suffer the effects of the strong pound. Marks & Spencer, whose European operations have disappointed in the mid-1990s as a result of economic slowdown, is now having to contend with the effects of a high sterling exchange rate just as the continental economies show signs of picking up some speed. If the currency rate remains in and about where it is, the profits hit over a full year could be as much as £25 million.

Of course, no company likes giving up profits. However, the advantage of being an increasingly international and varied retailing group is that such setbacks can be accommodated. That should not have been too difficult in the 1996-97 financial year which ends in March.

Although M&S has struggled with its food sales and margins in the last year — when competition has been strong and demand slack — this should be well compensated for by surging recovery in the sales of clothes and home furnishings, both higher margin businesses.

Overseas, Brooks Brothers and the Far East should also help. M&S also looks as if it may be a beneficiary from the current strong demand for consumer credit through its personal loans operation. Overall it should be well capable of meeting analysts expectations of £1.1 billion pre-tax profit for the current year.

# Doubts increase about Granada hotels pledge

Dominic Walsh

GRANADA, the media and leisure combine headed by Gerry Robinson, faces strengthening rumours that it has fallen short of the £100 million of profit improvements it promised to extract from Forte at the height of last year's takeover battle.

The promise, which earlier this week resulted in an amendment to the City's takeover code, was judged crucial in tipping the battle in favour of Granada's £3.9 billion bid.

Mr Robinson and his chief executive, Charles Allen, have repeatedly denied suggestions that they are £20 million short of the £100 million mark. However, drastic action is being taken.

A couple of weeks ago it emerged that the job of general manager was to disappear at hotels outside London, with regional general managers being appointed to oversee between two and five hotels each. At least 70 redundancies could result.

The group's London hotels were the target yesterday, with insiders talking of at least 70 jobs being cut at the Grosvenor House and Cumberland, and a smaller number at some of the other properties. Further cuts are said to be on the cards.

Disenchantment with the latest cost-cutting is believed to have been one of the factors behind yesterday's sudden departure of Peter Stephenson, managing director of Forte UK Hotels. He has been replaced by Stephen Poster, who oversaw the disposal of Welcome Break.

Mr Stephenson joined Forte in 1974, survived the takeover and indeed was promoted by Mr Robinson.

In addition, Granada — which has sold half of the Exclusive hotels it acquired from Forte — is understood to be about to put up for sale about 30 hotels, mainly from the Heritage brand. Some analysts believe the move could presage disposal of the entire Heritage portfolio.

One analyst expressed himself "shocked" at the departure of Mr Stephenson. "On top of the job cuts, it suggests that things are beginning to fall apart."

A spokeswoman for Forte admitted last night that "a small number" of job cuts were being implemented, but declined to give specific numbers. She was adamant that Mr Stephenson's departure was "a personal decision" and that he had been fully supportive of the company's current strategy.

She played down the scale of the Heritage sell-off.

Gerry Robinson . . . sticking by Forte profits promise PHOTOGRAPH: GARRY WEASER

# Decisions ahead for car industry stuck in a jam

Simon Beavis

"WE respect the Belgian law, but economic reality is what it is." This is how Renault thumbed its nose at the decision of the Belgian labour court this week to rule the closure of its Vilvorde plant near Brussels illegal. Mass marches, like the one staged in Brussels yesterday by Renault workers from across Europe, are unlikely to soften the line.

Yesterday a French court ruled that Renault must reopen talks with the unions over the Belgian closure, but for all the imagined horrors of Europe's social laws in British minds, the truth is that worker protection remains weak. And courts may have to get used to big firms sticking two fingers up at them. Particularly car companies.

Europe's vehicle-makers have a massive problem of overcapacity, and Renault — partly through poor product planning — is just the first to tackle it — closing Vilvorde and sacking 6,000 workers in Belgium and France.

John Neill, chief executive of car components group Unipart, predicts that restructuring of the car industry will be a "train smash". Renault, he says, is merely having to "fight several battles early for the European car industry".

That view is endorsed by others. Professor Garel Rhys of Cardiff Business School says that there are some three million units of overcapacity in Europe — the equivalent of 10 big car plants.

All this at a time when the European car market is performing strongly with 12.8 million sales last year. Japanese producers are adding to capacity in Europe and Korean firms are looking to put down roots in Eastern and central Europe. Something has to give. The trouble is that much of this was predicted earlier and could have been managed considerably better.

For 10 years it has been apparent that Europe needed to tackle overcapacity.

Prof Rhys says firms have three other cost-cutting options. To go into joint ventures, to merge or, in extremis, to go bust. All are possible. All are politically and socially painful.

# British Borneo shares in oil skid

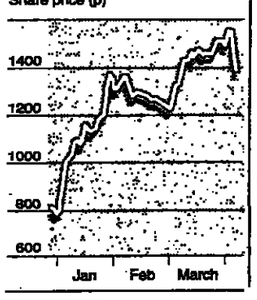
Ian King

BRITISH Borneo, the oil and gas explorer that has been one of this year's stock market high-fliers, crashed back to earth yesterday after releasing a disappointing drilling report.

Shares of British Borneo — which have more than doubled in price since the start of December — lost almost a tenth of their value after the group said results from a test drilling in the Gulf of Mexico revealed a low quality of oil.

As dealers rushed to take profits, the shares tumbled 142½p to 1,397½p, with some analysts warning there could be worse to follow.

Excitement surrounding British Borneo's activities in the Gulf has largely been the catalyst for the progress made by the shares over the past few months.




Announcing the first drill results from its 14,430 ft Green Canyon well, British Borneo said it had recovered samples of 8.6 degrees API, the industry's measure of oil's gravity and density.

An API under 10 indicates low-grade "heavy" oil, which requires more refining to produce products such as gasoline.

Alan Gaynor, British Borneo's chief executive, insisted that the company's prospects for the area were still very good and suggested the results were an anomaly for the Gulf of Mexico.

He said that within a few miles of Green Canyon, in sands of the same age, there were oils of a much higher grade to be found.

Mr Gaynor added: "Together with our partners, we will now be conducting a thorough review of the additional drilling opportunities in the area in the light of this result, before moving forward."

British Borneo has staked a good deal on its prospects in the Gulf of Mexico, outbidding dozens of rivals in 33 of the 57 exploration sites in the region, which lies off the coast of Texas and Louisiana.

Last month, the company said it was stepping up investment in the region, and has earmarked about £75 million for its exploration programme.

# City firms fend off monopolies inquiry

Lisa Buckingham
City Editor

THE City has fought off the threat of a monopolies investigation into the prices it charges companies which want to raise capital through the issue of shares, it emerged yesterday.

John Bridgeman, director general of the Office of Fair Trading, has decided not to order an inquiry, although officials are making it clear that any backsliding in the Square Mile could see the case reopened. The cartel-like system, whereby companies wanting to raise money through rights issues were charged an invariable 2 per cent, attracted Mr Bridgeman's attentions last year.

He warned the City that, unless greater competition was injected, he would order the Monopolies and Mergers Commission to investigate. But since then the investment banks and institutional investors who underwrite share issues have introduced tender procedures, which have substantially reduced underwriting charges, and American-style bookbuilding excercises, which have yet to demonstrate that they are much cheaper.

Mr Bridgeman has, however, apparently been satisfied there has been sufficient change to allow finance directors a wider range of money-raising options.

The Association of British Insurers, which had been holding out against bookbuilding until its members were satisfied that their first-come-first-served rights on shares would be safeguarded, yesterday welcomed the OFT's decision.

London prepares for new Zeppelin invasion as airship flies again

John Glover in Milan

THE Zeppelin, the huge German airship that terrorised London during the first world war, is returning to the skies over Europe.

Next year, a Swiss company called Skyship Cruise will take delivery of the first commercially produced Zeppelin for 60 years, paying Sfr10 million (£4.25 million). The company plans to use it for tourist jaunts as well as for regular flights to European capitals, including London, Rome, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, registering it as a commuter aircraft.

Production of Zeppelins ceased after a disastrous accident at Lindenhurst, New Jersey in May 1937, when the Hindenburg caught fire as it was landing after its maiden three-day transatlantic flight. Its destruction entered the history books as the world's first live coverage of an air disaster.

The new-style Zeppelins — made by the reborn Zeppelin Luftschiffbau in Friedrichshafen, where the original Zeppelins were made — retain a rigid hull but are held aloft by helium, an inert gas, rather than the highly flammable hydrogen which was inside the Hindenburg.

Skyship Cruise's vessel will be 75 metres long, 15 metres wide with three engines. It will have a luxury cabin staffed by two crew and able to seat 12 passengers. Zeppelin may later produce a larger ship seating 40 people.

Tickets for jaunts will cost about £150 an hour. The company also hopes to sell the advertising space on the sides of the craft.

The Zeppelins are not expecting any trouble finding slots at airports. "We can carry our own landing mast. We only need three people to dock a Zeppelin — we drop an anchor and land," said Franz Pobst, a partner in Skyship Cruise.

"We need very little infrastructure."

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Australia 2.05 | France 8.98 | Italy 2,882 | Singapore 2.30 |
| Austria 18.76 | Germany 2.6850 | Malta 0.5980 | South Africa 7.03 |
| Belgium 55.02 | Greece 423.90 | Netherlands 2.9880 | Spain 224.00 |
| Canada 2.22 | Hong Kong 12.36 | New Zealand 2.29 | Sweden 12.20 |
| Cyprus 0.7965 | India 58.83 | Norway 10.61 | Switzerland 2.29 |
| Denmark 10.23 | Ireland 1.0100 | Portugal 267.75 | Turkey 203,760 |
| Finland 8.06 | Israel 5.50 | Saudi Arabia 6.05 | USA 1.6050 |

Supplied by NatWest Bank (excluding Indian rupee and Israeli shekel).

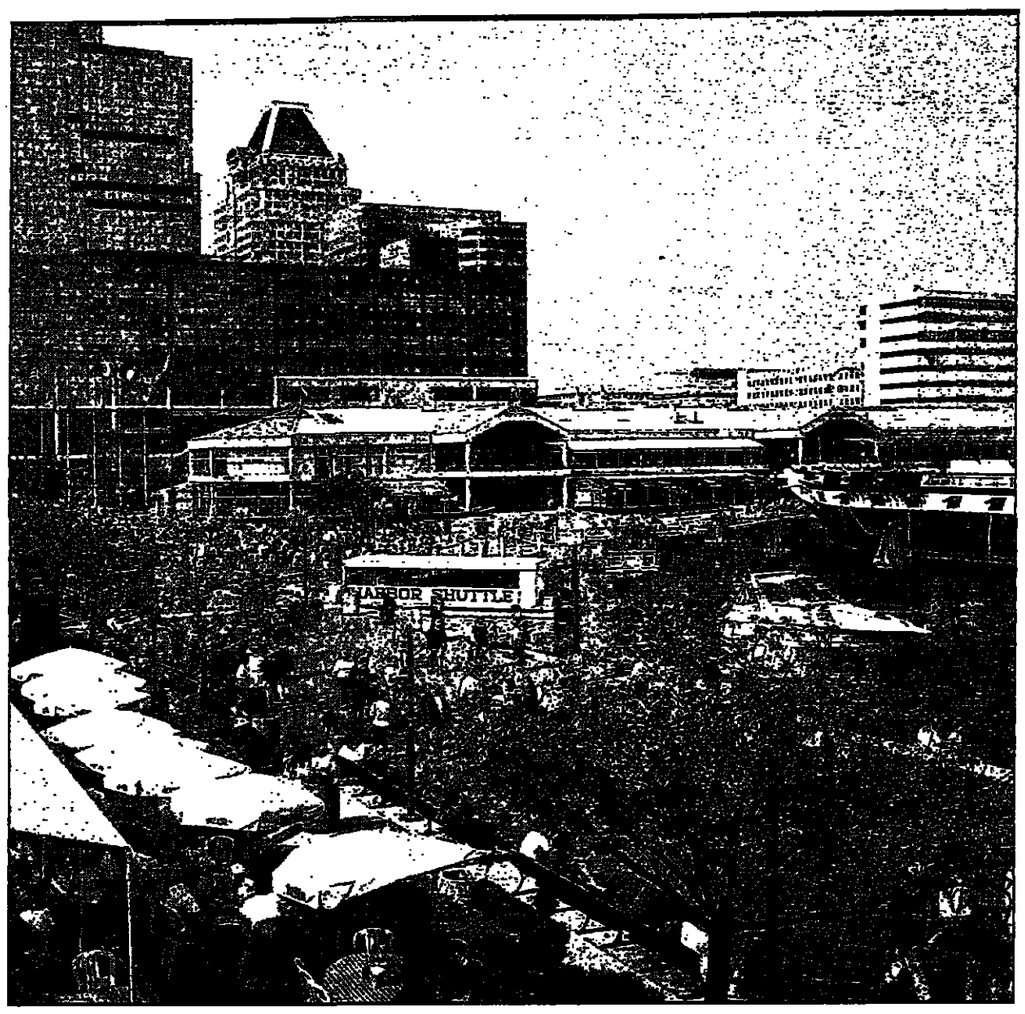
British Borneo shares in oil skid, page 11

Zeppelin ready for take-off again, page 11

FinanceGuardian

# Nothing can rouse America from its dream

**Rising crime rates, falling education standards and the advent of the four-job breadwinner are unable to dent good old US idealism. RICHARD THOMAS reports**



Dream: Baltimore's waterfront playground (left) shows Americans are unashamed to flaunt their hard-earned wealth Nightmare: Poverty on the streets of Brooklyn

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT HARDING

CROSSING one gauze-booted foot over the other, Ben Carson sinks gratefully into his office chair at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins hospital. "Five operations in a row!" he says.

"A spinal cord untethering, removal of a cysto-peritoneal shunt, a glycerine rhizotomy, revision of a ventriculo-peritoneal shunt, and burrhole drainage of a subdural fluid collection," he recites.

Dr Carson is one of America's leading paediatric neurosurgeons, and he hit the headlines in 1989 when he saved the life of Albert Gore III, six-year-old son of the vice-president.

He has always been good with his hands. Once, he used them to stab a fellow high school student — "he only survived thanks to a belt buckle under his shirt" — and then to threaten his mother with a hammer.

Growing up fatherless in a Detroit ghetto, he was a spectacular academic underachiever, the sort of violent street kid who haunts the sleep of white middle-class America. The transformation of his fortunes is the American Dream come to life, a dramatic challenge to high-brow discussions on the rotten state of US society.

Ordinary Americans, away from the think-tanks and pressure groups of Washington, which feed on gloom, are still passionate about the American Dream. Baltimore taxi driver Dan Maina — an immigrant from Kenya — recites the litany: "If you really want it, and you work for it, you can get it. No question."

Without a hint of irony, parents buy T-shirts for their kids emblazoned "Future President of the United States". In the UK, such parents would be a laughing stock. The idea of a British Dream is embarrassing. If there is one thing we Brits still know, it is our place.

But Dr Carson explicitly projects himself as role model, a star, especially to young black men, who he believes write themselves off, as does mainstream opinion.

"When I was young, I didn't think I was smart. I had no competition for last place in the class at my school," he says. The adolescent Carson was the quintessential angry young man, always in trouble. "The only place I was going was reform school, prison or the grave."

Twenty-two years later, his knowledge is encyclopaedic, especially on the contribution of blacks to US society. "See that fluorescent light? Louis Lattimer. Torpedo tubes: a black woman. And how many people know who the real McCoy was? Adam McCoy, a black man."

Dr Carson's cv is a novella, listing 18 honorary degrees, countless professional titles and a massive body of medical and non-medical writing. His office wall peeps out from behind hundreds of certificates.

Dr Carson read his way out of poverty. His mother ordered him to read three books a week and give her written summaries. "What she didn't tell us was that she couldn't read!" he says. (She has subsequently learnt, and has an honorary doctorate of her own.) Soon, he was an A-grade student, bound for Yale and medical school.

EDUCATION has always been the key to fulfilment of the American Dream, and Bill Clinton knows it: facing a hostile Republican Congress and struggling to balance the budget, the President is putting all his domestic policy energies into a national education strategy designed to return public schools to the three Rs.

The US is also a mobile society, an echo of its frontier spirit and immigrant history. Families follow work and people expect to get better jobs — upward movement is more accepted in America than in any European country. And, with two-thirds of young people getting a degree, schooling counts more than ever.

But Dr Carson reckons black children are specially vulnerable to the anti-learning philosophy penetrating some segments of American society. "They are bombarded with the message that they can only make it as rap stars or basketball players. And then, if they don't, a guy turns up one day in a big car with jewels and beautiful women and says he can help them."

While one side of the dream is the dazzling success of certain individuals, the flip side, says Dr Carson, is a sense of community which embraces all. Not every Detroit kid can be a brain surgeon.

This corrective to Reaganite individualism is gaining ground. While an economistic, meritocratic version of the Dream served the nation well — promoting entrepreneurialism, incentives for hard work and job creation — there is unease about the recent junking of community values. Think-tanks devoted to the study and promotion of "civic" society are springing up.

Robert Wuthnow, a professor at Princeton University and author of a book on the American Dream (Poor Richard's Principle, Princeton University Press) reckons it is time to put some "moral restraints" on the Dream. "Everywhere we see the effects of material promiscuity," he says. "In the greed that plagued brokerage houses and cost taxpayers billions in bailing out gutted savings and loans companies, in the career stress that results in alcoholism and broken families, in the incessant consumerism that has itself become the consumer of our nation's youth, and in the daily stress and strain that stems from overwork."

Stagnant wages — forcing families to take two, three, even four jobs to stay afloat — job insecurity and rising crime have also taken some of the shine off the trophies of a huge economy, military might and political freedom.

DR CARSON says that, while individuals must be held accountable for their own decisions, society has a responsibility, too: "We all came in different boats, but we are all in the same boat now."

Communitarianism is the ugly word for it, and Dr Carson preaches it. "I want to see fewer inequalities in the way tax dollars are spent on education — but I also tell these kids to do something for themselves, too, to take themselves to the library." Tony Blair would *just love* Dr Carson.

Some 96 per cent of Americans agree that "having enough money to ensure a comfortable future" is an intrinsic part of living the Dream, and the ideal of a nice suburban home, a couple of cars and enough money to send the kids to college remains compelling.

But 97 per cent of US "baby-boomers", the generation born in the aftermath of the second world war, also think that "being true to yourself and not selling out" are crucial ingredients of the Dream, according to a survey by FirstWave, a polling group.

As a doctor who operates on up to 500 children a year, and gets paid handsomely for it, Dr Carson fits both bills nicely. After saving a few young lives, he retreats to his large country house — "I guess most people would call it a mansion" — complete with driveway fountain and security wall. But even a Wall Street broker can live the Dream, he says, so long as he or she doesn't turn making money into the endgame.

"It is about making yourself valuable," he says. "That is the first thing. If you do that, then the money will come along naturally. People will want to pay you." Typically, he can draw on modern and ancient examples. "Bill Gates didn't set out to make billions, but by making himself a valuable person it happened. And Solomon said that gold and silver were not the real treasures: knowledge, wisdom and understanding are."

Dr Carson's resort to biblical teaching highlights the final ingredient of the American Dream: God. Community and money are given a helping hand by the vibrant religious life of the nation: everyone is in this together, everyone is in it — at least in part — for the money, and everyone is here through the grace of God.

This is what many Europeans miss in the American Dream, seeing only a souped-up rags-to-riches tale. In truth, the Dream is a quasi-religious force.

The Bible teaches that we can be redeemed for our sins, that we are not lost children, that we can turn to the light. The American Dream teaches that anyone can throw off a criminal or impoverished background, become rich, famous, successful, even become the President. The ever-present possibility of redemption is a badge of citizenship.

In many cases, Christianity directly fans the flames of ambition: in Dr Carson's case, it was a three-hour prayer, conducted on his knees in the bathroom just after the high school stabbing, which marked his turning point.

"I have never had a problem with my temper since that day," he says. "Now my relationship with God is the most important in my life." Dr Carson is so kindly, so softly spoken, that it is spooky to contemplate his hammer-wielding former incarnation.

Religion is the genetic code of American society, mirroring social class in Britain. While the British profess a lukewarm agnosticism, they are acutely, cripplingly, aware of their class, even if only in order to disguise it.

America is the opposite. One of the key social divisions is between believers and non-believers. Politicians have to pray, the zeal of the Christian community is matched only by that of the atheist movement.

But everyone is in the same class, or at least all believe they are. "Ninety-nine-point-nine per cent of the people in this country think they are middle class," says Richard Trumka, president of the United Mineworkers Union.

IN BRITAIN, the liberal half of the middle class spends its time stressing a well-researched labouring ancestry, while the aspirant half of the working class tries to acquire the accoutrements of middle-class lifestyle.

America is a continent of the bourgeoisie. This is why people believe they can make it, why the Dream lives on, despite a fractured society: no one is born to succeed or to fail — even if the hurdles in the path of some are enormously higher than others.

Individuals in Britain who do break into the top echelons of society feign disinterest in their new surroundings, lest the class cat is let out of the bag.

Not in the United States of America. "I get to fly on private jets, on governors' jets," says Dr Carson. "And, after years of it, it is still exciting. I love it. I say to everyone: Isn't this *great?*"

## Elysium of lawnmowers and lottery wins

*But is there a British Dream? A small cross-section of commentators give their view.*

**"I SUPPOSE the awful English Dream is to have a house in a place like Hazlemere and a car . . . this is for a man . . . and spend all Sunday morning underneath it fiddling with it and being passed cups of tea by his wife, then two pints at lunch in the local . . . and spend the afternoon mowing the lawn . . . They always have a boy and a girl, and they always vote Tory, which I think is terrible . . . They are Conservative because they are selfish."**

JEFFREY BERNARD

**"THERE really couldn't be an equivalent: the American Dream derives from the way America was created . . . Send me your poor huddled masses. England was what people were escaping from. The English don't dream about escaping from the class system — every time they get the chance they recreate it.**

**" Winning the lottery is the British dream but it's a pretty tragic one."**

GERMAINE GREER

**"THE American Dream was a unifying vision for everyone from Mexicans to the Jews. The British Dream is a lot more incremental, rather than anything more visionary. My own personal dream is that Britain should be a bit more like Holland — a more equal, civic-minded society."**

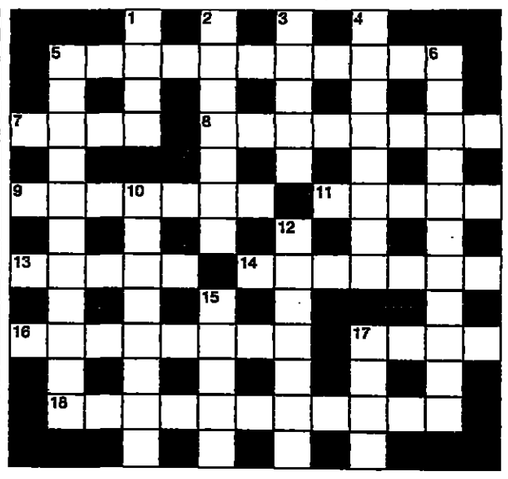
JOHN MONKS, TUC leader

**"IT IS awfully difficult to think of one. The concept of a single dream is so lumbering to my mind. It all just becomes so pat, don't you think?"**

BARONESS CASTLE

## Quick Crossword No. 8403

Solution No. 8402



**Across**

5 Support with further evidence (11)
7 Put away (4)
8 Print made by walker (8)
9 Symbol of sovereignty (7)
11 Waterlogged ground (5)
13 Lame aristocratic poet (5)
14 The Big Apple (3,4)
16 Charlatan (8)
17 Chancellor (4)
18 Dependent upon other factors (11)

**Down**

1 Make beer or tea (4)
2 Support with formal approval (7)
3 "Wheels" (5)
4 One is safe when out of it (4'1,3)
5 Causing tremendous upheaval (11)
6 Peer who organises ceremonial (4,7)
10 Deep (8)
12 Trainer (anag) — stretch of land (7)
15 Unclothe (5)
17 Twist (in rope or personality) (4)

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Saturday April 5 1997

The Guardian

the week

We have Swampy. The French have the beautiful star of Manon des Sources. **Nicholas Fraser** on why France's protesters are still marching chic to chic

# Manon, the force

ROBIN HOLLAND/KATZ

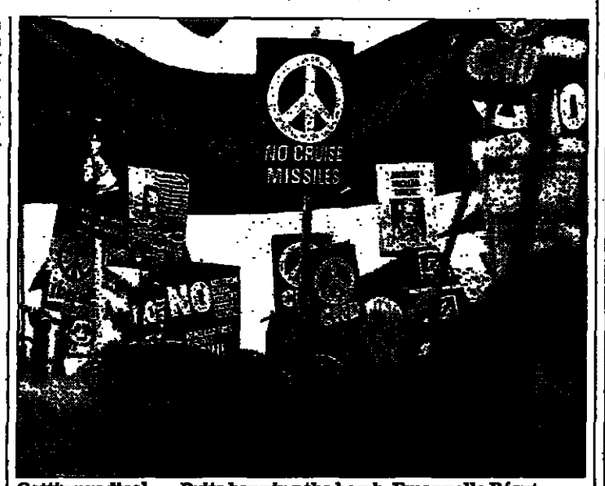
RECENTLY, the actress Emmanuelle Béart was photographed being yanked by police from a Paris church filled with *sans papiers* — the visaless Malians who were on hunger strike against the French government's plans to ship them home. She was in good company: leftish prelates, commercials directors, dress designers and ex-grandees showed up to express their solidarity with the victims of French racism and bureaucratic obduracy.

In Paris, the élite traditionally used to dress down to fraternise. Yves Montand and Simone Signoret favoured thick give-us-a-hug pullovers, tartan scarves and well-worn Eddie Constantine style raincoats. Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir used to get themselves up in jumble sale *pétanque* player hats and cast-off sporty, leather and polyester assistant-teacher's jackets.

True to form, with her hair tied back by a rubber band, unmade-up and pale from lack of sleep, Béart looked heart-stoppingly *au naturel*.

However, times have changed, and demonstrations, although they have made a remarkable comeback, are now hazardous in ways which the Old Left, familiar with tear gas and overturned café tables, could never have anticipated. Emmanuelle Béart is employed by the house of Christian Dior, which pays her to wear house products; and the company let it be known that it was contemplating not renewing the contract, and replacing her with Isabelle Adjani. The details remained obscure, but it seems that Dior was not objecting so much to Béart's political engagement as to the fact that she had failed to put on lipstick when protesting.

The protests of celebrities like Isabelle Huppert and Catherine Deneuve, as well as those of Béart herself, have been followed keenly in France; and the venerable tradition of the Parisian *manif*, long presumed defunct, is once again a serious subject of conversation among intellectuals. In Britain the tradition of taking to the streets, banner waving and chanting in the hope of influencing the establishment, is all but moribund. Here we have evolved our own tradition of protest, but it has come from the old liberal idiom of indignation, and has expressed itself through single-issue politics.




**Getting radical . . . Brits banning the bomb, Emanuelle Béart showing she cares about what happens to the visaless**

This was fine at the time of the cold war, and it had given us CND — surely one of the most interesting aspects of the British 20th century, however one judges its success. During Margaret Thatcher's period of rule, too, a strong counter-cultural streak was in evidence among Arthur Scargill's bloody-minded supporters, and among the rioting opponents of the Poll Tax.

But these belligerent attitudes have, by now, all but disappeared to be replaced by cynicism or affectless disgruntlement. The idea of spending Saturday protesting no longer seems attractive, and few people, young or old, are prepared to do it anymore. Instead, they watch football, parent, or push the trolley around the supermarket — and they seem not much to mind, or even notice, the absence of a coherent and absorbing public culture.

At a grey moment in our history, when all political options come wrapped in managerial newspeak and endorsed by countless polls, British protest has reduced itself to the scale of the local and intimate. And it is coloured green. The heroes of our time — personified by Swampy — get down in front of road-diggers on the A30 bypass or are run down by the Brightlingsea trucks carrying calves to the slaughter. They are admired by young people, perhaps because they display no interest in general ideas about society and little concern with abstractions.

Like much of the society from which their actions detach them, they are outside politics, interested in saving whatever is ▶page 14

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# the week that was

## Us on us

### The British view

"Those unfortunate enough to live in the Tatton Constituency are being placed in an impossible situation. They should never be asked to go into the polling station to be faced on the ballot form with the name of a man whose honesty is being called into question."
Northwich Chronicle

"Senior Scottish Tories went to Hirst in a panic, thinking there was a dossier of sleaze against him. They told him it would be better if he resigned before the truth overtook him. He listened to them — and then handed the story on a plate to every Sunday newspaper. It is now clear that if he'd kept his mouth shut, his reputation would still be intact."
Edinburgh Evening News

"Kimmell Kerse is the final resting place of the whale Moby. After dissection, Moby's remains were carefully buried at the Bo'ness landfill site. A council spokesman said: "Tests show he was actually around 40 years old. He may just have wanted to find a quiet place to die."
Linlithgow Journal & Gazette

## Them on them

### The global view

"Was this the first time these two members of the Palestinian Army showed any propensity for blowing themselves up in the vicinity of Jews? How many of their soldier-comrades knew of their plans, aside from those who conveniently tarried on the way to their guard-post that morning? These and similar questions would be easy to pose to Yasser Arafat, but his connate predilection for lying would probably prevent our getting any serious answers."
Jerusalem Post

"The trial of McVeigh and Nichols should be moved — right back to Oklahoma City. What is the justification for the case to remain in Denver — or be moved to Alaska, the Virgin Islands or Guam as has been proposed? Who in the educated world does not know everything we in the OKC metro area know about the case? News is reported uniformly in our global village."
Edmond Evening Sun, Oklahoma City

"A witness in the presidential petition was yesterday warned she could end up in trouble with the law for obtaining two National Registration Cards and two voters cards to vote twice in the last general elections. Theresa Mulenga Kalo, of Lusaka told the supreme court she was sent by a Mandevu constituency Movement for Multiparty Democracy official to obtain two voters cards and vote twice so that the MMD could end up with more votes."
Zambia Daily Mail

A woman takes exception to the way a man looked at her on a London street. She gets a tough looking passer-by to strong arm him. She tells him not to worry about no trouble, 'cos she'll "sort the police out".

Another Crimewatch reconstruction? No, it's the Princess of Wales casting herself as damsel in distress, and getting her own way over one of the paparazzi who harass her — or do her publicity free of charge, depending on your point of view.

Diana alleged the assaulted photographer, Brendan Beirne, deliberately provoked her, the evidence for which was that the scenario was recorded by another snapper from a distance and made a better picture story than a boring shot of the Princess walking down the street.

The ins and outs of the case aside, it counts as a great victory for Diana, who photographers will presumably be more cautious now about approaching. Hers was the ultimate female triumph. She was a sister doing it for herself, while getting a man to do it for her.

Elsewhere, the famously feisty Anna Ford did, unusually, apologise for saying shit on Radio 4. But the week generally belonged to grrrls.

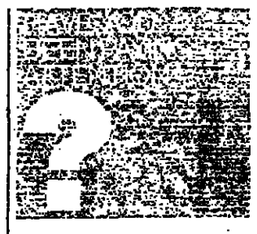
Up in the border town of Hawick, factory workers Ashley Simpson and Mandy Graham won the right, after a 10-month battle backed by the Equal Opportunities Commission, to ride alongside the men in the annual horse-riding festival. Their request to do so had split the town, with violent threats from traditionalists. One church minister was told to leave town for his own safety for backing them.

In Australia, a trainee policewoman, Kim Hollingsworth, won an unfair dismissal case after she was sacked for having previously been a prostitute and stripper. The element of Hollingsworth's claim, which seemed to carry some weight with the Sydney industrial relations commissioner, was that the bulk of her clients in her earlier life were male police officers.

Speaking of which, one of Britain's favourite grrrls, Vanessa Redgrave, set up yet another political party to fight the election — with a programme designed to "oppose the laws of a police state". The Charter For Basic Rights will contest the seat of Tooting, south London, the territory of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Tooting in the old TV sitcom, Citizen Smith.

The only place where sisters got into a mess doing it for themselves was in Washington, where feminists were about to succeed in gaining permission for a statue of three American suffragettes installed in the Capitol building. But a black feminist group felt obliged to point out, however, that the individuals portrayed in the statue had argued back in the 1920s that it was preferable to give the vote to white women than to black men.
**Jonathan Margolis**

Long exposure . . . to a princess and her champion
PHOTOGRAPH BY KELVIN BRUCE



**1. "He does seem rather a shit." Who on whom?**

**2. Who called John Major's vision of a Britain of warm beer, nurses on bicycles and village-green cricket "bollocks".**

**3. For which party is Vanessa Redgrave standing at the election?**
**(a) The Tooting Popular Front**
**(b) The Campaign for Real Socialism**
**(c) The Charter for Basic Rights**
**(d) The Friends of Piers Merchant**

**4. "We are deadly serious. I shall canvass in Blackley — provided I am not in prison." Whose dubious election pledge?**

**5. What is the name of Conservative Chicken Man?**
**(a) Damian (b) Liam**
**(c) Noel (d) Piers**

**6. "The tide was rolled back and contained under Margaret Thatcher." Whose encomium to a great leader?**
**(a) John Major**
**(a) Tony Blair**
**(c) Edward Heath**
**(d) Vanessa Redgrave**

**7. Which is Britain's sexiest city, according to lingerie makers La Senza?**
**(a) London**
**(b) Manchester**
**(c) Brighton**
**(d) Peterborough**

**8. Why were the proud bearers of this coat of arms celebrating?**

**9. "We are not trying to scale Himalayan peaks in terms of quality profile." Whose artistic mission statement?**

**10. Where were signs of life spotted?**
**(a) The Hale-Bopp comet**
**(b) Saturn's rings**
**(c) Jupiter's moons**
**(d) Conservative Central Office**

**11. "I'm afraid that Darren, Dean, Damian, Liam and Nathan can't do it, never will do it, and frankly would not give a damn if they don't do it at all." Who was name-list?**

**12. "He wasn't in pain for too long." For whom did a nation mourn?**

**13. Kevin Duggan was suddenly in sharp focus. Why?**

**14. "Our view is that you should keep your thoughts to yourself instead of pestering us." Whose unusual approach to customer relations?**

**15. Why was Stuart Pike's BA journey from New York to London unusually comfortable?**

Answers, bottom left of this page

# Words that may not explode for the FBI

**This week last year April 4, 1996**

HEAVILY camouflaged, and keeping so quiet that one FBI agent filmed a coyote catching and killing a faun, those who had watched the lonely cabin in the wilds of Montana finally arrested Theodore Kaczynski a year ago this week, and charged him with two counts of murder. They said he was the Unabomber.

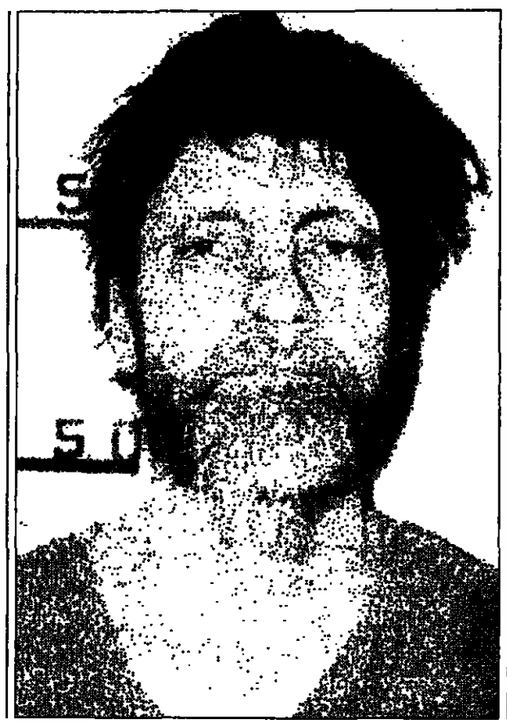
His trial is not scheduled to begin until November, largely because of spirited delaying tactics by his lawyers. They are demanding that all the evidence seized from his remote one-room shack be ruled out of the trial as inadmissible. because "misleading information" was given in the FBI's 104-page affidavit for the search warrant.

Kaczynski, aged 54, is pleading not guilty, despite the mass of documentary and other evidence seized at his cabin. After painstaking weeks of search, the FBI said it included bomb-making equipment, files on some of the Unabomber's targets, a diary which allegedly amounts to "a detailed confession", typewriters which they believe were used to write the Unabomber's letters to newspaper and an original copy of the Unabomber's 33,000-word anti-technology manifesto.

Last June, the former university maths teacher was formally charged with engineering four attacks that killed two men in Sacramento, maimed a Yale computer scientist, and injured a geneticist at the university college of San Francisco. But Kaczynski has not been charged with all of the offences attributed to the Unabomber in his 17-year campaign, which killed three people and injured another 23.

This may be the weak point in the prosecution case, and Kaczynski's lawyers are attacking it hard. Their first target has been the FBI's application for a search warrant, which listed the reasons why the FBI believed it had found its man.

The affidavit cited a DNA analysis of saliva on the postage stamps used by the Unabomber, but the defence says the test was flawed, and says the affidavit left out the fact that two other DNA tests done by the FBI had ruled out Kaczynski. The affidavit also left out the fact that for one of the mailings of a bomb Kaczynski had an alibi — a bank pay-in receipt which showed him to be in Montana when the bomb was mailed from California.



**High-tech hater . . . but can high-tech sleuths convict Theodore Kaczynski?**

His brother and mother add that their statements to the FBI were twisted in the affidavit to make them sound as if they were far more suspicious that Theodore was the Unabomber than they really were. The affidavit also left out the uncomfortable fact that Kaczynski does not remotely fit the description provided by the one eye witness .

"That search warrant was rife with false and misleading statements and omitted significant evidence tending to show that Theodore Kaczynski was not the Unabomber," the defence motion to US District court judge, Garland Burrell, said.

A magistrate this week threw out the defence's application to be given all the 2,417 files on suspects which the FBI accumulated in its 17-year hunt. Meanwhile, evidence from the cabin itself is largely circumstantial. Claiming to be the Unabomber in letters to the press and in the manifesto is not proof that Kaczynski actually set the bombs.

The FBI's complex linguistic analysis comparing Kaczynski's other articles and the manifesto to show they had a common author may not convince a jury, who will be deluged with other published writings critical of high-technology culture from sources as varied as vice-President Al Gore and theologian Reinhold Niebuhr.

Whether or not he was the Unabomber, the evidence is strong that Theodore Kaczynski shared his contempt for technocratic society and wanted to publicise his call for a return to more natural, even more primitive, ways. That will present him with a legal dilemma.

The trial will be held in a federal court, where TV cameras are not allowed. If Kaczynski wants to make his anti-technology case to the jury — perhaps his best chance to promulgate his beliefs — he will have to agree to take the stand and be cross-examined by the prosecution. That could undermine the defence his publicly-funded lawyers have assembled.
**Martin Walker**

# Manon, the force

◀ page 13 personal and important to them — and perhaps that is good enough.

In France, Béart's example suggests that they do it differently. Across the Channel, the protest march continues to be chic. Still, the French could never boast much in the way of a CND movement, and protests against the attack of Rainbow Warrior, and more recently, the French Pacific tests, were muted. It is hard to imagine a character like Swampy becoming a cult figure for French youth — ultimately the French are too respectful of the enormous powers which the French state still has at its disposal and will use against powerless victims like the poor Malians.

OF COURSE, the argument works both ways: would British stars take to the streets in defence of the rights of immigrants? Would Elizabeth Hurley ever place her Estée Lauder contract at risk by chaining herself to Tony Blair's railings?

French protests have often been surprisingly effective against the odds. Two months ago, a group of film-makers organised a petition against the Debré law, requiring people to report to police stations the names of any foreigners without visas staying on their premises. As many as 100,000 Parisians (including Béart, once again *sans* her Christian Dior lipstick) turned out in support — and the measure was dropped from the legislation.

Demonstrations in France have been respected by the authorities because they have long been part of what historian Simon Schama, describing the French Revolution, called "the incontinence of polemics". Whereas British people took to the streets because they were fed up, the French *manif* was a form of theatre.

Good demonstrations were elaborate rituals in the French civic cult of republicanism. They conferred on participants the sense of belonging. Not just for the left (for there are right-wing demos, too, and endless celebrations of identity staged by the Front National) they uphold the distinctively French, and not unattractive, notion that one becomes a citizen not by staying at home and watching television, but by going out and taking over the streets.

Justly or not, the French have remained proud of their upheavals —for in the course of national fêtes the recuperative power of France could be celebrated, even as the national capacity for causing grief was acknowledged. The high point of the modern demonstration was in May 1968, the moment when France was brought to a halt by a series of strikes that arose out of the student upheavals of the Left Bank.

Demos in the 1970s were tamer affairs. The mystique of direct action was the political equivalent of *cinema vérité* — you went out and did something, hoping it would be endowed with meaning. Paris streets acquired the significance of a social arena — Sartre took to hawking copies of his newspaper, La Cause Du Peuple, in which he castigated Mao for not having been ruthless enough in his sponsorship of the Cultural Revolution.

Today, the French are divided over the power of the popular protest. Two weeks ago I listened to the observations of the Anglo-French journalist Olivier Todd, biographer of Albert Camus. Todd suggested that sloganising was a futile and regressive activity, out of tune with the new politics which are based on demographics and consumer preference.

HE attacked the thinking behind the recent demonstrations against Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front, which were supported by France's left-wing élite, including the newspaper Le Monde.

"Taking to the streets won't impress those who are attracted to the Front's xenophobic policies," Todd said caustically. "They are more likely to be confined in their racism by the sight of so many well-heeled people making a display of their good feelings." One woman did agree with Todd — she thought today's demonstrators were merely reliving their chic parents' experiences in a debased form.

But a film director, an ex-Maoist who in 1968 had been in charge of the security arrangements of a student collective, was adamant in his praise. For him, the demonstrations of the past two years had been important because they were different in character. People no longer took to the streets because they were told to by their unions, or out of ideological motivation: nowadays they obeyed the impulses of citizenship — they wanted something changed, and they were prepared to make their opinions felt. "It's more spontaneous," he said. "It's something new in France."

The extent of this new — if indeed it is new — French fixation with demonstrations was shown yesterday when bank employees, airline personnel, junior hospital doctors and car workers all took to the streets. The bank employees were protesting against the government's proposal to abolish a 1937 law, thus allowing banks to stay open on Saturday mornings. Union spokesmen helpfully explained that they weren't opposed in principle to the extension of working hours, but they were protesting against the lack of consultation.

The strikes of late 1995, which lasted almost a month, involving the entire public sector as well as the nation's truck drivers, brought France once again to the edge of breakdown; but French people by and large took the side of the strikers. In the posher papers, unrest was high-mindedly ascribed to the looming threat of globalisation which French people viewed with apprehension or outright loathing, on the mysterious grounds that it threatened their national identity.

Britain gets its mole's worth from Swampy but he'd need another style of protest in France

However, such views are no longer unanimously held. This week Bernard Kouchner, Minister of Health under Mitterrand, bitterly attacked the disruption of the health service by doctors. They want the freedom to prescribe anything to their patients, without cash limits imposed by a penny-pinching government; but his vigorously delivered message was that such attitudes were absurdly out of date. "You say you're defending the rights of sick people?" Kouchner asked. "Tell us about the future and don't mouth slogans."

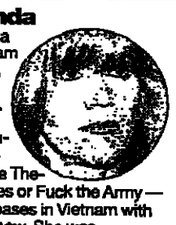
Despite such attitudes, there is hope left in France for the power of the demonstration, in a way that no longer exists in this country. More than 50,000, mostly young, people travelled last week to Strasbourg in order to protest against Le Pen — and the Easter weekend television news was dominated by coverage of their demonstration. Slogans, graffitti, music echoed through the town.

"Citizenship does work," my ex-Maoist friend explained. "It means something." I must agree.

And I hope that Christian Dior will find a way of forgiving Emmanuelle Béart. They could always create a special line of odourless and quite invisible toiletries for her to wear at demos. If not *Dans la Merde*, perhaps it should be called *Dans Le Vrai*.

## Deep in our heart, I do believe, we shall overcome one day . . . by Andrew England

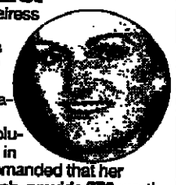
### Jane Fonda



She became a leading Vietnam war protester, abused as "Hanoi" Jane. In 1971 she formed a comedy troupe — known as Free Theatre Associates or Fuck the Army — to tour army bases in Vietnam with an anti-war show. She was described in 1973 as the "most hated woman in America" after she had publicly claimed there was no systematic torture of American PoWs in Vietnamese hands.

"I'm a committed political activist and shall be until the day I die," she said at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, proving it for a time with a marriage to a fairly liberal politician. Now married to TV tycoon, Ted Turner, she touts her fitness videos, her food-for-health book and even the values of women staying at their man's side all the time.

### Patty Hearst



Newspaper heiress Patty was 19 when she was kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army, an American revolutionary group, in 1974. They demanded that her father, Randolph, provide $70 worth of groceries to everyone in California possessing a welfare card, at a cost of about $400 million. Bewildered and abused, she joined her SLA captors, denounced her parents as "pigs" and changed her name to Tania.

The FBI caught her on security cameras brandishing an automatic rifle during a bank robbery; later they actually caught her. Following her arrest in September 1975, she re-embraced her parents, claiming she had been "brainwashed". She served four years in prison, wrote her memoirs of the abduction, and returned to a quiet upper-class life.

### Amy Carter

As a teenager she was arrested four times in two years — three times demonstrating against apartheid and fourthly against the CIA's involvement in Nicaragua. Each time she had the full backing of a former US-president, her father Jimmy Carter, who made it clear that he believed in her moral right to protest publicly against international injustice.

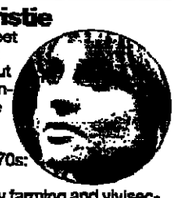
She was first arrested in 1985 at 17, during an anti-apartheid demonstration outside the South African embassy in Washington. The world's media descended again in 1987 after she had been arrested during an anti-CIA protest at the University of Massachusetts which turned violent when riot police were called in. She was charged with disorderly conduct, but acquitted.

### Brigitte Bardot

BB has been campaigning for the cause of animal rights for 20 years. She knew precisely how to use her physical presence (and France's affection for her) to buy publicity for her cause — she once swam with seals in icy water to draw attention to the culling of baby seals.

And, according to her recent autobiography, she has spent much of her own fortune paying for organisation staff, legal fees and the maintenance of animals she has rescued over the years. Lately, her pro-animal beliefs have led her into human controversies; last year she faced a court action, accused of encouraging race hatred. She had written in a newspaper that she would leave France because, she claimed, it was being overrun by "sheep-slaughtering" Muslims.

### Julie Christie



She is a discreet but persistent protester about the classic concerns of those who were young in the 1960s and 1970s: anti-nuclear, against factory farming and vivisection. She led 6,000 people on a march through Edinburgh protesting against an expansion of nuclear power in Scotland in 1979, and addressed 4,000 peace marchers in Paris two years later, pleading for people not to accept without a fight the Russia v America nuclear arms race.

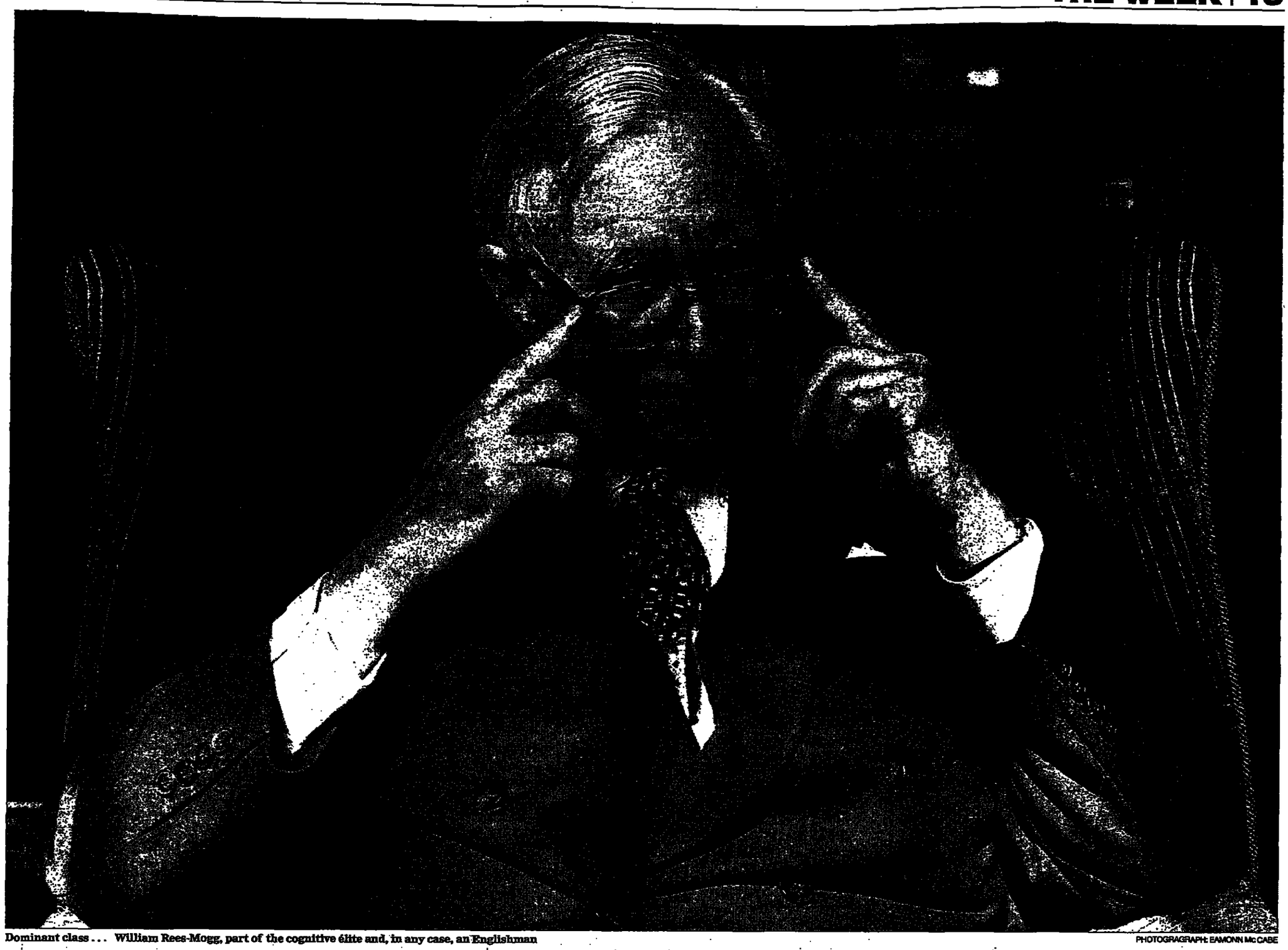
She is aware that her reticence has its own value when she does campaign. This year she joined in calls for a boycott of Disney outlets in protest at the "slave labour" conditions of workers who produce much of the franchised Disney merchandise in Haiti.

## Quiz answers

1 Anna Ford on Simon Pemberton, the landlord trying to evict the Grundys from their farm in the Archers. Ford's four-letter outburst on the Today programme provoked complaints and she later apologised.
2. Jeremy Paxman, in a wide-ranging interview in the New Statesman in which he also attacked the BBC's Dimbleby fixation.
3. (c) The Charter for Basic Rights. She will stand in the Labour-held seat of Tooting.
4. Swampy, alias Daniel Hooper, who declared his intention to stand for Parliament for the Never Mind the Ballots party, but then said it was an April Fool's hoax.
5. (c) Noel. Musician Noel Flanagan is following Tony Blair around the country dressed as a chicken. The Tories' Big Idea has led to a host of other animals joining the campaign, including foxes, teddy bears and a rhinoceros.
6. (c) Edward Heath, whose praise for his successor marked the end of the longest recorded sulk in political history.
7. (d) Peterborough. La Senza's Peterborough shops sells more daring lingerie than any other branch.
8. Rutland reverted to a separate county after 23 years as part of Leicestershire.
9. David Elstein, chief executive of Channel 5, which was launched by the Spice Girls.
10. (c) Jupiter's moons. American scientists said that the Galileo spacecraft had detected components of living things.
11. Nigel Turner, a geography teacher in Nottingham, who told the conference of the National Association of Schoolmasters and Union of Women Teachers that working-class children were born to fail.
12. Moby, the 40ft sperm whale stranded in the Firth of Forth, who died after getting stuck on mudflats.
13. He was the passer-by who came to the aid of Diana, Princess of Wales in an altercation with a photographer. "All I saw was a woman in distress, so I went to her aid. I thought it was a Di lookalike at first."
14. The BBC's Points Of View. A prankster hacked into the programme's answering machine and left a message saying that it was "sick to death of your points of view".
15. He was the only passenger on the jumbo jet. All his fellow passengers opted for another flight when the plane developed an electrical fault. He travelled first class and was waited on by 17 cabin crew.

### How you rate

0-4 S**t
5-9 B******s
10-14 V*** G***
15 B*****t



Dominant class . . . William Rees-Mogg, part of the cognitive élite and, in any case, an Englishman

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN McCABE

# The sovereign individual

The underclass is revolting and the nation state collapsing. This may be bad news for some but, as **Decca Aitkenhead** discovers, we can have confidence that Lord Rees-Mogg won't be at all put out

WHEN William Rees- Mogg casts an admiring eye down his memory lane, it is indeed a pleasing view. His earliest memory takes him back to 1932, to dappled rural Somerset childhood: "I remember," he smiles fondly, "standing at the top of a little hill on my third birthday, and looking down, and thinking, how jolly it is to be me, and to be three. And I have had that same feeling, on and off, ever since."

Being Lord Rees-Mogg has been an uncommonly jolly affair. An Oxford scholarship, presidency of the Union, a seamless progression to Fleet Street, and the editorship of the Times by the age of 38 — life's sweet riches have flowed generously this gentleman's way. After the Times, in the 1980s, came vice-chairmanship of the BBC, the chair of the Arts Council, then the Broadcasting Standards Council, and a life peerage so somehow fitting it is hard now to imagine that the great name Rees-Mogg ever endured a prefix so modest as Mr.

And now, Lord Rees-Mogg is publishing his third book. The Sovereign Individual is a big red collection of disturbing predictions; the collapse of the nation state, dizzy inequalities of wealth, and a rumbling revolutionary underclass. Rees-Mogg's books have a weakness for the apocalyptic — his two earlier titles were Blood In The Streets and The Great Reckoning. But eyeing this Blade Runner future from an airy apartment above Pall Mall, with the bustle of the cleaner floating in from the next room, the author is unalarmed by what he sees.

"Oh, we'd all be all right," he reassures. "You would. I would. The people who write for broadsheet newspapers will find this kind of society very easy to live in. Very easy. The cognitive élite, you see, will be the dominant class."

It has been Rees-Mogg's great good fortune in life to find himself in the right class. He is that very English thing, the professional amateur whose breeding and broad sweep have always ensured that here was a man who would be put in charge of things. An editor who could not type, an arts chief who knew little of that world, a governor and censor of television who confessed to rarely watching it — such mundane deficiencies have never posed a problem. For really, what are these trifles, when compared to the gift of a great English gentleman? What, indeed.

Rees-Mogg is famous for many things, but an unfortunate feature of his more recent career as a columnist is that he famously gets things wrong. Mrs Thatcher, he declared, was the "decisive victor" of the first leadership ballot in 1990; the Lockerbie air disaster was caused by metal fatigue; President Clinton could not conceivably be re-elected; John Major would clearly have to go after the ERM calamity.

"Oh yes, yes. But I worked it out. I must have written, for the Times and the Independent, about 750 columns. I think I can find only about half a dozen conspicuously wrong judgments."

Which is, he feels, an indication that he is actually doing his job particularly well: any fewer mistakes, "and you are not taking enough risks". Very occasionally the criticism can rankle, "but only for 24 hours, then it's gone". In fact, he can't even remember a single instance which has upset him. He has, he explains, "a very good memory for forgetting".

He also has an unusual faculty for concluding that it was events, and not himself, which were mistaken.

"Now, I took the view that Colin Powell should have been the first black American president. That turned out to be wrong, but he should have been. I still don't understand how he lacked the historic imagination to see that it was his duty to do it. I know his wife worried about assassination — but to hell with that!"

This then, is the celebrated Rees-Mogg confidence — a feature almost as famous as his talent for misjudgment. He has the soothing aspect of a man little troubled by self-doubt, his suit is carelessly well-tailored, his vowels smoothly public school, stopping just short of plummy, seducing you into his world where all will be well. And so, of course, all was well. While at Oxford, he placed a diary story in the Daily Express about the undergraduate who lay in bed studying his shares in the Financial Times. A job on the FT was the inevitable graduation prize.

"I've undoubtedly got an irritating degree of self-confidence. It does irritate people. Well," he corrects himself, "not everybody, of course." So, right from that toddler's marvellous sense of well-being, it was clear that nothing would ever go too wrong. Some 65 years on, he has real difficultly thinking of anything that did.

"I suppose I found adolescence quite difficult. I didn't feel at all euphoric from 16 to 18." The room falls silent and we study his home furnishings while he ponders some more. Presently, gentle prompting seems required. Would his two failures to be elected as a Tory MP in the 1950s not count as setbacks?

"Oh no, it wasn't my political career that stopped itself, so much as my journalistic career which overtook it. I wasn't aware of any particular disappointment at that time."

So really, no regrets at all? Another long pause.

"I think I probably made a mistake in staying on too long at the Times. I regret that. Well, I mean, not regret exactly. I stayed on because I thought I was the right person to stay on."

And now, at 68, the gods continue to smile. "I suppose it is rather good fortune to be a 'pillar of the establishment'. Yet more good fortune, yes! I feel, on the whole that if I want to do something, well that's OK, that's what I'm going to do." It is if this last rather agreeable observation had not hitherto occurred.

Even the prospect of death cannot trouble Lord Rees-Mogg. There are two possibilities, he thinks. Either life is "completely pointless" or, and this is his favoured version, "it's part of a process of learning, at which one's still in the kindergarten, which is either agreeable, or quite hellish, as kindergartens can be. I happen to have been in the kindergarten on a sunny afternoon."

He smiles. There can be little doubt that Rees-Mogg is an intelligent man. He suffers a tendency towards mystic flights of fancy (a "spiritual experience" has convinced him that he lived briefly 150 years ago), but he is basically a rational fellow, and so he sees that such a remarkable run of luck must seem improbable.

No, there is a natural justice in it, for each good fortune has been earned. Or rather, had it not fallen from the heavens, he would have earned it. "My mother's father started out in life in America as the poor son of an Irish immigrant. Well, not terribly poor. But he got a job on the street, and went to the top. And I don't really have any doubts that if I had been born in his situation, I would have done more or less the same. If I'd been born a good deal poorer, I would have got to grammar school, and I would have got to Oxford."

Happily for the the young Rees-Mogg, he was never called upon to test this out. The son of a wealthy Somerset landowner and an American actress, he was made head boy at Charterhouse, and, as a student, inherited a sum tidy enough to invest and thus secure him the stockbroking-undergraduate repute which brought him to Fleet Street's attention.

But the lowly American Dreaming grandfather has served a useful function, as is usually the case in the self-perception of the blindingly privileged. "I don't know why I've been lucky, but it's got something to do with America. You see, I was brought up with this very strong feeling that this is the kind of life you have. It's full of challenges. You can overcome obstacles. You can make of it what you like."

So what have been the obstacles he's had to battle to overcome? "Um . . . I don't know. I think that, er . . . um . . . I think . . ." He coughs, pauses again, re-adjusts his glasses, and summons the kind of answer one gives to the job-interview question about one's weaknesses. "I think probably people saw me as a pointy-headed intellectual. That was perhaps a disadvantage."

The trouble with being William Rees-Mogg is that he will never know how good he might have been had things been worse. The trouble with British society is that nor will we — because we have never really asked. The pastures of quangoland have been lush for men like this; Britain has handed over her public affairs to him with the trusting ease of a child, certain that a man whose very name, with its lovely clubbable syllables, somehow evokes sound judgment and must be a very great man indeed.

"There is a limitation," he concedes, in the extent of his qualification to comment on public life, containing, as it distressingly does, so many less fortunate than he. "But I do know people who are, financially, in the bottom 10 to 20 per cent. Those I meet must have emerged from the underclass, though, because I would would probably meet them at some kind of function or something."

He sometimes worries that the grand English amateur may be dying out. Arriving at Oxford to study history, he came across grammar-school boys, and found that though the grasp on some periods was more detailed than his, he had a much better view "of the whole picture". The Conservative Party's current woes can be attributed, he suspects, to the creeping "professionalism" of politics. He thinks the contributions in the Lords of young hereditary peers, by contrast, can be rather good.

Under a new Labour government, Lord Rees-Mogg anticipates an important new role for himself, defending the House of Lords against Tony Blair and Labour's constitutional designs. And he is busy backing his son Jacob's Tory candidacy in a comically unwinnable Scottish seat, although Jacob, aged 28, already has the support of the family nanny, who has been shipped up from Somerset for the campaign. Rees-Mogg and his wife have five children, and, judging from these youngsters and their friends, the future looks grand to him.

"People in their twenties and thirties are much more promising than the intervening generation. I'm not sure if this is just prejudice, but it was the ghastly 1960s which spoiled that other generation. There were so many silly ideas around. Everyone thought everything would be easy.

"None of my children or their friends think anything will be handed to them on a plate. And I find that much more realistic."

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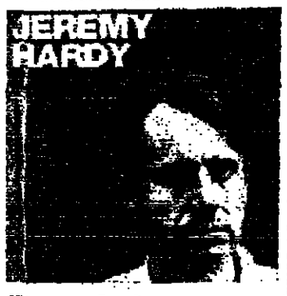

JEREMY HARDY

## Don't let the ********s grind you down

SOME weeks ago, it was mooted that Radio 4 should modernise its image. But no one could ever have envisaged a presenter saying "shit" on the Today programme. Unusually, I missed the programme and experienced some hours of disbelief after being told of the event. Early hopes that Anna Ford had used the word to describe the blather of Michael Heseltine were dashed when it emerged that she had used it to describe a character on the Archers.

In that context, the word lost all its power, and I was disappointed. Used as a singular noun it is quite a posh insult, interchangeable with "swine". It is not, for example, shouted at referees — except possibly by public schoolboys who haven't yet got the hang of being football fans. It is exactly the right kind of dated expression to use when talking about the Archers, and it is entirely appropriate that a Today presenter should be allowed that amount of decorous vulgarity when discussing an issue so dear to the hearts of Radio 4 listeners.

I do not wish to be snide about Radio 4. It has been inordinately kind to me over the years, and I have never been able to see the need for any other radio station. It is a prime source of information and the shipping forecast clearly provides perverse sexual gratification to a great many people.

Only on a few occasions as a broadcaster have I been enraged by censorship. Recently I was told that it would be in bad taste to suggest that Lady Thatcher's grave would be a permanent urinal for all decent people. I agreed that it was in bad taste but passionately believe it to be true, travel permitting. But, to my shame, I agreed to the cut.

I hoped, however, that Anna Ford, having offended live on-air, would ride the storm. I hoped she'd take a courageous Daily Mail-style stand and announce: "I still say Simon Pemberton is a shit. If he is innocent, let him sue." But she was in trouble on the programme only last year for having a go at Ken Clarke, which is something that simply cannot happen on Today. Her colleagues afford him free reign, as though he were one of those vaguely humorous people who, in radio parlance, "take an irreverent and often sideways look at the news".

And on Tuesday morning, Ms Ford took modernisation too far. For the British Broadcasting Corporation, it is sufficiently in tune with the teens who gather in coffee bars, that the suffix "zone" is scattered around the schedules. Open University is now The Learning Zone. We may start to hear Heseltine's regular appearances on Today called the "Hezza Zone". We may even hear that he is "in the House". But bad language, it seems, will have to wait.

This is a shame because news stories involving the use of bad language force newspaper editors to make silly decisions about how many asterisks to use and where to put them. The Mail, of course, reported that Anna Ford had called Simon Pemberton a "s****". In the same issue, it reported that the man who became an ad hoc henchman to the Princess of Wales and seized a photographer's film had used the threat: "Let go of the camera or I will break your ******* arm." I may be in early middle age, but I still count asterisks to verify which word they obscure. For that reason, I wish editors would agree an industry standard of one or two asterisks, leaving no shadow of doubt. Further clarity would be added if there were less discrimination against vowels, and we only had to decipher things as coded as "fuc*ing" and "bol*oc*s".

> Stories involving the use of bad language force editors to make silly decisions about how many asterisks to use

If this seems rather juvenile, it is to illustrate a point (well, partly that). Shielding us from words that do no harm is juvenile. It becomes absurd when we can work out what the words are anyway. The only case for doing it might be that it encourages children who like puzzles to read newspapers and ask questions about what they read. Children need incentives to learn and a fascination with the "F-word" can be a useful tool in the understanding of phonics.

When it comes to the "c-word" (I'm being coy now), there is a political argument involved. I happen to agree with the feminist view that to use the female genitalia as the harshest term of abuse degrades women.

On the other hand, if we don't use it, how are we supposed to drive? Moreover, it sounds more like an insult than a part of the body. A word must conjure up some kind of image; and when I hear that word I see Michael Howard.

Nonetheless, I confess to being troubled when my six-year-old asked me: "Daddy, what's the c-word?". I had just read an article in one of the Sundays about the dilemma that confronts one when a child says "bloody", and I longed for such an unworldly lifestyle. Mustering all my parenting skills, I said: "I'm not telling you." If only I had been so resolute on the matter of EuroDisney.

The Guardian Saturday April 5 1997

Special investigation

It is being called the boy business — little boys being kidnapped and sold to paedophiles. There were allegations that some of these boys were murdered on camera to produce lucrative pornography. After a two-year investigation, **Nick Davies** and **Eamon O Connor** present new evidence that the trade in young boys has reached deadly extremes

# 'How old?' asked the officer. 'About 13, 15. He thought he was going to make 200 guilders and ended up being dead.'

IT IS AN ordinary flat. The camera pans around the room catching sight of a bookshelf full of paperbacks, a desk which is untidy with letters and files, a couple of paintings on the wall, a chair or two, and then the open doorway. As the camera waits, a man suddenly appears there. The only sound is the crackle of the video tape.

The man looks as ordinary as the flat. The camera carefully avoids his face, but his build suggests that he is in his twenties. He is casually dressed and his feet are bare. He is carrying something across his arms and, as he walks towards the camera, it becomes clear that it is a small boy, probably seven or eight years old, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt.

The boy is limp, his legs trailing over the side of the man's arm. His head lolls backwards over the crook of the other arm. But it is the boy's head which catches the camera's eye. It is hooded, and the boy's hands are tied.

The man walks across the room as the camera follows. He tips the boy with an awful gentleness into a wooden chair and pushes him into a sitting position. He takes the boy's wrists, lays them along the arms of the chair and straps them into place. Then he yanks off the hood, and the camera closes in on the face of the boy.

This is the cinema of sexual abuse. The film is known as the Bjorn Tape after the name used for the boy who is its central character and victim. It has been sold to paedophiles all over western Europe and it is the subject of an intense police inquiry.

It was made in Holland in March 1990. The man on the tape is British, although nothing is known about the man behind the camera. Neither they nor Bjorn have been identified. Stills from the tape have been released by Scotland Yard's Paedophilia Unit to ITV's Network First documentary, The Boy Business, to be shown on Tuesday.

The Bjorn Tape is important, not only because of the crime which it reveals, but also because of what it discloses about the inner workings of a bizarre and cruel world. As the veils of ignorance have been removed from paedophilia over the last decade, it has become clear that paedophiles will operate not only as strangers, hovering around public places where children gather; not only as family members, abusing their own children; but also as entrepreneurs.

For the last two years, we have been investigating the activities of a group of British paedophiles who exploit children ruthlessly — as sex objects for their own pleasure and as a source of profit in the international sex industry.

They have based themselves in Amsterdam, where they have taken advantage of Dutch tolerance to turn their obsession into a lucrative business, running brothels and escort agencies, and producing pornographic films. To do this, they have imported their "raw material" from abroad — from the economic chaos of eastern Europe and from the poorest streets of the inner cities of Britain.

Working with police in Britain and Holland, we have identified some of these men and traced some of their victims. Most disturbing is evidence that up to five children have been abducted, tortured and then killed in front of the paedophiles' camera.

Three British men who lived in Amsterdam in the early 1990s have spoken quite independently of each other of their knowledge of paedophile "snuff movies". All agree that they were made in Amsterdam by British paedophiles. Two of them name the same individuals, though neither admits to his own involvement.

One has identified two houses where he says the films were made and has named two Dutch criminals who he says were involved in distributing the films. He has also given detailed descriptions of the boys in the films, described a club in Oslo where one of them was picked up, and identified a lake where he says their bodies were thrown. His allegations have been taken seriously by Scotland Yard, who have interviewed him twice at length, and by the Dutch Ministry of Justice, which last month launched a formal inquiry.

THE ORIGINS of this extraordinary story lie in a small incident which briefly disturbed the calm of the British Embassy in Amsterdam on the morning of August 3, 1993. The Dutch police called to say that, on the previous night, they had found a young British boy who needed help to get back home.

The boy was telling a very odd tale. He said he had been held against his will in Amsterdam in some kind of brothel and that he had escaped by climbing out of a toilet window and running through the streets until he found a policeman. The British Embassy repatriated the boy and also alerted Scotland Yard.

The boy's name was Gary, he was 14 years old, and had grown up on a rough estate in the north-east. He had never met his father and already had spent years dodging in and out of trouble with the law. He described how several months earlier he and his friend Peter, also then 14, had run away together and gone to London, sleeping rough in squats, begging and thieving for a living.

Their main aim, he admitted, had been to "get out of their heads" and so they had contacted a man whom Gary had met once in the street, a helpful man who had given Gary his pager number and said that he could always get Gary drugs. His name was Warwick Spinks.

Spinks told the two boys that he had got some LSD for them at his home in Hastings in Sussex. He paid for them to go there on the train with him and took them back to his flat, where suddenly he produced a kitchen knife and made them strip naked. The burly 30-year-old ordered them to have sex together while he took photographs.

When they failed to perform as he wished, he buggered both of them. Both the boys pleaded with him to stop, but Spinks told them he liked it best when they were scared. He kept them in the flat for two days and gave them LSD. Some of the time, Gary was weeping.

Back on the streets, the two boys reported nothing — they were no friends of the police — and they returned to scavenging for anything that would get them stoned. Towards the end of July 1993, Gary alone contacted Spinks again, in search of more drugs. Spinks met him in Hastings, gave him some LSD and some hours later, in a state of wild confusion, Gary found himself on board a Jetfoil en route from Dover to Ostend.

Spinks and another man were beside him. They had got him a false ID, pretending he was a 17-year-old called Michael Samuels. Gary guessed they must be going somewhere to get more drugs. He was wrong. They were going to central Amsterdam, to a club called the Blue Boy, where Spinks was going to sell him.

At first sight, the Blue Boy looks like an ordinary bar: loud music, low red lighting, a counter full of spirits along one wall. The clues to its real nature soon emerge. On the walls, there are collages of naked and semi-naked young men. On top of the bar there is an album — rather like a mail-order catalogue — in which there is page after page of advertisements for young men who are available to the Blue Boy's customers.

"We always have a wide choice of truly the best boys in town," says a flyer lying on the bar. A young man walks on to the tiny stage at the far end of the bar, dances and strips. Other young men appear, wearing only brief underpants, inviting customers to come upstairs to the little bedrooms with the neat white towels on each bed, to the S and M room with the cage and the bed with straps at each corner. "Indulge your wildest fantasies with the very best boys in town."

In Amsterdam, it is legal for males aged over 16 to work in the sex industry. But when Warwick Spinks sold him to the Blue Boy, Gary was only 14.

Gary says that in the club he was drugged and sexually abused. "People could do what they wanted to you," he says. The ownership of the club has since changed hands, but under the old management other young men who worked in the Blue Boy have complained bitterly that they were trapped, by threats of violence and by the removal of their passports. They say they were pressured to do as customers demanded, regardless of whether they consented.

On the evening of August 2, Gary scrambled out of the toilet window and found a policeman. The secret world of Warwick Spinks was about to collapse. Acting on Gary's evidence, Scotland Yard's Paedophilia Unit raided Spinks's flat in George Street, Hastings. There they found a collection of seven photographs, showing Gary and Peter locked in a naked and timid embrace; and a mugshot of Gary which had been used to produce the false ID in the name of Michael Samuels. They charged Spinks with abduction and buggery and, in March 1995, at Lewes Crown Court, Warwick Spinks was jailed for seven years.

The Spinks who was exposed in that trial was a deeply secretive figure. Outwardly, he was an ebullient, street-wise East Ender, nephew to the Olympic boxer, Terry Spinks, a bit of a show-off who liked to boast that he could speak half-a-dozen languages, a loud-mouth who liked to hold court in the nightclubs of Amsterdam, Prague and Tenerife (where he owned flats which he rented out to tourists). Behind that facade, he was an obsessively promiscuous paedophile who loaned his flats to other paedophiles and criss-crossed Europe in search of young boys — "chickens", as he called them — for his own purposes and for sale to others.

IN THE TWO years since that trial, we have entered Spinks's world, drawing on information gathered by both British and Dutch police in what they jointly called Operation Framework. The information includes tapes of Spinks which were secretly recorded by an undercover police officer in Holland and paperwork with his recorded details of his paedophile deals. Some of his victims have also come forward, some anonymously, others openly.

The world of Warwick Spinks was based in Amsterdam, where scores of British paedophiles settled after a police crack-down in London in the late 1960s. In 1985, Dutch police reviewed their intelligence on child pornography and found almost nothing relating to Amsterdam: in four years, they had come across only three cases. Seven years later, after the arrival of Spinks and his friends, they repeated the exercise and found that nearly 250 people in Amsterdam were involved in the industry, most of them foreign; they seized 6,000 videos.

The paedophiles established their illegal life among the relaxed and lawful surroundings of the gay bars and brothels of Amsterdam. In the late 1980s, Spinks worked in one of these, the Gay Place, a brothel which no longer exists, where he sold alcohol and young men to tourists.

One of his customers was a gay man from Birmingham called "Edward" (not his real name), who says that even then, Spinks was operating as an entrepreneur, not only selling lawful sex with young male prostitutes, but also meeting a very specific demand in the sexual market place.

"People would approach him," Edward says, "being the sort of character he was, and say that they wanted to have sex with boys who were younger than the age allowed in the brothels, or to have rough sex, or extremely dangerous sex with under-age children." According to Edward, Spinks was soon searching out suitable young boys all over Europe.

He always called them "chickens" and he was soon finding them in Munich, Berlin, London and, after the collapse of the Soviet empire, in the Czech Republic. "He would find their weak spot," Edward says, "so he was able to approach the boys and offer them something that they needed at the time, whether it was just a roof over their head or security or money or drugs or just two meals a day."

Spinks made similar boasts to another man who befriended him in Holland but who was, unknown to Spinks, a police officer working undercover. Spinks told him: "I am good at picking up stray chickens. I have been all over the world. I'm an international slut." He described how he picked up boys in Dresden, in Bratislava in the Czech Republic and in Poland where, he claimed, they cost only 10 pence.

"All those chickens with no money," he chuckled. In London, he said, he was particularly keen on the hamburger bars around Piccadilly Circus. And he was full of

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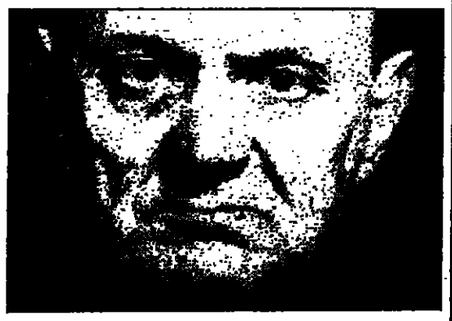


A scene from the video, Bjorn (above). Jeffries, (right) known to the boys he abused as 'Uncle Harry'. He told children he was the offical photographer for Bovver Boots, a 'theatrical agency for children' run by Howells (below right). Spinks, (below left) said he could obtain videos of boys being tortured

excitement about Hastings. "The chickens down the coast are very bored, they have got no money, they are not streetwise like Londoners and they spend all of their time in arcades."

Kenny Abbott was 17, homeless, penniless and drifting into drugs in November 1992, when Spinks befriended him at Victoria Station and gave him his phone number. By now, Spinks was living in Britain again and a few weeks later invited Kenny to come on a trip to Amsterdam. Kenny accepted. "I didn't have many friends at the time and he seemed OK."

But on the first night in Amsterdam, Spinks took Kenny to a private club and showed him an album of photographs of naked boys, aged between nine and 13. "Some of them looked scared. Some of them looked drugged up," Kenny says. One of the pictures, showing a boy of about 10, was marked "virgin".

Spinks took Kenny on a tour of Amsterdam clubs, got him drunk and then raped him. Later, Spinks tried to insist that Kenny repay a debt by recruiting young boys for sex and for making films. He pointed to a group of 13-year-olds playing and told him he'd pay £200-£300 each for boys like that.

Kenny remonstrated. "I says 'What do you get out of it?' And he says he likes them to cry; he likes to see pain. I mean, that's what he does. He just enjoys it."

The boys that Spinks found were an investment as well as a pleasure. He pimped them through his own escort agency. In his flat in Hastings, police found two lists marked Klantenlyst — Clients — and Jongenlyst — Boys.

The boys were listed by age and sexual characteristics. The clients were listed by name, telephone number and sexual preference. Michael of Slough wanted light corporal punishment, Richard of Paddington wanted trios and was married, Mike from north London preferred his boys smooth and hairless. Against several of the clients, he had noted one particular preference — "chicken".

In Amsterdam, Spinks decided to open his own brothels on boats outside the central city, well beyond the sight and hearing of neighbours. Edward saw Spinks the pimp in action one afternoon when he appeared outside the Gay Place with a young boy, probably aged seven or eight, blond with blue eyes. Spinks was holding the boy's hand.

Edward asked him what he was doing: "He glanced down at the boy and said 'I've got to make a delivery, I'm going to be another half an hour'. I don't know what happened to that boy. I never saw the boy again and I decided not to ask Warwick what he meant by making a delivery."

Spinks was not the only British man who was procuring boys this way. One of his friends in Amsterdam, Peter Howells, was involved in a particularly effective honey trap. He owned a theatrical agency for children with offices in London and Amsterdam. It was called Bovver Boots. Howells is a convicted paedophile who has also been named in police statements by children from Hackney in north London who say that they were abused, photographed and filmed. These children were initially befriended by an amiable old man, known to his neighbours in Hackney as "Uncle Harry".

His real name is Owen Jeffries, he is 71 years old and he, too, is a convicted paedophile. He told children he was the official photographer for Bovver Boots, he gave them sweets and drinks and a chance to become film stars. He conned them into posing in swimming trunks, rubbed oil on their bodies, saying "it enhances the picture," and cajoled or threatened the children into stripping completely.

– Once he had his first nude pictures, he warned the children that he would show them to their parents and their friends on the estate if they did not do as he told them.

The youngest child photographed by Jeffries was only five. The children were prodded with a metal stick to make them strike the right pose. One of the victims, Matthew, says there was a hole in the wall between the room where the children were photographed and the next room, where Harry's friends could watch.

After five years of abuse, Matthew, who was then 14, went to the police, with the result that Jeffries was jailed. Detective Inspector Ian Delbarre, who led that inquiry, believes many of Uncle Harry's pictures found their way to Amsterdam. Dutch police who visited Howells' houseboat on a quiet canal in central Amsterdam found the walls papered with obscene photographs of young boys.

While men like Peter Howells treated children as sex objects, Warwick Spinks and some of his Amsterdam friends broke new boundaries in treating them also as marketable goods. Some of those most closely involved have spoken of a house in north London where boys, aged between 11 and 14, were bound and buggered for the camera by two British paedophiles. They say that boys were imported to Amsterdam for more film-making.

They recall Spinks trying to charge £4,000 for a video of an eight-year-old boy being sexually abused and tortured by two men and they describe him showing a video in which a pre-pubescent boy was tortured, castrated and murdered.

The claims of these anonymous associates may stretch belief. They may be nothing but malice. Yet the allegations that Spinks was distributing such films is supported by others and, most significantly, by the words of Warwick Spinks himself. The undercover police officer asked Spinks if he could obtain a sado-masochistic video involving some very young "chickens". Unaware that he was being recorded, Spinks said he thought he could.

"How young is young?" he asked.

"Pretty young," said the officer.

"What? 10?"

"Yes, that sort of age."

"I know people in Amsterdam," said Spinks. "I might even have one myself. I'll have a look. I think I might have one hidden away in my cellar downstairs."

The officer went on to tease more out of Spinks, telling him that friends had been offered a snuff movie, in which someone was tortured to death, for £6,000. Spinks spoke with the voice of an expert.

"They're not six grand," he said. "I know —I knew — some people who were involved in making snuff movies and how they did it was, they only sold them in limited editions, made 10 copies or something, 10 very rich customers in America, who paid $5,000 each, which is a lot of money to watch some kids being snuffed. I mean, I steer a wide berth from those people. I know somebody who was in a snuff movie and somebody got snuffed in front of him and he never knew it was a snuff movie. They had tied him up and done terrible things to him and killed him."

"Did they?" asked the officer.

"And he has been really petrified since, because he was like from Birmingham, middle twenties. I know the person who made the film. I felt sorry for this boy, it was a German boy."

"How old?" asked the officer, nudging Spinks along.

"About 13, 15. He thought he was going to make 200 guilders and ended up being dead."

What was Spinks talking about? Was he involved only in the distribution of these films, or did he know something about their production? This week Spinks denied any involvement. Speaking from his prison cell, he said: "I had three brothels in Amsterdam but that does not make me a murderer. It does not make me an associate of murders, it does not mean I'm in a paedophile ring because I've never had anything to do with anything like that."

This is contradicted by others. One of Spinks's closest friends in Amsterdam is a convicted international drug dealer, "Frank" (not his real name), who lived with his boyfriend just outside the city. The boyfriend was in his mid-twenties when Spinks knew them.

Frank has since told British police that Spinks and his friends were involved in producing films in which children were raped and killed. Edward, too, was close to Spinks at this time. He claims to have seen five videos which were produced by Spinks and Frank and Frank's boyfriend, in which young boys were abused and murdered. Frank denies this.

There is one particular video which Edward has described for Network First with terrible clarity. There was a man, he says, "who was allowed to do anything he wanted" to a boy: "There was sound on the camera. You could hear the waves slapping against the side of the boat, you could hear noises of water-fowl in the background . . ."

"You saw the guy trying to shake the boy and the boy was a rag doll, the boy couldn't move at all, and he left him lying down on the seats, going around to the left in a half circle. The boy was actually flopped across the seat, faced towards the camera. Then there was panic, there was a lot of running in and out, the camera got hit from the side and got blanked out."

**'He likes them to cry, he likes to see pain. I mean, that's what he does. He just enjoys it.'**

NETWORK First has passed all of the information to British and Dutch police, who examined it and decided to launch an inquiry. Edward has given detailed statements to both forces and identified a house in Hoofdorp near Amsterdam where, he says, some of the videos were made and a second house where, he claims, Spinks was living with Frank and his boyfriend.

He has taken police to a lake where, he says, Frank's boyfriend told him that the bodies of the dead children were dumped. He has named two Dutch criminals who are said to have sold the tapes in sections, starting with the death and charging more and more for the preceding clips: one of these criminals is believed to be a leading member of the Dutch mafia; the other is a Dutch paedophile who has run his own brothels in Amsterdam.

Edward describes the children he says he saw in all five videos. "There was a boy with sallow skin and brown hair, brown eyes, which is unusual for Amsterdam. I've no idea where they got him from. There were two blond-haired boys and a strawberry-blond boy, and a boy with a very distinctive haircut."

Police in London and Amsterdam confirm that Edward was a known associate of Warwick Spinks and of Frank, and that he approached British Customs officers several years ago to make these allegations. Dutch police confirm that Spinks was living at the one of houses identified by Edward with two British men.

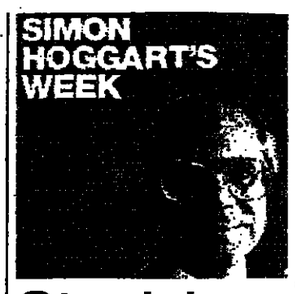
Scotland Yard and the Dutch police are believed also to be looking for links between Spinks and the Bjorn Tape. The fate of Bjorn is not known. Detective Constable Terry Bailey who has searched for clues in the tape told us: "When you see the terror that is on the child's face, and the fear that is there . . . It is so horrific."

This summer, Warwick Spinks is due to be released from prison. The Appeal Court cut his sentence from seven years to five. As Spinks boasted to the undercover officer: "I know I'm a fat old queen, but I get away with it. I get away with murder."

Network First's The Boy Business will be screened on ITV on Tuesday April 8, 10.40pm.

The names of Gary and Peter are false, to protect their privacy as the victims of sex offences.

## SIMON HOGGART'S WEEK



# Stuck in the slow lane with the IRA

HAVING studied the IRA, on and off, for almost 30 years, I've always been struck by how little they understand this country. They believe their own mythology, and imagine we are all choleric Victorian imperialists. The nation which gave away India is apparently desperate to hang on to County Tyrone.

I recall a surreal moment in Belfast when some Sinn Fein person told me that the British working classes were 100 per cent behind the Republican movement. His proof? A motion passed by the Coventry Trades Council.

But they certainly got it right with the motorway bombings this week. You've only got to spend a few days on these roads, as I unfortunately have lately, to realise that nothing could bring commerce to a quicker, screeching halt. For one thing, we are quite incapable of repairing anything.

One of the last stories I covered in the US was the San Francisco earthquake, when they managed to fix the undersea tube line in four days. Back here, there were signs at the Hangar Lane gyratory system: "Delays likely for four years." On Thursday, diverted traffic on the M40 passed: "Lane widening. Delays until 1999".

The motorway people are a separate culture, like gypsies, and will not take kindly to seeing their ancient trade routes disturbed. You see them in their Mondeos and Xanthias, jackets dangling on hooks, Annie Lennox tapes blaring out, speeding down the road at 80mph (the minimum the culture permits) so that they have minutes more time to spend in Welcome Breaks, where they browse among the dump bins of cassettes ("72 Country Greats, £7.99") and buy Granary Filled Baps in restaurants kitted out to look like conservatories. These people are in perpetual motion, and if the IRA has slowed them down, a new government may be quickly forced to sue for peace.

REMEMBER the scene in Citizen Kane, when Orson Welles scrawls his "Declaration of Principles", then reverently reproduced, it in his handwriting, on the front page of his paper? A sycophantic sidekick asks him for the original: "It might be pretty important, like the Declaration of Independence . . ." I'm sure Tony Blair wouldn't want to be compared to a demented, megalomaniac publisher, though he does seem to know quite a few.

HAVE you noticed how "brilliant" has replaced "cheers" as a way of saying "thank you"? Even a few months ago, it was emphatic. "I've managed to repair your car." "Oh, brilliant." But now it just means "ta".

I unhooked a colleague's shoulder bag strap from a seat rest, and he said, "Brilliant". A waiter brought us the salt, and my companion said "Brilliant". Then on Friday I held the door open for a bloke leaving a shop, and of course he muttered "brilliant" as he passed.

THE latest issue of the Landmark Trust newsletter has a poignant obituary of Charlotte Haslam, who died recently and suddenly of meningitis at the age of 41.

Like all Landmark Trusties, I guess, I loved the wry, understated yet beguiling descriptions she wrote of the properties in the Trust Handbook.

Unlike any holiday prospectus I can think of, you believed her. It was the reverse of brochure-speak. If she'd worked for some naff agency doing holidays in Spain, she'd have written that the hotel's complete lack of walls "might be off-putting to some, but would be likely to provide pleasing, if occasional, vistas over a building site which is never less than bustling . . ." I never knew her, but felt as if I did.

JOHN MAJOR said the election would be "fun", and so far he's been right. I've particularly enjoyed the discomfiture of the hordes of highly paid admen who are helping run the Tory campaign.

After the failure of their lion — the one weeping scarlet tears at the prospect of a Labour win — they came up with the majestically misconceived chicken. The bird is meant to imply Tony Blair is a coward, but of course it does no such thing. It looks sweet and cuddly, a children's pantomime favourite, or a sporting mascot.

The trouble is that the chicken is a dead metaphor. You might possibly call someone "chicken", but even if you did, the image of a six-foot tall yellow furry feathered hen wouldn't leap into your mind, any more than if you called them a coward you'd think of a playwright in a dressing gown. The beast has no resonance.

I'm sure that if the Tories decided that on the sleaze issue, Labour was flogging a dead horse, they would arrange for a dead horse to be dragged to the Millbank HQ, and then they would hire someone to flog it.

## SMALLWEED

THERE ARE still 10 days left before nominations close for the general election: time enough, even now, for Neil Hamilton to pull out of Tatton. Hamilton refuses to do so, claiming that he is innocent of the charges against him, and asking why a man who has not been proved guilty of any offence should be denied the right to seek re-election. There's a possible compromise here which no one has yet suggested.

In November 1960, when his father, Viscount Stansgate, died, Tony Benn was translated against his will to the Lords. When the by-election was called in Bristol South East, Benn put himself up as a candidate, even though he knew he would be disqualified. The Conservatives fielded against him a candidate called Malcolm St Clair, who stood on the basis that if the rules were changed, and Benn was made eligible for membership of the Commons, he would straightaway stand down in his favour. The passing of the Peerage Act 1963 had exactly this effect: St Clair promptly resigned, and Benn was elected.

Hamilton, this suggests, should now give way to another Conservative candidate, on the basis that, were he to be wholly and unreservedly cleared by Sir Gordon Downey (an event the rest of the world might think was rather unlikely), his replacement would apply for the Chiltern Hundreds and give him the chance to reclaim the seat. Who might this martyr be? Perhaps someone should contact Malcolm St Clair, who according to Who's Who is now 70, and living in Tetbury.

NEW LABOUR, new rulebook. "Labour," Smallweed learned from a piece by Martin Kettle in the Guardian earlier this week, "can use only two type faces." Heretics using anything other than Franklin Gothic or Plantin will no doubt be shot. There are other intriguing requirements in this rule book, mostly concerned to tell candidates how to write for a late 20th century audience. "Avoid tired old clichés," for instance. (Sparkling new clichés, of course, are a different matter.) Use a colloquial phrase not a circumlocution. And above all, this: "Short words are better than long." Orwell's principle. But especially crucial when you look at New Labour, Blair is shorter than Major (or Prescott, or Beckett). Cook is shorter than Rifkind. Brown is shorter than Heseltine. Hardly shorter than Clarke, admittedly, but then everyone knows that Clarke isn't really part of this government.

SOME PEOPLE predict a landslide. But what is a landslide? Nobody seems to know, though. Like "spin doctor", it seems to be an American importation. Fifty seats switching from Tory to Labour would not be a landslide: that wouldn't even give Labour an overall majority. A hundred changing hands? Now you're talking: that's an overall majority of 90 odd, which is very landslidish territory. The only reliable rule seems to be that you know a landslide when you see one. As on May 1 we quite possibly will.

OVER the past two years Smallweed has regularly chronicled the riotous overuse in the press of the word beleaguered and its twin addiction, embattled. It has all got much worse since they called the election. Sightings of "beleaguered" in March numbered 211, to which we should probably add 11 "beleagueredness". "Embattled" lagged behind with a mere 101. Over the year to March 31 "beleaguered" was running at a rate of 189 sightings a month, with 87 a month for "embattled." Leading beleaguerees in recent weeks: Neil Hamilton (top) and Piers Merchant (runner-up). Others include Bobby Gould, the Welsh football team, Glen Hoddle, Brighton FC, the people whose dinner party Paul Watson filmed for TV, Albania, and the teaching profession.

THIS MAY SOUND morbid, but Smallweed has to confess that almost the first bit of Wisden he turns to every spring is the obituary section: so full, year by year, of poignant stories of the greats, the might-have-been greats, and those who made a single appearance for Somerset and were never heard of again. This year's gallimaufry is no exception. William Rodney Caldwell, who gets in because he played three matches for the MCC, was later team manager of Birmingham City for just three matches: "He is believed," Wisden says, "to be the only Birmingham manager in history with an unbeaten record." (How I savour that "believed to be": the spirit of true scholarship). Thomas Mitchell (Notts) was a former miner who never played test cricket again after telling his captain, RES Wyatt, in the Lords Test of 1935: "You couldn't captain a box of lead soldiers." At the funeral of the much loved spinner Sam Cook, his Gloucestershire colleague Arthur Milton, observing the distant plot in which he was buried, was heard to observe: "See, they've got you down at third man again, old son." The most perfect entry of all is for Sister Mary Peter Doyle, who died in Upper Hutt, New Zealand, at 109: "She attributed her longevity to her faith in God and her interest in cricket."

arts

Paradise regained ... even the hard-headed say Milton Keynes's public art represents money well spent. From top, Ronald Rae's Wounded Elephant; Robert Koenig's oak column Metropolis; and John Clinch's bronze Vox Pop

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID MANSELL

# So Milton Keynes is a national joke? National treasure, more like

**David McKie** pays homage to the town with a heart for civic art

Scott Garrett as the new town's first arts development manager. But like all the new unitaries, it emerges into its longed-for independence facing formidable constraints. Services formerly run by the county, like education and libaries, clamour for its attention. The new unitaries are strapped for cash. Alternative sources are drying up. As a paper on the arts in Milton Keynes (commissioned from the Creative Options consultancy by the council, the Commission for New Towns and the Southern Arts Board) stresses, aspirations are high and resources scarce.

ENTERPRISES like this depend on maintaining momentum. As Roy Jenkins once said of Britain's relations with Europe, these relationships are like a love affair: if you're not making progress, you are falling back. You can see what this means from the fate of another new town, Harlow in Essex, which long before Milton Keynes set out to be a community with the arts built into it. Its first major commission was a piece called The Family by one of the greatest names of the age, Henry Moore, who lived not far away at Much Hadham. There's another Moore in the gardens behind the Civic Centre, along with Rodin's Eve and a boar by Liz Frink; there's a vigorous set of meat porters, by Ralph Brown, in the market place and a work by Lynn Chadwick between Marks & Spencer and Virgin Records, far too close to a cluster of telephone kiosks. And Moore's Family — saluted in a guide to the Town Hall as exemplifying what life in Harlow is all about — has gone. Having failed to find it where the guide books said it was stationed, I tried the Town Hall.

They knew it had gone, but it took a series of phone calls to establish its new address: the Henry Moore Foundation at Much Hadham. Hardly surprising, a Harlovian told me: it was moved after someone tried to behead it.

Times are harder for Harlow than for Milton Keynes. MK is also far bigger. In MK, the demographics are mostly favourable. There's a young work force, with unemployment well below the national average; only 10.9 per cent of the population are past retirement age, compared with 18.9 per cent nationally. There are four times the national average of "affluent executives"; 30 per cent of the work force has professional qualifications against 21 per cent nationally.

Harlow has weathered badly: the centre, once hailed as exhilarating, is drab and in poor repair. The civic buildings look tatty and sad. Milton Keynes is fresh and well ordered, as clean as a town in Holland, and it's set in a landscape part natural and part manufactured. Young people sometimes complain that Milton Keynes offers them little. Yet to anyone coming from London it's a shock to encounter such a vandal-free environment. The sculptures in the centre, utterly unprotected, have been spared even minor graffiti. People attribute that partly to the value of artists working in schools but partly to the sense of the place: "If you are in a good space," says Fionnuala Boyd, "you feel better about the world."

Even the hardest-headed seem to regard the public art as money well spent. It isn't just an indulgence: it civilises the place.

And though it doesn't always show up in account books, it helps to make the town prosper. Executives contemplating company relocations are not attracted to cultural deserts. Nor are foreign investors. The square in front of the station is the first thing you see in the city. And Rae's figures suggests that something lively is happening.

Milton Keynes has often been treated as a national joke. Milton Keynes: isn't that the place with the concrete cows? Maybe: but thanks to enlightened authority and to unofficial people who made things happen, it's also the place with so much more. And, hopefully, with much more to come.

YES, I have been to Milton Keynes; and no, I did not see the cows. I saw the granite people by the Scottish sculptor Ronald Rae which greet you outside the station, and the papier-mâché figures by Willi Soukop in the big new church with the dome on Saxon Gate, which were rescued from warehoused obscurity by an arts group called AIM (Art in Milton Keynes). I saw Rae's Wounded Elephant and other animal statuary in Campbell Park and the work of the Silbury Group in the old Westbury Farmhouse (they have open days on Fridays and an exhibition in Milton Keynes centre starting in June); and the studio at Great Linford where Fionnuala Boyd and Leslie Evans, who came in 1962 to be artists in residence and have been here ever since, produce their collaborative paintings. And Susan Hitching's Portals, made from railway sleepers, rescued from a park in Southampton, now installed on an island in a lake in Furzeton. And a great deal else. Given time, I might also have seen the collections at the Open University, the hospital, the civic offices, and the library; and the crafts centre in the CBX building, and the printmakers at Great Linford; and Liliane Lijn's aluminium and wire Circle Of Light in the shopping centre. I might have looked in on Wavendon, where John Dankworth and Cleo Laine, blessed with Lottery money, are recreating the centre that stages their concerts and annual festival. But no, I did not see the cows.

Though many might hate to lose them. The cows — the concrete cows created by a later MK artist in residence, the American Liz Leyh — have become a bit of a problem. When you say you've been to MK, people instantly ask if you've seen them, as though they're the purpose and essence of the place. They've now been moved from their earlier pasture near the railway station to a site away from the centre. Those intent on establishing MK's reputation as a place which breathes artistic endeavour through every pore might not perhaps be too sad if, through some epidemic of concrete BSE, Milton Keynes were to get shot of them.

THE CITY of Milton Keynes (that's what it is, as the population heads for 200,000, though so far it's been denied the designation) aspires to be a place where works of art punctuate the townscape as naturally as commas in sentences. It wouldn't have happened without enlightened public authorities and business sponsors — but it would not have happened either without volunteer movers and shakers, wheedlers, coaxers, wanglers, beggars and borrowers who don't take no for an answer. Originally the public authority was the New Town Development Corporation, which gave birth to MK 30 years ago. Later it meant the Commission for New Towns, the successor authority which made its home in MK; and it meant especially John Napleton, head of the commission, who found Westbury Farm, funded the rescue of stranded works like Portals, and found homes in office blocks in the centre for AIM and the Craft Group.

The volunteer movers and shakers are people like Deborah Dallyn, who created the set-up at Westbury Farm, and, above all, Edna Read Neal. She began in 1972, as the artist wife of an MK MD, buying a van, taking paintings round to such offices as might hang them, then descending on London galleries and persuading them to lend others. Later, she started a second trust. AIM, which has now raised over £150,000 for art in MK. Throughout, as a kind of near-penniless impresario, she has begged and cajoled, and infected others, some of whom are now taking over her activities.

Progress has also depended on a mix of the permanent and the temporary — some of which, if things go well, may become permanent too. The Rae pieces across the city could at any time be recalled, or privately sold. The green outside the station, where office workers picnic among them, and the other locations where these pieces have come to rest, would look naked without them now. If the removal men came for some of them — especially the Wounded Elephant, which must have touched the hearts of people who might never have crossed the road to look at sculpture — Milton Keynes might turn out en masse to stop them.

Progress also means, as Deborah Dallyn says, a mix of work from outside and creation within the community. So MK has its prestige imports, but also its three workshop centres, and Westbury Farm, with 10 studios in permanent use by local artists and one for transients. Another group of artists uses barns at Bradwell Manor, home of the City Discovery Centre. It isn't enough. Where ageing cities have empty warehouses or arches under the railway for artists, brand new MK has none. Perhaps one day more can be done, possibly with Lottery money.

YOU HEAR a lot about Lottery money in Milton Keynes. They've recently landed one of the largest grants: £19.6 million, more than half of an entire Arts Council disbursement, to pay for a theatre and art gallery — the first of any size in the town. So this is an optimistic moment in MK's brief history. Yet it's also an apprehensive one. The old fairy godmothers — the development corporation and the new towns commission — are retreating into the wings. The borough council has begun by commissioning an inventory of the town's artistic legacy and appointing Pauline

## SHOOTING STARS

**Rising: Janet McTeer**

**Up ...** The 'new Vanessa Redgrave' explodes on to the theatre scene in the mid-eighties with leads at the RSC and Royal Court.
**Up ...** For her revelatory Nora in A Doll's House last year, she garners Best Actress gongs a-go-go. The production makes for New York, where work permit wrangles intrude.
**And Away ...** McTeer finally strutted the Broadway boards this week and triumphed. 'The pulse quickens, the eyes well,' wrote one critic. Tony awards beckon.

**Falling: Noel Flanagan**

**Going ...** 'A musician's life is a precarious one,' says 39-year-old Flanagan. Too right. Previous roles include the front part of a St Bernard to promote a hospital radio station.
**Going ...** So Flanagan accepts a Faustian pact with the Tories — to play the chicken in a very cheep stunt to stalk Tony Blair. The previously apolitical vegetarian slips into the yellow fluffy suit.
**Gone ...** Like all jobs created by the Tories, Flanagan's won't last long. What's the betting that he's getting less than £3 an hour?

Crackheads, gang war and a contract hit – that's what one of the toughest estates in the country made of Macbeth. **Jill Turner** reports

# Pulp Shakespeare

IT WAS depressingly wet on the Ladywood council estate in Birmingham and Darren Whitbrook was talking about his day. "I was hanging around at home with some mates, taking a few drugs and that, when these guys burst in. There were about six of them.

"They stormed into my room, gave us a beating. One of my mates got CS gas sprayed in his face. I just got me head bashed about a bit. They yanked me around by the hair and chucked me out the door. Still hurts a bit, actually."

The 24-year-old rubbed his head and grinned, ruefully. "I'm a crackhead, you see." And his punishment beating is all in the name of art. He is one of a number of residents on the impoverished 2,500-home estate who are acting alongside professionals in a new production of Macbeth for BBC2's Performance season to be shown tonight.

The film urbanises the Scottish Play in a contemporary framework. Duncan is the godfather on a tough estate where people survive by drug dealing and extortion. Rivals are stamped out with iron bars and baseball bats but things spin out of control when Macbeth, a local drug user, is told by three kids that he is to become the estate's controller himself. His wife urges him to murder Duncan which unleashes a terrible chain of violence and betrayal.

Local residents were initially suspicious at director Penny Woolcock's decision to film on Ladywood, fearing their estate would be labelled as a ghetto of drug dealers, addicts and criminals. But it helped that Woolcock had used Ladywood in her award-winning documentary about a community theatre group, Shakespeare On The Estate.

The production team, initially concerned about theft and vandalism, had no trouble. One of the Ladywood actors, a tough and burly young man, was largely responsible for this having knocked on a few troublemakers' doors beforehand and warning them that if anything untoward happened he'd want to know why.

Youngsters enjoyed the excitement of having a film crew around. Whether it will turn them on to Shakespeare is another question. On the first day a schoolboy ambled up to investigate. He wanted to know if the film contained a) Jean Claude van Damme, b) any kickboxing, and c) lots of and lots of guns. When he was answered in the negative he left, saying: "It must be boring, then".

FOR many adults this brush with acting brought a new confidence. Some have gone on to set up dance groups, write TV scripts or try an acting career.

Woolcock was surprised at the talent she found: "There is a terrible misconception that the arts are for a certain type or class of person. It is very English and very wrong and I think it seriously impoverishes us."

"Before I got involved with Shakespeare On The Estate," said 32-year-old Martin O'Brien, who plays Seyton, "I was an unemployed lorry driver and my life was just a case of getting through every day and knowing nobody was going to give me a chance. Now I have ambition."

In contrast the professional actors began to assume the characters of estate tough guys while they were on location in Ladywood. James Frain, who plays Macbeth and whose credits include The Buccaneers and Mill On The Floss, was slumped against a graffiti-covered wall picking his fingernails with an evil-looking knife. Graham "Malcolm" Bryan was swinging a baseball bat with casual malevolence.

"It's quite bizarrely schizophrenic," said Andrew "Banquo" Tiernan. "The people on the estate all want to be actors now, the actors wanted to be people on the estate."

This metamorphosis is particularly poignant for Tiernan, who had just returned from filming in Hollywood.

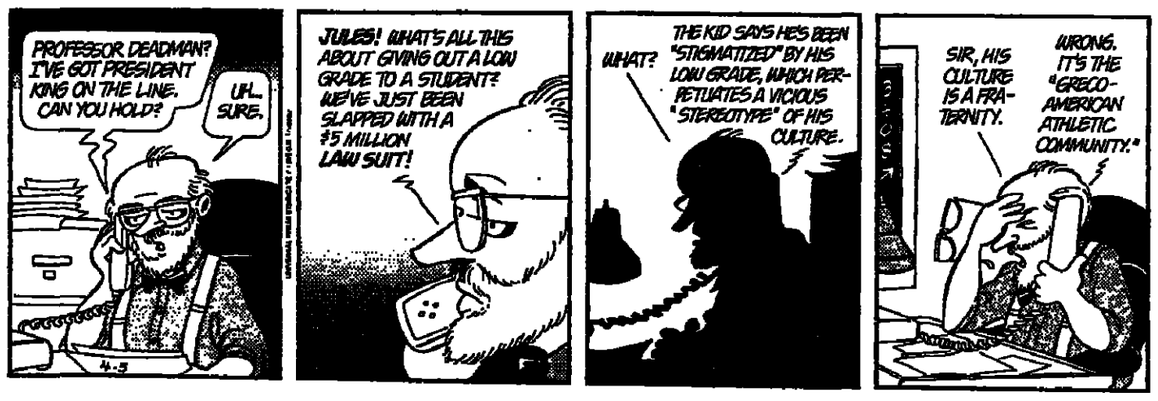
"The BBC told me they were doing this Macbeth on a really tough estate in Birmingham. It turned out to be where I lived until I was 17. It's ironic. I got into acting to escape this life, and acting has brought me right back to it."

Tiernan, 30, backs the project. "Most of the guys round here would make Noel and Liam Gallagher look like babies so it's great to see them get into a bit of Shakespeare and get a new attitude, even a new life. I do try and temper their enthusiasm a bit, though, by telling them how difficult an actor's life can be, that it's not all glamour."

Macbeth is on BBC2 at 10.30pm tonight.

## Doonesbury Flashbacks

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



CHANNEL SURFING
STUART JEFFRIES

# Body talk

YOU could tell Melanie Sykes used to be a model. She'd only managed to do up three buttons on her cardigan before appearing on *The Jack Docherty Show* (Channel 5). The previous evening on Jay Leno (NBC Super Channel), a young woman came on to publicise her film wearing a dress that was both backless and frontless. So it goes on chat shows: the less you have to say, the less you must wear.

So far Docherty's guests have been as dull as muesli, but, by thunder, he knows how to get the best out of them. He gave brass-band enthusiast Sykes a trumpet. She obliged with a number called Scale Of C, one of those tricky little pieces from the classical repertoire. She hadn't quite mastered it. But that's entertainment, or at least what passes for it on Channel 5: some Z-list celeb blowing her own trumpet, badly.

Docherty doesn't so much ask questions as offload one-liners on his guests. Why are rappers called Dr Dre, Snoop Doggy Dogg. Notorious BIG, he asked Ice T. Why isn't there a rapper called Dr Ferguson? And what does the successful rapper sing about once he's left the 'hood? "There's no melon in my trailer? Where's my pool attendant?" offered Docherty.

It's a technique borrowed from *The Mrs Merton Show* (BBC1), where the questions invite gormless mugging rather than answers, even when the guest is as intelligent and resourceful as Joanna Lumley. "My son Malcolm used to ring somebody who sounded like you and he never said who it was," said Mrs Merton. "It was an 0898 code. What area is that?"

Larry Sanders, the cod US talk-show host, regularly enjoins viewers not to change channels during the ad breaks. "No flipping," he pleads. The joke is that the injunction has no force: he, like Letterman, may be good at comic monologues, but after the break it's all product-placement showbiz blah allied to feeble interviewing. But, under the philistine rule of the late-night chat-show oligarchy — Merton, Selina Scott, Docherty, Bob Mills, etc — there is nothing to do *but* flip, nothing to stop the heart from sinking, or the soul, little by little, from withering.

On *Selina Scott* (Sky 1), a show that marries the intellectual clout of John Craven's Newsround to the production values of an Open University geology programme, Scott pitted her formidable syntax against Swampy, who really does clean up a treat. He was interviewed with a colleague called Strappy, with whom he'll be able to form a rap duo — Swampy Strappy Scamps, perhaps. Only after they've defeated the forces of tarmacadamed woe, of course.

Selina, though new, is more boring than Swampy (work with me), and devoid of the US wit and gimmickry that Docherty openly copies. Docherty's is a small-scale model: the band is smaller, the set smaller and the jokes never large. But he has a likeable manner and a bright future (if not on Channel 5).

Apparently, the new network's retuning programme has resulted in spectral images of C5 appearing during other channels' programmes. Docherty parodied this, posing as a critical spook behind Paxman on Newsnight. "Woooh, Jeremy! You're a big bully! Don't be so mean!"

This could be the future of the chat show: hosts needn't have guests, but could instead appear on each other's shows. A self-contained, self-reflective media world. The acme of cheap TV, the death of the myth that more channels means more choice. As Leonard Cohen said, I have seen the future and, boy, it is murder.

WAVE RIDING
LYN GARDNER

# Ads and lasses

LAST Tuesday on *Talk Radio* they were discussing miracles — "things that science can't explain". What nobody can explain to me is how so many commercial radio stations survive on so little advertising.

Take Saturday night on Talk Radio itself, when Carolyn Marshall was dying on air. I kept thinking, "Why don't they give the poor woman an ad break?" I'd even have welcomed an interruption from the Carphone Warehouse, which spreads itself so promiscuously across the stations that I've sworn a vow of celibacy as far as mobile phones are concerned. Or another blast of that particularly irritating advert for a college offering GNVQs (Going Nowhere Very Quickly, says a teacher friend) that gummed up the airwaves for so long.

Silence between records is not always golden. You knew the old Viva was going down the tubes when it took to paying plaintive little messages informing you just what an effective medium radio advertising is, and it doesn't seem to be doing much better in its new incarnation as *Liberty*.

Several hours' listening last week yielded only a highways information advert and a chance to buy a Nat King Cole CD. Sally Meen did her best to make up for it one day with a shopping extravaganza and suggestions for Easter presents — but this was on Easter Monday, making it rather like giving tips for Christmas presents on Boxing Day. Still, the entire station is a little slow on the uptake. If my ears didn't deceive me, the newsreader had forgotten to turn her clock forward.

Perhaps we should glad of the dearth of radio advertising. Some television commercials are little works of art; posters have arguably brought wit and colour to the bus shelter; lots of people buy glossies for the advertising as much as the editorial — but you'd have to be stone-deaf to enjoy most radio commercials.

Drive across the country picking up one local commercial station after another, and it's like travelling back in time, as salesmen from Luton to Hexham tell you in the same urgent tones, with the same dodgy vowels, against the same jazzy music, why you should buy a used family saloon, phone or PC from them and them alone. It's not much better on a national level. In a rare comic gem, Harry Enfield spoofed the whole genre of slash-and-flash radio advertising brilliantly in an award-winning radio ad for the Armadillo and Dime Bar Warehouse.

You can't even be sure what they're selling much of the time. *Melody* recently ran one of my favourite ads, in which a chain of nursing homes offered prospective inmates a free trial week. I imagine they were inundated with calls from exhausted thirtysomethings with small children. I was certainly tempted to pick up the phone.

The secret of success is good scriptwriting, a strong sense of drama and great production values. The Central Office of Information's award-winning seatbelts campaign is a case in point. Narrated in Listen With Mother tones, it tells the story of Ben and Katie talking about Peter Pan as they are driven to school.

"What fun it must be to fly," says Ben. "Fancy never growing up," says Katie. It is the detail that really gets you where it hurts — Ben flying through the windscreen, pausing only to lose his little eye on the driving mirror; Katie and Daddy's heads bumping together like soft-boiled eggs. "What a mess!" I've listened again and again, and it's more moving than even Spoonface.

It's amazing what nine Oscars can do. Anthony Minghella left theatre in despair – now people are queuing to watch his radio plays. **Lyn Gardner** asks if we will ever learn

# It just won't wash

## The waste

IF YOU had popped along to the Greenwich Theatre in November 1984, you would have caught a speculative history drama about Richard II called Two Planks And A Passion. It was written by the up-and-coming young playwright Anthony Minghella, and directed by the up-and-coming young director Danny Boyle. Where are they now? Not working in the British theatre. Minghella's film The English Patient has picked up nine Oscars; Boyle, of Shallow Grave and Trainspotting fame, is forging his own career as a film director.

It might have been different. Minghella could now be having his plays all over the West End; Boyle, who spent several years at the Royal Court under Max Stafford Clark, might have been about to take up the reins at the National Theatre. But British theatre lets talent slip through its fingers like sand.

Nineteen eighty-six. It was the year the musical really took over: Les Misérables, Mutiny, Time and Phantom Of The Opera all set up shop. It was the year the directors Declan Donnellan and Deborah Warner began to make their mark with classic revivals, showing the way to youngsters who wanted to make names for themselves. It was the year Jonathan Jems's Susan's Breasts did not transfer to the West End; nor the revival of Doug Lucie's scabrous Progress; nor even Dusty Hughes's Futurists, starring the little-known Daniel Day-Lewis as Mayakovsky. It was not a time to be a new writer or a director of new plays.

But the producer Michael Codron, braver than most, took a gamble on Minghella's Made In Bangkok, a provocative exposé of the British abroad, their fantasies, sexual proclivities and role in the sexual and economic exploitation of the Far East. I recall standing outside a Covent Garden café with Minghella as he told me sadly that if the play was not a success he would give up the theatre. The play won awards and lost lots of money. The door into the West End slammed shut for a whole generation.

Minghella kept his word: from then on it was television drama and radio plays: The TV trilogy What If It's Raining?, those brilliant early Inspector Morses, the Storyteller season for Jim Henson and eventually, of course, the British answer to Ghost, the BBC-financed Truly, Madly, Deeply.

The London premiere of Minghella's 1989 Giles Cooper award-winning radio play Cigarettes And Chocolate, at the Man In The Moon, did not quite convince me of the size of the talent we have lost. I have a hazy but warm memory of hearing the play on the radio. It cannot have changed so much; perhaps I have.

Christopher G Sandford's production is fine as far as it goes (and it's extremely stationary). But it does not ever really persuade one that the script was intended for any medium other than radio, and the whole thing feels dated.

There is, however, no mistaking the richness of the writing or Minghella's extraordinary ability to create an emotional landscape that quivers with unspoken feeling. Those who dismissed Truly, Madly, Deeply as an indulgent weepie and re-christened it Sniffily, Snottily, Damply may be similarly irritated by this play's lack of emotional restraint.

Word for note, the script competes on equal terms with the engulfing power of Bach's St Matthew Passion, endlessly played by the central character, Gemma, who has quite simply decided to give up speaking. As is often the case, Gemma's resolute silence brings on a nasty case of the verbal trots in her friends. Her lover, Rob, vents his frustration about their unsatisfactory relationship; Alistair confesses his love for her; her pregnant friend Gale worries about imminent motherhood; and the brittle Lorna not only announces her affair with Rob but recounts in detail the suicides of her mother and her husband's mother. On the radio, those soul-baring monologues had a spare eloquence; performed on the stage, they come across as indulgent, indecent enough to make you want to avert your eyes.

Yet Gemma is clearly an early model for Nina, Juliet Stevenson's character in Truly, Madly, Deeply. She is struck dumb with grief over Greenham Common, the homeless under Waterloo Bridge and Tibetan monks who set fire to themselves, but fails to realise that her silence is as futile as the millions of words that change nothing. There is something seriously kooky, seriously chilling, in her final explanation of her silence. She talks with the religious fervour of an anorexic who has forsaken food. "Last year it was cigarettes, the year before chocolate, but this is best." Next year maybe self-immolation? I almost cheered when Lorna (Julie-Kate Olivier, bearing up well under the strain of being her father's daughter) announced: "To tell you the truth, for the last 10 minutes I've wanted to slap your face." If it serves for anything, this revival is a timely reminder of the gulf between the various mediums and the difficulties of putting a play intended for the radio on the stage. At the very least, it should ensure that any other theatre companies tempted to jump on to the bandwagon and adapt other Minghella scripts for the stage think twice. Although perhaps The English Patient would work better.

Cigarettes And Chocolate is at the Man In The Moon, London SW3 (0171-351 2876), until April 27.

Now, where did I put that Flake?... Anthony Minghella's radio play Cigarettes And Chocolate makes an uneasy transition to the stage

# Hollywood calling? Stick to the stage

## Provocations

IT can't be just the money, or the power, or the fame: these are surely not enough to explain the scrum of respected British theatre directors developing movies.

In the front is Sam Mendes, everyone's perpetual hot tip to run every theatre space in London for the rest of all our lives, pencilled in for no fewer than *three* movies. Only one, The Rise And Fall Of Little Voice, is a stage-derived project. If Mendes is Peter Hall 30 years on, shouldn't he be noting the lesson of his predecessor — that distinction on the boards is no guarantee of a distinguished career in the movies?

To the left is Max Stafford Clark, preparing a period Irish saga with the playwright Stephen Jeffreys for Channel 4 via Zenith (producer Nigel Stafford Clark). Old Max may be something of a king in search of a realm, but earlier Royal Court directors had at best mixed success when they set up in movies.

Other current theatricals with movie projects in hand include the Declan Donnellan, Michael Bodganov, Roger Michell, Brian Stirner and David Leveaux.

Are they all mad? Or just greedy? Or is direction the same knack whether practised in the Almeida or Pinewood or the Arizona desert?

I could argue that the reason film is such an American medium is that it was annexed early on by rodeo riders, medicine men, air aces, burlesque clowns, black marketeers and Bible Belters, whereas British cinema (whatever the hell *that* is) was built like all native artistic endeavour on the novel, the sacred bloody text. You could counter that Hollywood's finest, from Griffith and De Mille to Ophüls, Lubitsch, Welles and Minnelli, came from the stage, that many others (Capra, Hawks, Huston, Wilder) were writers first, and that all of them cared passionately about the script.

Delivering the script is only one part of directing, however, and telling the story makes demands on a movie or TV director that the theatre fugitive has to discover and learn. True, we live in an age of generalists, when anyone who conquers a village immediately sets sights on the universe. But Trevor Nunn, who bestrides the narrow world of the stage like a Colossus, produces only a rare movie of pallid periodicity and none-too-cinematic flair. Meanwhile, Adrian Noble's Dream is roundly dubbed a nightmare.

While the stage is an illusion, the camera never lies. There has been a long line of actors who, peerless on the boards, look like beached whales on the screen. I gladly pay folding money to see Antony Sher on the stage, yet in the recent BBC Moonstone he was so strange and mannered as to be simultaneously repellent and impenetrable. Ian McKellen is lauded for taking his Richard III to the big screen, but just try to ignore him frantically signalling discomfort and thwarted energy in the movie of Six Degrees Of Separation.

These big theatrical talents, used to drawing a large audience to them, have never grasped how to distil power and rhetoric for the single eye of the lens. If they are not to embarrass themselves and us, those stage directors now in development had better be developing a true movie sensibility too.

*W Stephen Gilbert*

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ADVV 1273

A 'living legend' joined bluesman Joe Louis Walker on stage this week – and the result was rather sad. **Robin Denselow** reports

# On yer bike, Ike

## The hard case

FOR a minute or two, it seemed this could be one of the more memorable disasters of rock history. Joe Louis Walker, the acclaimed West Coast blues guitarist, had just got into his stride at London's Shepherd's Bush Empire. Then he announced he was to be joined by the most intriguing of the many bluesy celebrities who helped on his new album, Great Guitars. "A living legend of blues and of rock'n'roll," he promised, "and a soul legend." All eyes turned to the edge of the stage — and it was empty. The band broke into a jazzy shuffle, but still no one appeared.

"I think we've got to get him. He's upstairs," said a worried-sounding Walker, and only then did his guest turn up. Clad in a white three-piece suit and shirt, Ike Turner was back on a British stage for the first time since the seventies.

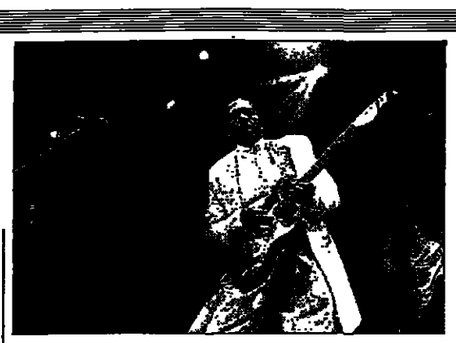
When he was married to Tina, Ike had a hand in some of the most glorious R&B and rock classics of the past 40 years. Since then, her autobiography has told some deeply unpleasant stories of his violence, he's suffered drug problems, and he's spent time in jail. His early career has been largely forgotten.

Now 65, Ike was once a key figure in blues, R&B and pop. He acted as a talent scout for Sam Phillips, produced albums by Howlin' Wolf and BB King, and was credited with the first rock'n'roll song, Rocket 88, 46 years ago. Now, looking more like a southern preacher than a renegade, with his cropped hair and moustache, he moved across to the instrument with which he was originally associated, the piano, and went back to his blues roots.

And he was extraordinarily good, at least for a little while. His first solo was pained and passionate, his voice, like his keyboard work, shot through with a dangerous energy. He stomped his way through Shake, Rattle And Roll and a piano boogie instrumental, then swapped to guitar for the rolling Early One Morning. Then, just as it seemed that he was about to redeem his reputation, it all suddenly fell apart. His voice began to give out and the new Mrs Turner (far younger, blonde, white, wiggling and not a match for Tina) came on stage to take over.

When it was time for Rocket 88, Ike's classic, Joe Louis Walker was singing and was back in command. Ike had returned to the piano, now as one of the backing band.

It was a strange, impressive but sad evening. Sad for the talented, slick and efficient Joe Louis Walker, because he allowed himself to be upstaged by a legend; sad for the legend because on this showing he can't do justice to himself.



No wonder he's got the blues... fallen great Ike Turner

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GODWIN

Tennis

DAVIS CUP: **Stephen Bierley** at Crystal Palace sees the Lincolnshire left-hander level the tie after Zimbabwe make a winning start

# Richardson keeps Britain alive

THOSE who suspected that two Blacks would add up to a first-day whitewash for Britain's Davis Cup team were proved wrong yesterday. Andrew Richardson, who had never played a five-set match before, defeated Zimbabwe's leading player Byron Black 3-6, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4 to level the Euro-African Zone One tie at Crystal Palace yesterday.

It was a gutsy performance by Richardson against a player ranked in the top 50. Britain had hoped the weak link would be Byron's younger brother Wayne but he won the opening match against the other British Davis Cup debutant Jamie Delgado 2-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

Today the Blacks join forces in the doubles against Mark Petchey and Neil Broad, who will take encouragement from Richardson's feisty fight-back.

The Lincolnshire-born left-hander appeared so nonplussed when he won that one might have supposed he had *lost*. "Well, I realised my winning was important," he said.

David Lloyd's plans to get out of the Euro-African zone via next September's play-offs have been based solidly on Tim Henman and Greg Rusedski being fit — or at least one of them. Henman's elbow operation and Rusedski's injured wrist meant Lloyd's list of alternatives was short.

Zimbabwe would have been in an even worse predicament had either of their brothers been injured or ill.

Davis Cup tennis is like this. With Henman and Rusedski fit, Britain might begin to play with the big boys but, having fallen so far, it was always going to be a struggle to raise the sunken ship.

Twice last year Britain did without one of their top two — (Henman against Slovenia, Rusedski against Ghana). On those winning occasions Lloyd played first Mark Petchey and then Luke Milligan in the singles, but this time he opted for two Davis Cup rookies, trusting in their latent ability.

Lloyd could have had no idea how either would react. He knows now that in Richardson, Britain's current No. 6, he unquestionably has a player who will not crumble under pressure. Richardson is also a decent doubles player.

Delgado, going in first, arguably had the more difficult task. Yet he began with such brio, serving like a demon and releasing a wonderful sequence of backhand top-spin winners, that the possibility of Britain taking a 1-0 lead seemed a probability.

Wayne Black has neither the experience nor the ability of his brother but, as this opening match unfolded, it became clear he was every inch a fighter.

"Jamie played brilliantly in the first set. I think I was a bit too defensive and my captain told me to be more aggressive in the second set," said Black junior. Delgado's first serve began to malfunction and, whenever this happened, Black took two large steps inside the baseline and went for broke on the British player's second effort. This paid rich dividends.

The eighth game of the second set was decisive. Delgado, faced with a gently falling ball, went for a Sampras-style slam-dunk to square at 4-4. Instead he missed horribly, later blaming the sun which in Crystal Palace's indoor arena was perhaps a touch creative.

From this point onwards Delgado's game fell away sharply and in all he served 13 double faults. He must hope Britain win the doubles today as he faces Byron Black in the first match tomorrow.

Richardson, whose match lasted just over three hours, must now sit, watch and hope that he gets a chance to complete a Black winning double in the second singles match tomorrow afternoon. He deserves that opportunity but the Blacks will be doubly determined not to give him it.

● Rusedski, whose injury to the left wrist forced him to pull out of the Davis Cup, revealed last night at Crystal Palace that he may have to undergo surgery at the beginning of next month. This could force the British No. 2 to miss Wimbledon.

Not all Black . . . Andrew Richardson, in his first-ever five-set match, on the way to beating Zimbabwe's leading player Byron Black FRANK BARON

Golf

# Olazabal glad to take weight off his feet

**David Davies** sees the Spaniard help set the pace between rests in New Orleans

JOSE MARIA Olazabal produced his best ball-striking round since his return to competitive play for a five-under-par 67 in the New Orleans Classic yesterday. It established him firmly among the early leaders in the clubhouse: only Brad Faxon, two ahead on a seven-under 137, and Lanny Wadkins, one in front, surpassed him.

Olazabal, who won in the Canary Islands last month in what was only the third tournament of his comeback, is still delighted with his form. "I have no complaints in any department," he said. "I played really solid golf on a difficult day — and that is not an easy golf course either."

Worryingly for veteran Ollie watchers, the Spaniard chose to sit down while waiting to putt or waiting for others to do so. He did this on the 7th, 8th and 9th, and again at the 16th and 17th, leading to speculation that his feet had started to give him trouble.

But Sergio Gomez, his manager who walks every hole of every round, said that there had been no complaints from his man and he suspected that it was more a commentary on the pace of play.

Indeed Olazabal himself said afterwards that he thought it sensible to take the pressure off his feet as often as possible.

Hurting or not, Olazabal was playing some seriously good golf. For the first 11 holes he hit every fairway and every green in regulation, and had his putting been up to the same standard, he might have bettered his best here, a record 63 when he finished second in 1994. That was the year, of course, when he won the US Masters.

But that record round is the only time that Olazabal believes he has putted well on these greens, which he finds particularly difficult to read. He did hole a 12-foot putt at the short 3rd for a birdie, but others of the same range had been missed at the 1st and 2nd and were to be missed at the 5th and 7th.

Finally, after a superb cross-wind six-iron at the short 8th, he holed from 15 feet, which may have been the inspiration he needed. The 9th, at 370 yards, is a definite birdie chance and Olazabal almost eagled it. A downwind one-iron left him with a wedge which he almost holed, leaving it less than a foot from the pin.

He did manage to nod an acknowledgment of the applause but not to raise a hand — an area where he could be more gracious.

The 10th also requires an iron off the tee and was downwind, which meant that finding and then holding the tiny green was an accomplishment. The Spaniard hit an eight-iron to nine feet and was able to trickle a downhill putt into the hole.

That took him to four-under and tied him for eighth place, a distinct improvement on the joint-56th he occupied at the start of the round. It was to get better, too.

Two solid shots took him through the green at the 550-yard 11th and he managed to get a crafty little chip, using the contours of the green, to three feet and holed that to be tied for fourth.

A shot slipped away at the 14th where he missed his first fairway and green, hooking into the rough, but he birdied the 15th despite finding a bunker. A five-iron second left him short of the island green, but he pitched to nine feet to move back to five-under par.

He had to hole from 12 feet to save par at the 16th after putting a wedge into sand, but par at each of the last two difficult holes left him pleased with his day.

Cricket

# Hendrick sings the Irish praises

IRELAND qualified for the ICC Trophy semi-finals in Kuala Lumpur with a 51-run win over Hong Kong in their final group match yesterday and then basked in the afterglow of the coach Mike Hendrick's rich praise.

Peter Gillespie took three for 42 and Paul McCrum three for 30 as Hong Kong were bowled out for 172 in reply to Ireland's 223 for seven.

With the top three from the competition qualifying for the 1999 World Cup in England, Ireland are now just one win away from the biggest stage in cricket.

"I am absolutely delighted for the boys because they have been through a lot over the past year," beamed Hendrick. "Anything can happen in one-day cricket and although we now face the favourites Kenya, I know that they are beatable."

The former England pace bowler is confident about tomorrow's game despite the 119-run defeat inflicted on them by the Africans earlier in the tournament. "I hope that we use the memory of that in a positive way and get a different result this time."

Hendrick, who played 30 times for England and is in the middle of a three-year contract with the Irish Cricket Union, added: "In Dekker [Desmond] Curry we have someone who hits the ball harder than anyone I have ever played with and Neil Doak is good enough to play county cricket."

Scotland, who play Bangladesh in the other semi-final on Tuesday,
were forced to suffer an agonising wait before their place in the last four was confirmed.

Having lost to Kenya on a faster scoring rate, Scotland had to rely on Denmark beating Canada in the other Group E game. A seven-run triumph left the Danes level on points with them, but Scotland went into the last four by virtue of beating Denmark by 45 runs in their first quarter-final group game.

## Rain delays West Indies Test

THE Recreation Ground's basic tarpaulin covers and a complete lack of mopping-up materials meant that there was no chance of play before tea in the fourth Test between West Indies and India yesterday, *writes Avidesh Persaud in Antigua.*

Heavy rain overnight saturated the outfield and showers followed around starting time. Groundstaff armed with sponges did their best, squeezing water into dustbins.

To while away the time music was pounded out on giant speakers.

Squash

# Nicol leads British assault

**Richard Jago**

PETER NICOL yesterday became the first player from Scotland for 33 years to reach the British Open semi-finals on a day when three Britons reached the last four of the two main events in Cardiff.

Nicol, looking increasingly confident, moved through in what has always been his bogey tournament by beating the former finalist Brett Martin from Australia 15-10, 15-11, 13-15, 15-12.

He now plays another Australian, Rodney Eyles, the No. 2 seed, who needed five games to take a superb and often tempestuous match against the Canadian Jonathon Power 15-13, 5-15, 9-15, 15-12, 15-11.

Sue Wright went through to the women's semi-finals by repeating her British National final victory over Linda Chapman and now plays Sarah Fitz-Gerald, the top-seeded world Open champion.

Jane Martin and Fiona Geaves were due on court later to ensure a place for a second English woman in the last four.

Rugby League

**Paul Fitzpatrick** on the return of the Saints scrum-half in Paris

# Goulding back in business

BOBBIE GOULDING has served his six-match suspension and returns for St Helens against Paris St Germain at Charlety tonight.

The scrum-half's return means instant anonymity for Lee Briers, the 18-year-old, who has proved such an admirable deputy; he does not even merit a place on the bench.

Goulding renews his half-back partnership with Tommy Martyn, who is restored after an absence of two games with hamstring trouble. This means that Karle Hammond, who has had an outstanding start to the season, will continue at loose forward.

St Helens will be expected to win their fourth league game, their third away, and go clear at the top for 24 hours at least. But Paris are nothing like the easy-beats they were last season.

They were desperately unlucky not to gain some reward — a draw at least — from their match against Salford at The Willows on Monday and their organisation, skill and spirit should make them a match for any side this season.

But they do have injury problems. It took pain-killing injections to get three players on to the field on Monday and Jason Martin was obliged to play in spite of straining his groin during the warm-up.

Martin is missing and Deon Bird, scorer of two tries at Salford, and Jeremy Robinson, their goalkicking stand-off, are also absent. But the PSG coach Peter Mulholland does have a couple of more Frenchmen, Fabien Devecchi and Pierre Chamorin, back with the squad after completing stints with their French clubs in the south.

"We know we are up against it because of injuries but we will be giving 100 per cent and hoping to put on a good display," said Mulholland, who claimed that PSG's performance at Salford was "one of the most courageous any side has given me in my time as a coach".

It is likely that Shaun Edwards will have to settle for a place on the London Broncos bench for the match at Bradford tomorrow. The former Wigan scrum-half and most decorated player in the sport's history is unlikely to oust Josh White yet.

White has been in dazzling form and attributes it in part to the arrival of Edwards and, after another fine game at Oldham on Tuesday, he agreed that he was probably in the richest vein of form of his life.

Long-term injuries to the forwards Jeremy Donougher and Warren Jowitt are now stretching Bradford's resources. "We cannot afford any more injuries," said Matthew Elliott, the Bulls' coach.

Darryl van de Velde has arrived from Australia and will take charge of Warrington for their game with Oldham, but he is likely to rely heavily for this match at least on his assistant Paul Cullen, the veteran forward who plotted Warrington's unexpected win over Wigan on Monday.

## McDermott appeal turned down

BARRIE McDERMOTT, the Leeds prop forward, has failed in his appeal against a three-match suspension imposed for a high tackle in last Saturday's Silk Cut Challenge Cup semi-final.

McDermott was ordered to appear before Thursday's Rugby Football League disciplinary hearing after members of the executive committee spotted the offence in the 24-10 victory over Leeds.

Brian McDermott, the Bradford Bulls' prop, will appeal against the four-match ban imposed for his dismissal for fighting in the cup tie.

Robert Tew, the Australian who has succeeded Ross O'Reilly, will take charge of Workington Town for the first time tomorrow, when they tackle Dewsbury in the First Division.

Snooker

# Williams battles to nail-biting win

**Clive Everton**

MARK WILLIAMS, the 21-year-old Welsh left-hander who has already won two world-ranking titles, led Peter Ebdon 5-2 but had to play a dramatic 11th frame before recording a 6-5 semi-final win in the British Open in Plymouthyesterday. Today's final will pit him against Stephen Hendry or Steve Davis.

Williams, who rose from 39th to 16th in the world rankings last season, will finish this one in the top eight. If *natural talent was all* there was to it he would be in the top four but he is inclined to be careless with easy balls when he is going well and suffers from Clincher's Disease while in winning positions.

His hallmark is a devastating half-hour burst. One put him 3-0 up towards his 5-1 quarter-final win over Tony Drago and another yesterday carried him from 2-2 to 5-2 — save for his frustration when Ebdon declined to concede the seventh despite needing an impossible number of snookers.

Williams conceded the eighth at 0-67 with two reds left, had to sit out Ebdon's 80 in the ninth and was caught at 5-5 when the world No 3 added 35 to his 12-point lead in the 10th. And when Williams fouled a red with his cuff at 23-0 in prime position in the decider the odds appeared to favour Ebdon.

## Results

### Rugby Union

SUPER 12: Auckland 29, Canterbury 28; ACT 50, Free State 23; Natal 29, Wellington 24.

### Golf

FREEPORT-McDERMOTT CLASSIC (New Orleans): First round (US unless stated): 65 L Rinker; S McCarron; D Toms. 66 H Kase (Japan) 67 G Norman (Aus); L Silveira. 68 N Lancaster; B Tway; S Hoch; B Hughes (Aus); B Mayfair; B Faxon; T Tryba. 69 J Kelly; Y Kaneko (Japan); P Stewart; B Henninger; D Love; L Wadkins; M Dawson. 70 D Hammond; D Pride; K Burton; D Stockton Jnr; S Pate; D Waldorf; P Jacobsen; M Standly; C Sullivan; D Tewell; J Huston; M Brooks; R Cochran; J Dowdall; M Christie. 71 S Simpson; H Royer; S Dunlap; S Elkington (Aus); E Dougherty; B McCallister; B Glasson; B Crenshaw; C Rocca (It); M Reid; F Lickliter; D Barron, R Black; B Bryant; R Damron; P Claxton; L Clements; J O'Keefe; K Sutherland; E Johnson. 72 T Armour; M Wiebe; T Herron; J Leonard; J Parnevik (Swe); C Perry; D Hart; P Jordan; P Horgan; P Tataurangi (NZ); J Green; T Purtzer; J Hayes; S Hart; D Sutherland; P Blackmar; C Bowden; G Day; J Sindelar; J Gallagher; S Lowery; J M Olazabal (Sp); K Triplett; H Sutton; J Edwards; L Porter; A Doyle; A Rodriguez. 73 J Delsing; K Gibson; C Byrum, C Rose; M Springer; W Grady (Aus); M Heinen; B Gelberger; T Mollicz; G Waite (NZ); O Browne; B Wolcott. 74 B Claar; D Edwards; T Simpson; J Wilson; G Kraft; B R Brown; S Cink; E Aubrey; A Magee; J McGovern; T Tolles; B Fabel; T Dempsey; J Maginnes; S Kendall; G Hjertstedt (Swe). 75 S Bertsch; A Mednick (Swe); J Hart; D Thompson; L Mattiace; S McRoy; R Butcher; F Widicus. 76 J Haas; T Byrum; C Kanada; P Tesori; Lee Rinker; C Beck; S Skinner; B Quigley; T Tyner. 77 S Micheel; B Sutterfield; J Johnston; J Durant; S Verplank; J Maggert; E Ross; S Stops. 78 P Mathews. 79 J Mahaffey; C Benson; W Austin. 82 P-U Johansson (Swe); R Alarcon (Mex). Withdrew: S Torrance (GB).

### Tennis

DAVIS CUP: Euro-African Group One: Second round: Great Britain 1, Zimbabwe 1 (GB first): J Delgado (GB) lost to W Black (Zim) 2-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3; A Richardson bt B Black 3-6, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4. Slovakia 2, Israel 0; Belgium 1, Denmark 1; Austria 2, Croatia 0.
World Group: Second round: Sweden 1, South Africa 1. Quarter-finals: Italy 1, Spain 0.

### Baseball

AMERICAN LEAGUE: Oakland 5, Cleveland 4; Baltimore 6, Kansas City 4; Minnesota 10, Detroit 6; Anaheim 2, Boston 0.
NATIONAL LEAGUE: Cincinnati 1, Colorado 7; San Diego 1, New York 4; Florida 8, Chicago 2; Montreal 9, St Louis 4; Houston 2, Atlanta 3; Los Angeles 2, Philadelphia 1; San Francisco 7, Pittsburgh 5.

### Chess

STAFFORDSHIRE CENTENARY (Walsall): Round seven leaders: J Rowson (Scot 5½; B Lalic (Cro), K Arakhamia (Geo), M Quinn (Ire), A Dunnington (Eng) 5; P Motwani (Scot), E Sindik (Cro), K Arkell (Eng) 4½.

### Cricket

ICC TROPHY (Kuala Lumpur): Quarter-final group matches: Group E: Kenya 153 (48.2 overs). Scotland 37-3 (23 overs). Kenya won on faster run rate in rain affected match. Denmark 126 (48.1 overs). Canada 119 (27.2 overs). Denmark won by seven runs. Group F: Ireland 223-7 (50 overs). Hong Kong 172 (45.3 overs). Ireland won by 51 runs. Netherlands 171 (49.5 overs). Bangladesh 141-7 (31.4 overs). Bangladesh won on faster scoring rate in rain affected match.
SHARJAH CUP: Sri Lanka 243-8 (A De Silva 97, M Atapattu 94; Saqlain Mushtaq 3-47). Pakistan 224-9 (Shahid Afridi 67; Muralitharan 3-38). Sri Lanka won by 19 runs.

### Ice Hockey

NHL: Detroit 2, Toronto 2 (ot); NY Rangers 6, Boston 4; Ottawa 4, Washington 0; Pittsburgh 5, Hartford 5 (ot); St Louis 5, NY Islanders 5 (ot); Edmonton 4, Chicago 2; Los Angeles 4, Phoenix 5.

### Snooker

BRITISH OPEN (Plymouth): Semi-final: M Williams (Wales) bt P Ebdon (Eng) 6-5.

### Squash

BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS (Cardiff): Quarter-finals: Men: P Nicol (Scot) bt B Martin (Aus) 15-10, 15-11, 13-15, 15-12; R Eyles (Aus) bt J Power (Can) 15-13, 5-15, 9-15, 15-12, 15-11. Women: S Fitz-Gerald (Aus) bt L Irving (Aus) 9-1, 9-3, 9-2; S Wright (Eng) bt L Charman (Eng) 9-7, 9-5, 9-4.

● Pakistan's middle-order collapsed to gift the world champions Sri Lanka a 19-run victory in the Sharjah Cup cricket tournament today. Pakistan, chasing Sri Lanka's 243 for eight, were comfortably placed when Shahid Afridi's 67 off 55 balls and Salim Malik's 51 carried them to 173 for four by the 38th over. But Pakistan lost five wickets for 24 runs in a dramatic lower order collapse to end up with 224 for nine in perfect batting conditions at the Sharjah stadium. Off-spinner Muttiah Muralitharan made amends for dropping an easy skier off Afridi early in his innings by grabbing three wickets in the space of three overs to turn the match Sri Lanka's way.

It was Sri Lanka's second successive win in the double-leg preliminary league after thrashing Zimbabwe by seven wickets in yesterday's opening match. Sri Lanka's score revolved around a record 194-run stand for the third wicket between 200-match veteran Aravinda De Silva (97) and Marvan Atapattu (94).

Their effort equalled Sri Lanka's best for the third wicket between De Silva, adjudged man of the match for the second time in two days, and Asanka Gurusinha against Kenya in the 1996 World Cup at home in Kandy. It also surpassed the previous best of 175 for the third wicket at the desert venue, between India's Navjot Sidhu and Mohammad Azharuddin against Sri Lanka in April, 1995.

GRAND NATIONAL

# Lo Stregone can finish on a high

The Guardian's Ron Cox has headed the Racing Post tipster table since January. Here he goes through the big race sorting the wheat from the chaff, picking those with the talent to finish and discarding those that will be lucky to make the first fence

ANTE-POST backers caught a cold when Lo Stregone succumbed to equine flu in the week before last year's Grand National. His supporters should be on better terms with themselves this time.

Third in the Hennessy Gold Cup, Lo Stregone has valuable big-race experience and is preferred to Smith's Band and Lord Gyllene. Best longshot: Celtic Abbey.

**ANTONIN:** Completed in his own time when eighth behind Rough Quest last year. Needs soft ground. Fifth National ride for Conor O'Dwyer.

**AVRO ANSON:** Suited by fast ground and one of the best backed runners this week. Lacks experience. Fifth National ride for Peter Niven.

**BACK BAR:** Irish no-hoper. First National ride for Tom Treacy.

**BELMONT KING:** Has earned his place in the line-up with two fine efforts at Chepstow this season. First National ride for Richard Johnson.

**BISHOPS HALL:** First-fence faller for the past two years, but could go close with a clear round. Fourth National ride for David Bridgwater.

**BUCKBOARD BOUNCE:** No encouragement this season. Third National ride for Paul Carberry.

**CAMELOT KNIGHT:** Without a win since 1993 and difficult to see jockey Carl Llewellyn getting anywhere near repeating his triumph on Party Politics in '92.

**CELTIC ABBEY:** There are worse longshots than this useful hunter-chaser who acts well on fast ground. Sixth National ride for Brendan Powell, successful on Rhyme 'N' Reason in 1988.

**DAKYNS BOY:** One-time useful chaser, but on the downgrade. First National ride for Timmy Murphy.

**DEXTRA DOVE:** Leading fancy last year until ruled out by injury; has won twice this term without looking quite as sharp. Third National ride for Chris Maude.

**DON'T LIGHT UP:** Don't wait up for this one to finish. First National ride for amateur Robert Thornton.

**EVANGELICA:** The only mare in this year's race and none has won since Nickel Coin in 1951. Fourth National ride for Robbie Supple.

**FEATHERED GALE:** Winner of last year's Irish Grand National, but has failed to sparkle on past trips to Britain. Third National ride for Francis Woods.

**FULL OF OATS:** Could be given a squeak if this were Warwick, where he has won three times, but looks out of his depth today. First National ride for Jim Culloty.

**GENERAL WOLFE:** Runner-up in last year's Scottish National, but inclined to make mistakes and will test the skills of Lorcan Wyer, for whom this is a third National ride.

**GLEMOT:** Jumped well when third over three miles and three furlongs of the National course in November, but looked tired at the finish and has stamina limitations. Fifth National ride for Simon McNeill.

**GO BALLISTIC:** Much-improved this season, but it might be unwise to go overboard about his fourth in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, where he stayed on past beaten horses. Still makes the odd mistake, but Rough Quest's rider Mick Fitzgerald must be fancying his chances again on only his third National ride.

**GRANGE BRAKE:** Totally unpredictable, but capable on his day. Second National ride for David Walsh.

**KILLESHIN:** Take cover if this one is in contention jumping the last — his trainer, Harry "Mad" Manners, has been known to run on to the course to holler encouragement! On soft ground he might have had something to shout about. First National ride for Sean Curran.

Graham Bradley . . . he can make number one on 11th try

**LO STREGONE:** One of last year's leading fancies but missed the race owing to a setback. Major chance on his best form. 11th National ride for Graham Bradley.

**LORD GYLLENE:** Sound jumper with a lovely stride who should be able to take up a prominent position and get into a rhythm which will be hard to break. Tony Dobbin, unseated on his only National ride so far, has worked hard to get a chance like this.

**MASTER OATS:** A faller in 1994 and seventh behind Royal Athlete the following year, now looks past his best. Norman Williamson, for whom this is a fifth National ride.

**MUGONI BEACH:** Close third in the John Hughes Memorial over the big fences last year. First National ride for Aussie Jamie Evans.

**NAHTHEN LAD:** Mainly disappointing since beating Mr Mulligan at Cheltenham last year. Third National ride for Jason Titley, who booted home Royal Athlete for Jenny Pitman in 1995.

**NEW CO:** Often a dodgy jumper. First National ride for David Casey.

**NORTHERN HIDE:** Possible outsider. Fourth National ride for Paul Holley.

**NUAFFE:** Honest stayer, but the bulk of Irish cash will go elsewhere. First National ride for Terry Mitchell.

**OVER THE STREAM:** Beat four home when a distant 13th last year. Survival the name of the game again. First National ride for Adie Smith.

**PINK GIN:** Stamina no problem, but attitude questionable. Refused at the same fence three times in one race last season. Jockey Chris Bonner third and fourth in just two National rides.

**PLASTIC SPACEAGE:** At 14 years of age the pensioner in this field. Doubtful runner.

**RIVER MANDATE:** Sports the colours of Anne Duchess Of Westminster, made famous by Arkle and carried to victory by Last Suspect here in 1985. Similarity ends there. Second National ride for Andrew Thornton.

**SCRIBBLER:** Ex-Irish chaser, sired by The Parson. A miracle is needed for Dan Fortt to succeed on his first National attempt. Odds: 100–1.

**SMITH'S BAND:** The Force is with this one all right. Trained by Jenny Pitman, successful with Corbiere and Royal Athlete, and ridden by Richard Dunwoody — two wins and four placings from 11 National rides — Smith's Band has been specially prepared for Aintree. One for the short-list.

**SPUFFINGTON:** Normally a safe jumper, but way out of his depth. Third National ride for Philip Hide.

**STRAIGHT TALK:** Fast-ground specialist. First National ride for up-and-coming amateur Joe Tizzard.

**SUNY BAY:** Exciting prospect who had a below-par Lo Stregone well behind when winning by 19 lengths at Haydock. Will find things tougher in this big field, but could be the one to change fortunes of Jamie Osborne, who has finished no closer than 13th in five National rides.

**TURNING TRIX:** Like a lot of others, would have benefited from the weights going up. Second National ride for John Kavanagh.

**VALIANT WARRIOR:** Doubtful stayer. First National ride for Russ Garritty.

**WYLDE HIDE:** Even without his favoured soft ground a bold bid is on the cards. Seventh National ride for Irish champion Charlie Swan.

Straight from the horse's mouth . . . John O'Shea looks admiringly on his stable star Go Ballistic

PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARON

# O'Shea ready for the big time

**Chris Hawkins** talks to the trainer who could hit the target with Go Ballistic

GO BALLISTIC, one of the Grand National favourites after running out of his skin to finish fourth in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, is like his trainer John O'Shea — out of the handicap but outperforming the so called stars.

O'Shea, a 40-year-old Irishman, has been "wrong at the weights" nearly all his racing life, coming into the game at the bottom and staying there for more years than he cares to remember.

Now in a small 20-box yard at Westbury-on-Severn, on the flat lands between the river and the hills of the Forest of Dean, life is better; it could get euphoric if Go Ballistic wins.

It is beyond O'Shea's wildest imaginings. Could he really be about to train the winner of the world's most famous horse race?

"The daily stable routine and the pressure of the media has kept me too busy to worry about it but, when I stop and think, I'm scared something will spoil the dream," said the balding, little man from County Carlow.

Unfortunately, there are 30 fences and 38 rivals who could do the spoiling but O'Shea knows racing is a game of chance.

That is why he ran the horse in the Gold Cup although there was canny thinking behind it.

"I ran him because although I knew he was about two stone 'wrong' I reckoned there were flaws in most of the other runners," he explained.

"I knew he wouldn't mind the ground or the track and was sure to stay so Mrs Lockhart (the gelding's owner) and myself thought it was worth having a go.

"He was a fair way behind at one time and in the end he surprised me by finishing fourth.

"In the National, in theory at least, he's got a better chance — he's only 6lb out of the weights although Mick (Fitzgerald the jockey) probably won't do 10 stone and will put up a couple of pounds overweight.

"I think he's fully recovered from his Cheltenham run and I'm sure he's got the stamina to get the trip. Who knows what'll happen? Somebody's got to win it so it might as well be me."

A good homespun philosophy and one which has kept O'Shea going through plenty of adversity.

Coming from a family with no racing background, he went into stables with Irish trainer Liam Browne basically because he was the right make and shape.

"I wanted to become a jockey but had never ridden a horse and I must have tried Liam's patience to the last," he said.

"It was two years before he let me ride out and he never put me up in a race but I did get a few rides for other people. I never rode a winner but there were about five that I should have won on.

"I went to Michael O'Brien who had some top chasers at the time — Bright Highway, Chorelli and King Spruce — but gave up hopes of being a jockey.

"I didn't want to be just a stable lad so I rented some stables for livery and breaking. I only had eight boxes but somebody sent me one horse to train and I used to gallop it alongside the river bank.

"I sort of fell into training and it was two years before I had my first winner, Scarlet Gold, at Ballinrobe. But the financial side was no good and I knew there was no hope if I stayed in Ireland.

"So I heard about this yard at Welshpool. I came over with my wife, my child and the proceeds from selling our furniture. I only had two horses and nothing happened.

"Then I got a break and got a job as private trainer to John Booton at Kidderminster but things really started to look up when I went to Redditch to train for Pat Kelly.

"I got my first good horse Killula Chief and he was pretty good — fell when in the lead at Ayr, got up and still won.

"But he was killed at Cheltenam in the Sun Alliance Chase two years ago.

"At that time Go Ballistic was with David Nicholson and finished third in the Cheltenham bumper. I got him because he was making a bit of a noise (breathing difficulties) and when he first ran for me he was only firing on two or three cylinders.

"He had a tie-back operation which cured the wind problem and he won first time out at Worcester. He's just gone from strength to strength."

O'Shea moved to his current stables, owned by Keith Bell, last August. He has a six furlongs woodchip gallop, a sand and a grass gallop and a schooling ground which he shares with a flock of sheep.

Probably the most nervous member of the team today will be Susan Ruff who looks after Go Ballistic or "Jake" as he's called in the yard.

"It terrifies me but at least it's a fairer course than it was," said his devoted lass. "I won't be having a bet on him but I think he's the sort of horse for the race — he's very self-opinionated and very competitive. Bloody minded you might say."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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 10/1 Avro Anson | 20/1 Feathered Gale | 40/1 River Mandate | 100/1 Nuaffe |
| 10/1 Go Ballistic | 20/1 Turning Trix | 50/1 Bishops Hall | 100/1 Pink Gin |
| 10/1 Lord Gyllene | 25/1 Master Oats | 50/1 Grange Brake | 150/1 Camelot Knight |
| 10/1 Suny Bay | 28/1 Belmont King | 66/1 Celtic Abbey | 150/1 Dakyns Boy |
| 10/1 Wylde Hide | 28/1 Killeshin | 66/1 Full of Oats | 150/1 Scribbler |
| 11/1 Lo Stregone | 33/1 Buckboard B. | 66/1 Glemot | 150/1 Spuffington |
| 12/1 Smith's Band | 40/1 Dextra Dove | 66/1 Straight Talk | 200/1 Don't Light Up |
| 14/1 Antonin | 40/1 Evangelica | 66/1 Valiant Warrior | 200/1 Over The Stream |
| 14/1 General Wolfe | 40/1 New Co | 100/1 Back Bar | 200/1 Plastic Spaceage |
| 16/1 Nahthen Lad | 40/1 Northern Hide | 100/1 Mugoni Beach | *Master Boston |

*Trainer states non-runner

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For the National, Ladbrokes are favourite.


# Spring is here for Hedger

**Ron Cox**

FAST ground might pose problems for several fancied Grand National runners, but Secret Spring will be in his element in the Cordon Bleu Handicap Hurdle which opens the Aintree card.

Trained by Peter Hedger near Fontwell racecourse, Secret Spring is suited by a sharp two miles. He looks well treated at the weights, having finished second to Sanmartino and beaten Sharpical and some other good novices at Kempton on his last two starts.

This is a competitive race, with dangers lurking in the shape of last year's winner Stompin and recent Ascot scorer Rosencrantz, but Secret Spring (1.45) should go well.

Unlike the National, the weights have taken a hefty rise in the Martell Red Rum Chase. This could let in Down The Fell (2.20), who goes particularly well for Norman Williamson.

Front-running Make A Stand (2.55) may be vulnerable over the extra half-mile of the Martell Aintree Hurdle, but the track and going should enable him to have enough in reserve at the finish.

For the nap, it looks worth taking a chance with Nicholas Plant (4.35) at a big price in the Chivas Regal Amateur Riders' Chase.

His pilot, Ollie McPhail, has ridden two winners this week and looks highly promising.

## Aintree card with guide to the form

1.45 Secret Spring (nb)
2.20 Down The Fell
2.55 Make A Stand
3.45 Lo Stregone
4.35 NICHOLAS PLANT (nap)
5.15 Big Perks

### B B C - 1

Going: Good. ★ Denotes blinkers.
Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since latest NH outing.

**1.45** CORDON BLEU HANDICAP HURDLE 2m 110yds £10,870

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 000610 | DREAMS END (25) (D) P Bowen 9-11-10 | L Aspell (3) |
| 2 | 32015-0 | STOMPIN (23) (CD) Miss H Knight 6-11-10 | J Culloty |
| 3 | 66624-P | CLIFTON BEAT (56) (D) P Hobbs 6-11-9 | C F Swan |
| 4 | 11512P | DIRECT ROUTE (24) (D) J Howard Johnson 6-11-6 | A Dobbin |
| 5 | 1-10050 | ZABADI (25) (CD) D Nicholson 5-11-8 | R Johnson |
| 6 | F1F-F16 | EDELWEIS DU MOULIN (56) (D) (BF) G Richards 5-11-5 | P Carberry |
| 7 | 13320F | HAMILTON SILK (14) (D) (BF) M Pipe 5-11-2 | J Osborne |
| 8 | 315-F03 | SHANKAR (14) (D) D Nicholson 6-10-12 | Mr R Thornton (5) |
| 9 | 114110 | SHINING EDGE (28) (D) T Easterby 5-10-9 | L Wyer |
| 10 | 2-1221 | SECRET SPRING (78) (D) P Hedger 5-10-8 | M Richards |
| 11 | 04-41F2 | TEJANO GOLD (4) (D) (BF) P Bradley 7-10-3 | S Wynne |
| 12 | 430442 | KAITAK (43) (D) J Carr 6-10-2 | F Leahy (3) |
| 13 | 11-3415 | FORESTAL (26) (D) S Griffiths 5-10-1 | T J Murphy |
| 14 | 053-130 | MOST EQUAL (70) (D) M Pipe 7-10-0 | G Supple (5) |
| 15 | 01-1133 | PRIZEFIGHTER (58) (D) (BF) J Eyre 6-10-0 | B Storey |
| 16 | 12F3P1 | ROSENCRANTZ (10) (7lb ex) (D) Miss V Williams 5-10-0 | N Williamson |
| 17 | 36802-3 | AMLAH (224) P Hobbs 5-10-0 | B Powell ★ |
| 18 | F24146 | BLAIR CASTLE (14) (D) G Balding 6-10-0 | B Fenton |
| 19 | 36010-4 | FROZEN SEA (18) G Enright 6-10-0 | J R Kavanagh |

TOP FORM TIPS: Rosencrantz 8, Edelweis Du Moulin 7, Secret Spring 6

Betting: 5-1 Secret Spring, 6-1 Rosencrantz, 7-1 Edelweis Du Moulin, 8-1 Hamilton Silk, 10-1 Forestal, Shankar, Shining Edge. 19 runners

FORM GUIDE - SECRET SPRING: Headway 5th, led last, ridden flat, ran on well, won by 2l from Sharpical (Kempton 2m nov hdl, Gd-Fm).
ROSENCRANTZ: Always going well, led 2 out, easily, won by 7l from Mister Rm (Ascot 2m110y hcp hdl, Gd)
HAMILTON SILK: Nine lengths 2nd to Make A Stand in Tote Gold Trophy, with DIRECT ROUTE (gave 7lb) 1l away 3rd, EDELWEIS DU MOULIN (gave 1lb) 8th, ZABADI (gave 17lb) 15th (Newbury 2m hcp hdl, Gd).
EDELWEIS DU MOULIN: Highly impressive winner on penultimate start, led on bit 2 out, hacked up by 5l from Tom Brodie (Wetherby 2m hcp hdl, Gd).
STOMPIN: Decisive winner of this race last year, led 2 out and soon clear, beat Clifton Beat 1½l (Gd).
FORESTAL: Prominent, pecked 3rd, ridden 2 out, one pace, 8l 5th of 18 behind Carlito Brigante, with SHINING EDGE (gave 9lb) & SHANKAR (gave 14lb) in rear (Sandown 2m110y hcp hdl, Gd)
SHANKAR: Headway 3 out, every chance flat, found little. 1l 3rd of 7 behind Kadastrof. HAMILTON SILK (gave 4lb), going well when fell 2 out (Newbury 2m110y hcp hdl, Gd).

### B B C - 1

**2.20** MARTELL RED RUM HANDICAP CHASE 2m £25,760

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 121F-U2 | ARCTIC KINSMAN (42) (CD) N Twiston-Davies 9-12-0 | C Llewellyn |
| 2 | 3P3126 | LORD DORCET (24) (D) J Charlton 7-11-4 | J Osborne |
| 3 | 224-434 | TIME WON'T WAIT (23) (CD) R Phillips 8-11-4 | J Railton |
| 4 | 111123 | CELIBATE (25) (D) C Mann 6-11-3 | R Dunwoody |
| 5 | 36PF12 | ELZOBA (23) (D) M Pipe 5-11-2 | C Maude ★ |
| 6 | 12113U | MISTER ODDY (23) (D) J King 11-10-13 | J Culloty |
| 7 | 2-11212 | JATHIB (58) (D) (BF) Mrs M Jones 6-10-13 | Derek Byrne |
| 8 | 135316 | POLITICAL TOWER (23) (D) R Nixon 10-10-12 | A Dobbin |
| 9 | 25-4124 | WEE RIVER (36) (D) G Moore 8-10-10 | J Callaghan |
| 10 | 121343 | DOWN THE FELL (63) (C) J Howard Johnson 8-10-7 | N Williamson |

TOP FORM TIPS: Celibate 8, Elzoba 7, Lord Dorcet 6

Betting: 3-1 Arctic Kinsman, 4-1 Celibate, 5-1 Elzoba, 6-1 Lord Dorcet, 7-1 Jathib, 8-1 Mister Oddy, Time Won't Wait, 12-1 Political Tower, 20-1 Wee River, Down The Fell 10 runners

FORM GUIDE - ARCTIC KINSMAN: Led to 7th, every chance 2 out, unable to quicken, 3l 2nd of 4 behind Viking Flagship (Kempton 2m ch, gd). Withdrawn from intended race next time owing to broken blood vessel.
CELIBATE: Led until after 1st, every chance 3 out, one pace from next, 6½l 3rd of 9 behind Or Royal (Cheltenham 2m ch, Gd).
ELZOBA: Led to 2nd, led 8th to last, not quicken, 2l 2nd of 16 behind Uncle Ernie, with TIME WON'T WAIT (4lb better) 3½l away 4th, POLITICAL TOWER (6lb better) another 3l 6th & MISTER ODDY (8lb better), well there when unseated rider 5 out (Cheltenham 3m110y hcp ch, gd).
LORD DORCET: Prominent to 8th, soon lost place, 17l last of 6 behind Martha's Son (Cheltenham 2m ch, Gd). Previously btn 13l by MISTER ODDY (rec 3lb) (Sandown 2m hcp ch, Gd).
JATHIB: Chased winner, mistakes, ridden 2 out, no impression, 8l 2nd of 2 behind Amancio (Ascot 2m nov ch, Gd-Fm).

### B B C - 1

**2.55** MARTELL AINTREE HURDLE 2m 4f £40,750

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 143-230 | BIMSEY (25) (C) (D) R Akehurst 7-11-7 | M A Fitzgerald |
| 2 | 11-111P | LARGE ACTION (25) (D) (BF) O Sherwood 9-11-7 | J Osborne |
| 3 | 511111 | MAKE A STAND (25) M Pipe 6-11-7 | C Maude |
| 4 | 0-54200 | PRIDWELL (23) (D) M Pipe 7-11-7 | R Dunwoody |
| 5 | 121113 | SPACE TRUCKER (25) Mrs J Harrington 6-11-7 | J Shortt |
| 6 | 4-1240F | URUBANDE (23) (CD) A O'Brien 7-11-7 | C F Swan |
| 7 | F32-11P | DOUBLE SYMPHONY (23) (D) C Brooks 9-11-2 | G Bradley ★ |

TOP FORM TIPS: Make A Stand 10, Large Action 7

1996: Urubande (Ire) 6 11 7 C F Swan 100-30 (A P O'Brien) 8 ran

Betting: 6-4 Make A Stand, 9-4 Large Action, 9-2 Space Trucker, 10-1 Pridwell, Urubande, 12-1 Bimsey, 16-1 Double Symphony.

FORM GUIDE - MAKE A STAND: Made all, clear from 3rd, unchallenged, won Champion Hurdle by 5l from Theatreworld, with SPACE TRUCKER (levels), no extra between last 2, 3l away 3rd, PRIDWELL (levels) 7th, BIMSEY (levels) 13th, LARGE ACTION (levels) pulled up and dismounted after second (Cheltenham 2m110y hdl, Gd).
LARGE ACTION: Unbeaten in first 3 starts this season, latest beat Pridwell 1½l Cheltenham (2m5f Hdl, Gd-Fm).
PRIDWELL: Latest, steady headway 9th, weakened after 3 out, 19l 8th of 17 behind Karshi. URUBANDE (levels) fell 2nd (Cheltenham 3m110y hdl, Gd).

**3.45** MARTELL GRAND NATIONAL CHASE 4½m. See BACK PAGE

**4.35** CHIVAS REGAL AMATEUR RIDERS' NOVICE HANDICAP CHASE 2m 4f £7,888

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 6-P3121 | COLONEL IN CHIEF (7) G Richards 7-11-10 | A Ogden (7) |
| 2 | B31111 | GARNWIN (10) (D) N Henderson 7-11-10 | C Vigors (5) |
| 3 | 6-1225F | GUINDA (25) N Twiston-Davies 7-11-1 | M Rimell (3) |
| 4 | U21F05 | THE REVEREND BERT (14) G Balding 9-11-0 | O Ellwood (7) |
| 5 | 2214U3 | DREAM RIDE (16) (D) (BF) D Nicholson 7-11-0 | R Thornton (5) |
| 6 | 305111 | INDIAN JOCKEY (31) M Pipe 5-10-13 | P Fenton |
| 7 | 23/-6201 | LINTON ROCKS (15) T Thomson Jones 8-10-11 | S Swiers |
| 8 | 0-21522 | GOLDENSWIFT (21) (BF) G Balding 7-10-5 | C Bonner (3) |
| 9 | 5U1222 | NICHOLAS PLANT (28) (D) (BF) J Goldie 8-10-5 | O McPhail (7) |
| 10 | 344221 | DECYBORG (6) (D) M Pipe 6-10-5 | R Wakley (7) |
| 11 | 2UF11F | GAELIC BLUE (5) (D) (BF) Mrs S Smith 7-10-5 | S Durack (7) |
| 12 | 354441 | LE DENSTAN (7) (D) Mrs D Thomson 10-10-5 | T J Barry (7) |
| 13 | 22431F | AFTER THE FOX (18) (BF) N Hawke 10-10-5 | J Tizzard (7) |

TOP FORM TIPS: Linton Rocks 8, Indian Jockey 7, Garnwin 6

Betting: 4-1 Garnwin, 5-1 Colonel In Chief, 6-1 Indian Jockey, 8-1 Goldenswift, 10-1 Dream Ride, Decyborg, Linton Rocks, 12-1 Guinda, Gaelic Blue, 14-1 The Reverend Bert, 16-1 Nicholas Plant, 20-1 Le Denstan, 25-1 After The Fox 13 runners

FORM GUIDE - LINTON ROCKS: Led 2nd, made rest, easily, won by 2l from Hatcham Boy (Newbury 3m nov ch, Gd)
GARNWIN: Joined leader 4 out, led 2 out, idled and driven out, won by 3l from Frazer Island (Ascot 2m3f110y nov hcp ch, Gd)
COLONEL IN CHIEF: Close up, led 13th, ran on well, won by 2l from Carole's Crusader (Carlisle 3m nov ch, Gd-Sft).
DREAM RIDE: Chance 3 out, held when blundered last, 7l third behind Malwood Castle (Wincanton 2m5f ch, Gd-Fm).
INDIAN JOCKEY: Made all, clear 3 out, eased flat, won by 9l from The Secret Grey (Bangor 2m1f110y nov ch, Gd-Sft).
DECYBORG: Led, quickened 4th, unchallenged, won by distance from Country Keeper (Newton Abbot 3m5f110y nov ch, Fm)
GOLDENSWIFT: Headway 7th, joined winner 2 out, ran on, neck 2nd of 11 behind Tellicherry (Uttoxeter 2m5f nov hcp ch, Gd)
GAELIC BLUE: Six lengths clear when fell last in race won by Kings Sermon (Wetherby 3m1f nov hcp ch, Gd).
LE DENSTAN: Held up, steady headway 12th, strong challenge last, ran on strongly, bt Jymjam Johnny 5l (Carlisle 2½m hcp ch, Gd-Sft).
NICHOLAS PLANT: Mistakes, tracked leaders, kept on well from 3 out, btn 30l by Kalajo (Ayr 3m1f, Gd).

**5.15** MARTELL CHAMPION STANDARD NH FLAT RACE 2m 110yds £10,275

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 10-11 | LORD LAMB (24) (D) Mrs M Reveley 5-11-12 | G Lee |
| 2 | 11 | NOISY MINER (16) (D) D Nicholson 5-11-12 | R Massey |
| 3 | 21 | BIG PERKS (57) (D) P Dalton 5-11-8 | Mr R Thornton |
| 4 | 5-514 | CLINKING (59) (D) Mrs A Perrett 6-11-8 | Mrs A Perrett |
| 5 | 61 | EASBY BLUE (31) (D) S Kettlewell 5-11-8 | Mr C Bonner |
| 6 | 1 | GO NATIVE (19) (D) Mrs S Smith 5-11-8 | R Wilkinson |
| 7 | 1 | MOUNTAIN STORM (78) (D) N Henderson 5-11-8 | T Kagger |
| 8 | 11 | MAYDAY LAUREN (11) (D) A Bailey 5-11-7 | S Melrose |
| 9 | 2 | CARLINGFORD TYKE (35) T Carr 5-11-4 | C McCormack |
| 10 | 30 | CHASING THE MOON (72) G Balding 5-11-4 | Mr A Balding |
| 11 | 2 | NORMANIA (16) Miss S Edwards 5-11-4 | Mr T Mills |
| 12 | 1 | ZAFFARAN RUN (14) M Hourigan 5-11-3 | Mr P Fenton |
| 13 | 013 | LANDLER (19) (D) J Norton 4-11-2 | E Callaghan |
| 14 | 41 | MAZILEO (7) I Williams 4-11-2 | F Bogle |
| 15 | 01 | SOCIETY TIMES (58) (D) D Nolan 4-11-2 | F Leahy |
| 16 | 4 | THE LIGHTMAKER (42) S Earle 4-10-12 | L Aspell |

Betting: 9-2 Noisy Miner, 6-1 Mountain Storm, Zaffaran Run, 7-1 Lord Lamb, 10-1 Go Native, Mayday Lauren, 12-1 Big Perks, 14-1 Clinking, Mazileo. 16 runners

● Blinkered (or visored) for the first time: AINTREE 1.45 Amlah; 3.45 River Mandate. BEVERLEY 2.30 Lachesis; 3.00 Heavenly Abstone. HEREFORD 2.40 Rapid Liner; 3.10 Space Molly; 5.25 Clongour.

GRAND NATIONAL

# The rhythm and the risks in the ultimate ride

Bob Champion, 10 times a starter at Aintree and a hero on Aldaniti in 1981, tells Tom O'Ryan of the pleasures and pitfalls that are part of the great race

GRAPHIC: GRAPHIC NEWS

IT IS the ultimate in white-knuckle rides. Four-and-a-half miles. Thirty fences. Becher's. Valentine's. The Canal Turn. The Chair. The trick is finding the rhythm, seeing the stride, keeping out of trouble. Is it any wonder that for roughly nine frenetic minutes survival is the name of the game in the world's greatest steeplechase?

The former jockey Bob Champion is more familiar than most with the highs and the lows. In 1981 he came back from the cancer ward to win the most memorable Grand National of all on Aldaniti, another ex-invalid. Twelve months later they fell *at the first fence.*

"That's not all," admits Champion with a smile. "I also fell at the first on Spittin Image, the year after he'd finished fourth in it. And Country Wedding, the first of my 10 National rides in 1971, was brought down at the first fence by Gay Trip, who'd won the previous year. So much for picking out the right horse to follow.

"What puts horses on the floor at the first is speed, nothing else," he explains. "You've got 40 jockeys jostling for positions at the start and, when that tape goes, they're gone. It doesn't matter where you are, you get carried along. Horses are travelling a stride too quick, they over-jump and can't get a leg out in time. Even the year Aldaniti won it he was down on his nose at the first."

Given his hard-bitten experiences of an early bath, it is hardly surprising that Champion considers the opening 30 seconds of every National play a large part in dictating the outcome.

"If you get over the first three — and the third is a big ditch — and your horse seems to be enjoying it, the chances are you're in for a smashing ride. If he isn't, you're in for a horrible ride. What's most important is that your horse adapts quickly, finds a rhythm."

Fence six is Becher's Brook, not so formidable these days but still daunting with its steep drop the hidden hazard. "You must meet it on a nice stride," says Champion. "Stand off too far and you wouldn't make it; get in too close and you'll land too steeply."

The Canal Turn, situated on a 90-degree bend, calls for different tactics. "The trick is to pull out a bit wide and jump across the corner of the fence at an angle to save ground. The only problem is, everyone is trying to do the same."

Valentine's is fence nine, one in a line of four before the runners make their way back across the Melling Road and prepare for The Chair, number 14 on the course and the biggest — 5ft 2in with a yawning 6ft-wide ditch. "Because it's narrow, people seem to think it's even bigger than it is. But it's a lovely fence and horses seem to jump it well provided they get a clean run-in and don't stand off too far."

From the biggest to the smallest, the water-jump, right in front of the stands. One circuit down. One to go.

"Having hunted around up until then, now's the time to start riding your race, looking around to see what's going well, what your dangers might be, and getting as many breathers into your horse as you can. If he's jumping well, he'll be getting a breather at every fence anyway. But what's required is economy of effort, maintaining a rhythm."

This is not easy on a tiring horse, impossible on a weary one. "Most horses who win the National, or run well in it, travel on the bridle maybe to the second-last or even the last fence." But dreams can still become nightmares on the arduous 494-yard run-in.

"It's a long, long way. It's a psychological advantage for a tired horse to get the rail after the elbow. It helps him to hold his concentration, and helps the jockey keep him straight." Straight into the record books if you're lucky enough to pass the post in front.

The ecstasy of victory, the agony of falling at the first, Champion has tasted both. "There's no race like it. The atmosphere in the weighing-room beforehand is unbelievable. Jockeys who are normally noisy become quiet, and the quiet ones become noisy. What you're wanting most of all is a good ride." And a long ride. "If you fall at the first, you're gutted. You want the race to start all over again."

Aldaniti died last week at the age of 27. Given the chance to turn the clock back, Champion, who is now 48 and a trainer, would like best to be on Lord Gyllene today. "He's a lovely individual who ran a cracker at Uttoxeter and he'll be well ridden by Tony Dobbin — a smashing horseman."

There is a trace of envy in Bob Champion's voice. The excitement, the exhilaration of taking part in the Grand National, is special. It is the ultimate in white-knuckle rides.

Crash course . . . Mr Boston comes a cropper at the second last in the Fox Hunters Chase PHOTOGRAPH: ALLSPORT

# Martha is Mumm's favourite Son with superb show of speed

Chris Hawkins

IT IS stating the obvious to say that racehorses have speed but some have more than others and Martha's Son has it to burn.

Acceleration is the hallmark of class and Martha's Son, who proved himself the two-mile champion at Cheltenham, produced a startling turn of foot to beat Strong Promise in the two and a half mile Mumm Melling Chase at Aintree yesterday.

Carl Llewellyn took over from the injured Cheltenham jockey Rodney Farrant on Martha's Son but the response was the same when he asked the gelding to quicken after jumping the second-last.

Strong Promise, who had been cantering at the time, suddenly looked as if he was treading water and had no answer to the winner's burst.

Perhaps Norman Williamson on Strong Promise might have kicked on half a mile out to try and stretch the field, and owner Geoff Hubbard said as much although conceding that the best horse won.

"He might have made more of a race of it," commented Hubbard. "My horse will be trained for the King George next season and is crying out for three miles but will have one more run at Cheltenham in a couple of weeks over two and a half miles."

The victory of Martha's Son was some compensation to trainer Tim Forster for the loss of one of his old favourites Coonawara on Thursday.

"This can be such a depressing game but Martha's Son has got us out of the mire," said Forster. "He's lifted everybody and we're grateful for that.

"He was fired a year ago last December but it didn't look good and Geoffrey Brain, my vet, came and looked at him and said we wouldn't ever get him on the racecourse again.

"But slowly he became better and extraordinarily when he went back into training he got better still. Now he's got to be as good as anything we've ever had."

Martha's Son survived a bad mistake at the first fence and Llewellyn explained: "The Captain said to drop my hands and settle him but he went and put down. It woke both of us up."

Richard Dunwoody took the riding honours with a treble on Sanmartino, Cyborgo and Unguided Missile, the latter jumping cleanly throughout under top-weight in the Perrier Jouet Handicap Chase.

Sanmartino ran in snatches to land the odds in the Martell Mersey Novice Hurdle.

He was not wholly convincing but David Nicholson, his trainer, was fully satisfied, saying: "He's never won by far and when he hits the front he does nothing."

Cyborgo oustayed The Last Fling in the Mumm Mildmay Novice Chase, a gutsy display considering this was not his ideal ground.

Bear Claw unseated his rider at the second last here when beaten and shook up Jamie Osborne who cried off his remaining mounts. Both Osborne, due to ride the favourite Suny Boy in the National, and Jamie Evans, who partners Mugoni Beach, need to pass the doctor before racing today.

Jim Mahon, 80, had the thrill of his racing life when Blue Cheek, whom he trains and part-owns, won a dramatic Martell Fox Hunters Chase.

Blue Cheek was ridden by the polished leading amateur Robert Thornton, but his path was cleared by the fall of the leader Mr Boston at the second last.

Mary Reveley, Mr Boston's trainer, was fined £200 by the stewards for withdrawing Marello from the Martell Mersey Novice Hurdle because there had been no change in the going since the horse had been declared.

To cap a miserable afternoon for the Saltburn trainer, her Penny A Day was destroyed after breaking a leg in the Oddbins Handicap Hurdle.

● Bahhare, uneasy ante-post favourite for the 2,000 Guineas, will miss the Classic at Newmarket, trainer John Dunlop announced yesterday.

# Dunwoody to strike up the Band

Ken Oliver

APPLYING the horses for courses system to jockeys, Richard Dunwoody is the man to rely on in the Grand National.

The ex-champion jockey has had rides in the last 11 runnings of the great race and boasts an impressive record of two wins, a second a third and two fourths.

Today he is on Smith's Band and, using a rating system based on Dunwoody's previous National exploits, Jenny Pitman's nine-year-old looks the one.

Awarding five points for a win, three for second, two for third and one for fourth and deducting points on a similar sliding scale for the rider's horses which had either unseated rider, fallen, brought down or pulled up, Dunwoody is in top spot with a plus nine points.

Chris Bonner comes next with three points to the good. The amateur rider has had only two previous rides, finishing third and fourth. He rides rank outsider Pink Gin for Micky Hammond.

Mick Fitzgerald is in third place with two points, having won on Rough Quest last year, while his only previous mount, Tinryland, fell at the first in 1995. He partners one of the form horses, Go Ballistic, who comes into the reckoning after his fourth in the Cheltenham Gold Cup.

Jason Titley is the only other rider of the 39 jockeys who shows a plus. He is one point to the good after scoring on Royal Athlete in 1995 but being unshipped at the first fence in last year's race.

Royal Athlete was trained by Jenny Pitman, who also handles Titley's mount this afternoon, Nahthen Lad.

Dunwoody had a choice of at least six mounts today. He plumped for Smith's Band, whom he considers the perfect type for the job.

With Mrs Pitman's impressive National record of two wins, a second and three thirds, Smith's Band certainly has plenty going for him.

## Beverley runners and riders

2.00 Brodessa
2.30 Edgar Kirby
3.00 Classy Cleo
3.30 Bolshoi
4.15 Ambidextrous
4.45 Globetrotter

Draw: High best up to 1m. Going: Good to firm. * Denotes blinkers.

### 2.00 VALENTINES SELLING STAKES 1m 4f £2,338

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 20-2121- | BRODESSA (233) (C) Mrs M Reveley 11-8-4 | K Darley 2 |
| 2 | 0/-/-343 | BEDOUIN PRINCE (9) (D) Mrs L Stubbs 10-8-13 | K Fallon 1 |
| 3 | 54054- | CHARITY CRUSADER (647) (C) Mrs M Reveley 6-8-13 | A Culhane 4 |
| 4 | 013430- | JACKMANII (569) J Berry 5-8-13 | N Carlisle 5 |
| 5 | 240-006 | LOVEYOUMILLIONS (16) N Tinkler 5-8-13 | Pat Eddery 11 |
| 6 | 600410- | PORTITE SOPHIE (257) M Brittain 6-8-13 | D Mernagh (7) 9 |
| 7 | 21-030- | RISKY ROSE (189) (D) R Hollinshead 5-8-13 | D Griffiths (3) 10 |
| 8 | 133300- | TTYFRAN (224) (D) B Baugh 7-8-13 | R Perham 3 |
| 9 | 404 00- | THE BLACK DUBH (231) J Quinn 4-8-12 | J Quinn 8 |
| 10 | 234254- | CHAMPAGNE WARRIOR (186) M Camacho 4-8-7 | L Charnock 6 |
| 11 | 320000- | PHILGEM (159) C Fairhurst 4-8-7 | N Kennedy 7 |
| 12 | C0n-000 | SHIP'S DANCER (11) D Enrico Incisa 4-8-7 | Kim Tinkler 12* |

TOP FORM TIPS: Loveyoumillions 8, Brodessa 7, Champagne Warrior 6
Betting: 7-4 Brodessa, 5-2 Loveyoumillions, 4-1 Champagne Warrior, 5-1 Charity Crusader, 10-1 Jackmanii, 14-1 Portite Sophie, Bedouin Prince. 12 runners

### 2.30 BECHERS BROOK HANDICAP 7f 100yds £3,287

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 16000-0 | MYBOTYE (16) (D) R Bastiman 4-10-0 | H Bastiman (5) 11 |
| 2 | 12 060-0 | LA VOLTA (15) (D) J FitzGerald 4-9-13 | J Fortune 13 |
| 3 | 352714 | GENUINE JOHN (10) (D) J Parkes 4-9-11 | R Cochrane 4 |
| 4 | 104261 | THREE ARCH BRIDGE (5) (6lb ex) (CD) M Johnston 5-9-11 | J Weaver 9* |
| 5 | 20/6300- | GODMERSHAM PARK (168) P Fulgate 5-9-10 | G Duffield 5 |
| 6 | 14-4060 | SCENICRIS (9) R Hollinshead 4-9-9 | F Lynch (3) 3 |
| 7 | 222112 | RAMBO WALTZER (10) (D) D Nicholls 5-9-6 | Iona Wands (7) 14 |
| 8 | 201600- | TINKLERS FOLLY (190) (D) R Whitaker 5-9-2 | D McKeown 8 |
| 9 | 101301- | POWER GAME (156) J Berry 4-9-4 | K Darley 10* |
| 10 | 162000- | SUPERPRIDE (158) (D) Mrs M Reveley 5-9-4 | A Culhane 1 |
| 11 | 434562 | GULF SHAADI (10) (D) E Alston 5-9-2 | S Drowne 16 |
| 12 | e0-6430 | PERILOUS PLIGHT (10) (D) Mrs L Stubbs 6-9-2 | K Fallon 15 |
| 13 | 36e6-04 | SERAPE (39) Mrs L Stubbs 4-9-2 | J F Egan 6 |
| 14 | 410700- | EURO SCEPTIC (163) (CD) T Easterby 5-9-1 | R Havlin (3) 12* |
| 15 | -0-4530- | EDGAR KIRBY (289) P Harris 6-8-11 | Pat Eddery 17 |
| 16 | 100010- | THATCHED (151) (CD) R Barr 7-8-9 | K Sked (7) 7 |
| 17 | 00-4550 | LACHESIS (42) D Shaw 4-8-6 | C Teague (3) 2* |

TOP FORM TIPS: Gulf Shaadi 8, Three Arch Bridge 7, Genuine John 6
Betting: 5-1 Three Arch Bridge, 6-1 Rambo Waltzer, Edgar Kirby, 8-1 Gulf Shaadi, 10-1 Genuine John, Power Game, 12-1 Euro Sceptic, Scenicris, 14-1 Mybotye. 17 runners

### 3.00 CHAIR MAIDEN AUCTION FILLIES' STAKES 2YO 5f £2,742

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | CLASSY CLEO (7) (BF) R Hannon 8-9 | Pat Eddery 1 |
| 2 | | GOLDEN MIRAGE M Channon 8-7 | R Perham 3 |
| 3 | | ELLENBROOK J Berry 8-5 | K Darley 2 |
| 4 | | SKIPPOOL CREEK T Easterby 8-5 | M Birch 5 |
| 5 | 5 | INCHALONG (9) M Brittain 8-4 | G Bardwell 7 |
| 6 | | SUMMERSEAT C Fairhurst 8-3 | Dean McKeown 4 |
| 7 | | COMPANYS GAMBLE B Baugh 8-2 | A Culhane 8 |
| 8 | 2 | HEAVENLY ABSTONE (9) (BF) P Evans 8-2 | J F Egan 10* |
| 9 | | BLITZ M W Easterby 8-1 | Dale Gibson 6 |
| 10 | | DAYNABEE N Tinkler 8-1 | Kim Tinkler 9 |

Betting: 2-1 Ellenbrook, 9-4 Classy Cleo, 4-1 Heavenly Abstone, 6-1 Golden Mirage, 12-1 Skippool Creek, 14-1 Blitz, 16-1 Summerseat. 10 runners

### 3.30 EAST RIDING CONDITIONS STAKES 5f £4,648

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 004342- | BRAVE EDGE (174) (D) R Hannon 6-9-10 | Pat Eddery 4 |
| 2 | 130050- | WESTCOURT MAGIC (205) (CD) M W Easterby 4-9-10 | K Darley 6 |
| 3 | 450140- | BOLSHOI (168) (CD) J Berry 5-9-2 | Emma O'Gorman 2* |
| 4 | 615-120 | CRETAN GIFT (15) (D) N Littmoden 6-9-2 | T G McLaughlin 5* |
| 5 | 403550- | YA MALAK (164) (CD) D Nicholls 6-8-2 | Alex Greaves 3 |
| 6 | 112021- | ANOTHERANNIVERSARY (638) (D) G Lewis 4-8-11 | Paul Eddery 1 |

TOP FORM TIPS: Brave Edge 8, Bolshoi 7
Betting: 2-1 Brave Edge, 11-4 Bolshoi, 7-2 Westcourt Magic, 6-1 Ya Malak, 10-1 Anotheranniversary, Cretan Gift. 6 runners

### 4.15 MELLING ROAD HANDICAP 1m 2f £3,182

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 51360-0 | LILA PEDIGO (39) (D) Miss J Craze 4-10-0 | S Webster 12 |
| 2 | 300306- | KHABAR (179) P Bastiman 4-9-12 | H Bastiman (5) 18 |
| 3 | 641502- | AUGUSTAN (151) (D) S Gollings 6-9-7 | Pat Eddery 9 |
| 4 | 022000- | JEAN PIERRE (155) J Pearce 4-9-7 | L Dettori 7 |
| 5 | 0 50- | STOLEN MUSIC (197) R Barr 4-9-6 | Dean McKeown 8 |
| 6 | 3465S0- | SANDBLASTER (213) J Eyre 4-9-4 | T Williams 19 |
| 7 | 0h-500- | BRAMBLES WAY (125) (D) Mrs M Reveley 8-9-4 | S Copp (5) 5 |
| 8 | 40-4332 | AMBIDEXTROUS (7) (BF) E Alston 5-9-3 | K Fallon 15 |
| 9 | 150300- | CLUED UP (179) (D) P Evans 4-9-1 | J F Egan 13* |
| 10 | 4350- | SNOWY MANTLE (173) J Bethell 4-8-13 | S Drowne 4 |
| 11 | 02300-0 | ANISTOP (38) J Eyre 5-8-12 | R Lappin 14 |
| 12 | 4150-60 | CUBAN REEF (46) (D) W Musson 5-8-12 | J L Martinez 2 |
| 13 | 300300- | FLYAWAY BLUES (199) Mrs M Reveley 5-8-11 | A Culhane 16 |
| 14 | 0-33060 | BOGART (19) C Fairhurst 6-8-11 | R Cochrane 1 |
| 15 | 000353- | COTTAGE PRINCE (215) J Quinn 4-8-8 | J Quinn 17 |
| 16 | 00/0/0-0 | BLUE DOMAIN (92) R Craggs 6-8-8 | L Charnock 6 |
| 17 | 05000- | SUMMER PRINCESS (134) G Fierro 4-8-8 | G Duffield 10 |
| 18 | 130220 | KILNAMARTYRA GIRL (16) (C) J Parkes 7-8-8 | J Bramhill (5) 3 |
| 19 | 6000- | PETIT FLORA (232) G Holmes 5-8-8 | J Fortune 11 |

TOP FORM TIPS: Ambidextrous 8, Augustan 7, Cuban Reef 6
Betting: 11-2 Ambidextrous, 7-1 Augustan, 8-1 Jean Pierre, Brambles Way. 19 runners

### 4.45 GRAND NATIONAL DAY HANDICAP 3YO 1m 100yds £3,769

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 31- | OVER TO YOU (163) (D) E Dunlop 9-7 | D O'Donohoe (3) 13 |
| 2 | 042- | KAFAF (166) J Gosden 9-5 | L Dettori 7 |
| 3 | 00133-5 | KAISER KACHE (7) K McAuliffe 9-3 | J F Egan 5 |
| 4 | 604-46 | GET THE POINT (7) R Hollinshead 9-1 | K Fallon 12 |
| 5 | 171321 | GLOBETROTTER (31) (D) M Johnston 8-13 | J Weaver 4 |
| 6 | 23233-5 | SANDBAGGEDAGAIN (14) M W Easterby 8-12 | G Parkin (5) 10 |
| 7 | 3600- | BLOOMING AMAZING (178) J Eyre 8-9 | T Williams 14 |
| 8 | 020-0 | FULLOPEP (14) Mrs M Reveley 8-6 | K Darley 8 |
| 9 | 0040-0 | MUNGO PARK (14) Mrs J Ramsden 8-5 | J Fortune 9 |
| 10 | 6-51252 | MUTAHADETH (7) (D) D Shaw 8-3 | J Fanning 2 |
| 11 | 64206-0 | RUN LAD (14) J Quinn 8-2 | J Quinn 6 |
| 12 | 40-6240 | JACK THE LAD (7) J Hetherton 8-0 | N Kennedy 3 |
| 13 | 630- | HIGH SPIRITS (310) T Easterby 8-0 | L Charnock 11 |
| 14 | 03-504 | MOVE THE CLOUDS (11) D Nicholls 7-10 | Iona Wands (7) 1 |

TOP FORM TIPS: Globetrotter 8, Mungo Park 7, Over To You 6
Betting: 4-1 Globetrotter, 11-2 Kafaf, 6-1 Over To You, 8-1 Mungo Park, Sandbaggedagain, 10-1 Kaiser Kache, Fullopep, Mutahadeth. 14 runners

## Results

### AINTREE

**2.00** (2m 4f Hdle): 1, SANMARTINO, R Dunwoody (8-11 fav); 2, Courbaril (10-1); 3, Hurdante (20-1). 10 ran. 1½, 1¼. (D Nicholson) Tote: £1.80; £1.30, £1.90, £5.30. Dual F: £6.10. Trio: £76.80. CSF: £8.18. NR: Ever Blessed, Marello.

**2.35** (2m 4f Ch): 1, MARTHA'S SON, C Llewellyn (5-2); 2, Strong Promise (6-4 fav); 3, Viking Flagship (11-4). 4 ran. 5, 3½. (Capt T Forster) Tote: £3.30. Dual F: £4.70. CSF: £7.38.

**3.10** (3m 1f Ch): 1, CYBORGO, R Dunwoody (13-8 fav); 2, The Last Fling (11-2); 3, Judicious Captain (33-1). 7 ran. 3½, dis. (M Pipe) Tote: £2.30; £1.70, £2.30. Dual F: £5.70. CSF: £9.65.

**3.45** (2m 6f Ch): 1, BLUE CHEEK, Mr R Thornton (9-2); 2, Highlandman (20-1); 3, Abbotsham (33-1). 15-8 fav Mr Boston. 14 ran. 17, 1. (J Mahon) Tote: £5.40; £1.90, £3.70, £16.50. Dual F: £51.00. Trio: £1,294.10. CSF: £79.82.

**4.20** (3m 110yds Hdle): 1, FOREST IVORY, R Johnson (11-2); 2, Private Peace (11-2); 3, Mentmore Towers (5-1). 100-30 fav Tahmr. 12 ran. Sh hd, 5. (D Nicholson) Tote: £7.50; £2.60, £1.70, £1.80. Dual F: £15.50. Trio: £29.60. CSF: £33.72.

**4.50** (2m 4f Hdle): 1, CADOUGOLD, C F Swan (8-1); 2, Sheriffmuir (10-1); 3, Ambleside (16-1). 4-1 fav Penny A Day. 12 ran. 4, 3. (M Pipe) Tote: £11.00; £2.60, £3.30, £4.90. Dual F: £52.70. Trio: £419.70. CSF: £83.57. Tricast: £1,161.70. NR: Well Armed.

**5.20** (3m 1f Ch): 1, UNGUIDED MISSILE, R Dunwoody (7-2); 2, Cab On Target (100-30 fav); 3, Bertone (5-1). 7 ran. 1½, 3. (G Richards) Tote: £3.20; £2.10, £1.80. Dual F: £4.50. CSF: £13.61. Tricast: £49.76. NR: General Pershing.

JACKPOT: £5,919.40.
PLACEPOT: £809.40. QUADPOT: £68.90.

### SEDGEFIELD

**2.10** (2m 5f 110yds Hdle): 1, AMAZING SAIL, A S Smith (8-1); 2, Nite Sprite (50-1); 3, Cotton Lady (6-1). 3-1 fav Mick The Yank. 15 ran. 9, 1½. (Miss M Milligan) Tote: £10.70; £4.00, £89.30, £2.70. Dual F: £264.80. Trio: Not won. CSF: £348.00. Tricast: £2,374.91.

**2.45** (2m 1f Hdle): 1, SILVER MINX, G Lee (6-1); 2, Diamond Beach (2-1 fav); 3, Sir Clerks (5-2). 13 ran. 3, 1½. (Mrs M Reveley) Tote: £6.30; £2.00, £1.60, £2.00. Dual F: £10.30. Trio: £12.00. CSF: £17.86.

**3.20** (2m 110yds Ch): 1, TAPATCH, A Dobbin (9-4 fav); 2, Whitegates Willie (33-1); 3, Triona's Hope (50-1). 11 ran. Nk, 8. (M W Easterby) T: £2.90; £1.10, £4.20, £6.10. DF: £23.10. Trio: £169.80. CSF: £62.28.

**3.55** (2m 5f Ch): 1, RUSTIC AIR, W Dwan (9-4); 2, The Toaster (2-1 fav); 3, Reve de Valse (7-2). 5 ran. 2½, 7. (J FitzGerald) Tote: £2.90; £1.30, £1.20. Dual F: £2.80. CSF: £6.78. NR: German Legend.

**4.20** (3m 3f Ch): 1, GREENMOUNT LAD, Mr P Cornforth (10-11 fav); 2, Le Meis (12-1); 3, Upwell (3-1). 5 ran. 6, 9. (J Cornforth) Tote: £1.80; £1.90, £1.40. Dual F: £11.50. CSF: £10.44.

**5.00** (2m 1f Hdle): 1, GLENUGIE, N Bentley (5-2 fav); 2, Skiddaw Samba (9-1); 3, Highland Way (5-1). 10 ran. 1½, 10. (G Moore) Tote: £3.40; £1.40, £2.40, £2.10. Dual F: £15.30. Trio: £87.40. CSF: £27.03. Tricast: £105.84.

PLACEPOT: £66.40. QUADPOT: £10.60.

### LINGFIELD

**2.20** (5f): 1, BANNINGHAM BLADE, Martin Dwyer (33-1); 2, Loch Laird (33-1); 3, Flaming Ember (5-1). 11-8 fav Days of Grace. 7 ran. Hd, hd. (K Ivory) Tote: £30.00; £3.30, £5.40. Dual F: £69.20. CSF: £628.19. NR: Nanoushka.

**2.55** (6f): 1, INTISAB, G Carter (4-7 fav); 2, Malabi (5-1); 3, Deep Water (13-2). 8 ran. ¾, 4. (R Armstrong) Tote: £1.80; £1.10, £2.40. Dual F: £4.10. CSF: £3.68.

**3.30** (1m 2f): 1, ANAK-KU, Angela Gallimore (14-1); 2, Paronomasia (33-1); 3, Shanghai Lil (8-1). 15-8 fav Sweet Supposin. 10 ran. ¾, 1½. (Miss Gay Kelleway) Tote: £19.80; £5.40, £8.30, £1.10. Dual F: £154.60. Trio: £350.50. CSF: £355.83. Tricast: £3,563.44.

**4.05** (7f): 1, BARBASON, Candy Morris (4-1); 2, Erition (7-2 co-fav); 3, Raleda (7-2 co-fav). 7-2 co-fav Statoyork. 7 ran. 1½, sh hd. (G L Moore) Tote: £5.50; £2.60, £1.40. Dual F: £8.70. CSF: £17.44. Tricast: £48.81. NR: Sharp Shuffle.

**4.40** (1m 2f): 1, DAVOSKI, M Hills (5-2); 2, Protocol (11-8 fav); 3, Around Fore Alliss (10-1). 7 ran. 1½, nk. (B Hills) Tote: £2.60; £1.40, £2.10. Dual F: £2.60. CSF: £6.02.

**5.10** (6f): 1, APOLLO RED, Candy Morris (6-1); 2, Robo Magic (8-1); 3, Intiaash (25-1). 3-1 fav Purple Fling. 12 ran. 2½, 3½. (G L Moore) Tote: £6.00; £1.30, £4.00, £9.00. Dual F: £18.60. Trio: £167.20. CSF: £46.83. Tricast: £829.76.

PLACEPOT: £10,849. QUADPOT: £27.00.

## Hereford (N.H.)

1.35 Woldsman
2.10 Royal Saxon
2.40 Glen Garnock
3.10 Run With Joy
4.25 Euro Singer
4.55 Duke Of Dreams
5.25 Hi Marble

Going: Good to firm. * Denotes blinkers.

### 1.35 KILPECK MAIDEN HURDLE 2m 1f £2,332

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 0-6 | NAUTICAL JEWEL (133) K Wingrove 5-11-5 | J Power (7) |
| 2 | 30 | PRIDEWOOD FUGGLE (227) R Price 7-11-5 | W McFarland |
| 3 | P | WOLDSMAN (47) N Twiston-Davies 7-11-5 | Mr J Goldstein (7) |
| 4 | 00 | BOLD TIME MONKEY (17) M Tate 6-11-0 | W Marston |

Betting: 4-6 Pridewood Fuggle, 2-1 Woldsman, 8-1 Bold Time Monkey, 9-1 Nautical Jewel. 4 runners

### 2.10 CUSOP HANDICAP CHASE 3m 1f 110yds £3,180

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2F3/-3UR | FIFTH AMENDMENT (28) (D) C Mann 12-11-10 | J Magee (3) * |
| 2 | PP3413 | ROYAL SAXON (7) P Bowen 11-11-10 | W Marston * |
| 3 | 0-F524P | WIXOE WONDER (24) M Bradstock 7-11-1 | G Upton |

Betting: 11-10 Wixoe Wonder, 5-4 Royal Saxon, 6-1 Fifth Amendment. 3 runners

### 2.40 BREDWARDINE NOVICE SELLING HURDLE 2m 1f £2,010

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 022633 | ALMAPA (8) (D) R Hodges 5-11-6 | T Dascombe (3) |
| 2 | P | BOOT JACK (21) P Rich 8-11-0 | M Griffiths (7) |
| 3 | 080 | GLEN GARNOCK (37) R Juckes 5-11-0 | Gary Lyons |
| 4 | FP | MAGICAL BLUES (7) Mrs A Embiricos 5-11-0 | K Gaule |
| 5 | 00353-0 | MORE BILLS (212) J Neville 5-11-0 | D J Burchell |
| 6 | 00/0000- | MUMMY'S MOLE (357) G Roe 8-11-0 | D Salter (5) |
| 7 | 00 | TATHBAG (28) R Smith 5-11-0 | Mr J Goldstein (7) |
| 8 | 0 | NORTHERN DIAMOND (122) Miss M Rowland 4-10-8 | P Henley (3) |
| 9 | 00P6 | RAPID LINER (17) R Baker 4-10-8 | V Slattery * |
| 10 | 5080 | CONTRACT BRIDGE (16) P Murphy 4-10-3 | W McFarland |
| 11 | | LADY ECLAT K Wingrove 4-10-3 | S Ryan (5) |

Betting: 9-4 Almapa, 7-2 More Bills, 5-1 Glen Garnock, Contract Bridge, 7-1 Magical Blues, 12-1 Rapid Liner, 16-1 Northern Diamond, 25-1 Tathbag. 11 runners

### 3.10 GARWAY NOVICE HUNTERS' CHASE (Amateurs) 3m £1,096

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | //0/0-3P | ANN'S AMBITION (169) Mrs C Hussey 10-12-0 | C Heard (7) |
| 2 | P0P-5 | CHAN THE MAN (167) D Burchell 6-12-0 | M Harris (7) |
| 3 | 62/U3/-2 | DALAMETRE (160) M Evans 10-12-0 | M Munrowd (7) |
| 4 | /0B/4/-0 | HAPPY PADDY (32) B Summers 14-12-0 | M Cowley (7) |
| 5 | 53/0F0/- | NECTANEBO (906) N Parker 8-12-0 | M Frith (7) |
| 6 | 052060- | RUN WITH JOY (534) A Hobbs 6-12-0 | G Shenkin (7) |
| 7 | 332P/-PP | THE COMMUNICATOR (17) M Hill 11-12-0 | B Pollock (5) * |
| 8 | 00///-P | TOM'S APACHE (94) O Carter 8-12-0 | E James (7) |
| 9 | P | FELTHAM MISTRESS (18) D C Tucker 7-11-9 | R Babington (7) |
| 10 | 0/-U | MICHELLES CRYSTAL (33) F Matthews 8-11-9 | J Goldstein (7) |
| 11 | 604 | OATS FOR NOTES (261) Mrs R Kniipe 7-11-9 | R Burton (7) |
| 12 | PP/P/- | SPACE MOLLY (924) Mrs N Lay 8-11-9 | P Cowley (7) * |

Betting: 2-1 Dalametre, 7-2 Ann's Ambition, 6-1 Run With Joy, Chan The Man, The Communicator, 10-1 Tom's Apache, 12-1 Michelles Crystal, Happy Paddy. 12 runners

### 4.25 RACING CHANNEL HANDICAP HURDLE 2m 1f £2,794

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 10-0441 | EURO SINGER (7) T Keddy 5-11-10 | S Ryan (5) |
| 2 | 22133-P | NOBLE SOCIETY (260) K Wingrove 9-11-4 | J Power (7) |
| 3 | 106304 | DONTDRESSFORDINNER (16) (D) R Hodges 7-11-1 | T Dascombe (3) |
| 4 | 322-013 | VA UTU (7) (CD) D Lloyd 9-10-11 | Sophie Mitchell (3) |
| 5 | 25-0300 | JEWEL THIEF (120) G Balding 7-10-6 | Mr K Babington (7) * |
| 6 | 01241P | DISSOLVE (7) (D) N Lampard 5-10-6 | Mr L Baker (7) |
| 7 | F-10430 | COURAGEOUS KNIGHT (7) (CD) P Hayward 8-10-4 | W Marston |
| 8 | 608/0-30 | TAP SHOES (108) R Baker 7-10-0 | V Slattery |

Betting: 7-4 Euro Singer, 7-2 Va Utu, 5-1 Dontdressfordinner, 7-1 Dissolve, 8-1 Tap Shoes, Courageous Knight, 12-1 Jewel Thief, 20-1 Noble Society. 8 runners

### 4.55 PANDY NOVICE CHASE 2m 3f £2,918

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 53122P | DUKE OF DREAMS (173) R Baker 7-11-6 | V Slattery |
| 2 | 3F3-64P | ANOTHER VENTURE (91) F Murphy 7-11-0 | M Foster |
| 3 | P/PP/- | DIAMOND LIGHT (1058) V Bishop 10-11-0 | Mr S Lloyd |
| 4 | 0/PPP-P | FREELINE LUSTRE (151) P Murphy 7-11-0 | W McFarland |
| 5 | P/-0P50 | PANDORA'S PRIZE (8) T Wall 11-10-9 | T Eley |
| 6 | | SOMETHING CATCHY A Barrow 7-10-9 | W Marston |

Betting: 9-4 Duke Of Dreams, 3-1 Another Venture, 7-2 Something Catchy, 5-1 Diamond Light, 6-1 Pandora's Prize, 16-1 Freeline Lustre. 6 runners

### 5.25 BROAD OAK CONDITIONAL JOCKEYS' NOVICE HANDICAP HURDLE 3m 2f £2,348

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 251533 | COPPER COIL (12) W Turner 7-11-13 | J Power (3) |
| 2 | 3-53 | KINGSWOOD MANOR (7) Miss V Williams 5-11-4 | P Henley |
| 3 | 24-2000 | CLONGOUR (77) F Murphy 7-11-1 | D J Kavanagh * |
| 4 | 00-0060 | MUSIC CLASS (14) C Brooks 6-10-12 | M Berry (3) |
| 5 | 005 | HI MARBLE (22) Mrs M Jones 6-10-5 | M Lane (5) |
| 6 | P006 | LADY OF MINE (21) P Bowen 7-10-0 | L Cummins (3) |
| 7 | 00-PP00 | NUNS LUCY (24) F Jordan 6-10-0 | Guy Lewis |

Betting: 9-4 Copper Coil, 7-2 Kingswood Manor, 6-1 Clongour, Lady Of Mine, Hi Marble, 8-1 Music Class, 10-1 Nuns Lucy. 7 runners

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THE COCA-COLA CUP FINAL

Middlesbrough's Italian striker has been accused of disloyalty but this week he put club before country. **Michael Walker** reports

# Ravanelli puts Riverside first

THE White Feather was at the end of his tether. There had been newspaper interviews, television interviews, radio interviews. After an hour of it Fabrizio Ravanelli had had enough. He marched off down a Riverside Stadium corridor, making his by now familiar hand-signals and muttering: "I no talk about football. I play football."

Given his phenomenal hourly rate — which on the basis of his £42,000-a-week contract translates to £250 — the boy Fabrizio no doubt felt he had indulged the sceptical parade of faces in front of him long enough.

Yet his was nonetheless an unexpected and rather embarrassing exit from Middlesbrough's open day this week, and all the more striking because he left his Italian team-mate and playmate Gianluca Festa behind him, along with all the other players — except Emerson, of course, who had not bothered to turn up.

Furthermore Ravanelli, during his brief stay in which he sat with a baseball cap pulled down as far as possible over his famous grey crop, his arms folded in a pose of adolescent defiance, he refused to answer any of the questions that everybody wanted answered, such as his plans for the immediate future and his thoughts on his remarkable first season on Teesside.

> 'I could have played against Poland but I was scared about missing the final'

"I don't want to talk about that" was his response to the latter matter, and he was only slightly more forthcoming about what would occur should Middlesbrough win the League Cup tomorrow, thereby qualifying for next season's Uefa Cup, but then go down into the First Division.

"I can't say about that. I don't want to say that before a cup final like this. I probably would not want to say it after the game either."

His reluctance to commit himself to Middlesbrough, even though he signed a four-year contract last August, was noticeable although the 28-year-old Italian striker international added, again via an interpreter: "When you are used to being involved in European competition you do miss it but it is important for us not to be thinking of Europe all the time. We have to take things step by step because it would be very bad if we qualified for Europe and then got relegated."

People will read into such comments what they will but it was odd that on the same afternoon Internazionale's president Massimo Moratti was quoted as saying: "I want Fabrizio Ravanelli wearing the No. 9 shirt in our next squad. It would be a dream come true for me to sign him."

Ravanelli, who wears the No. 11 shirt for Boro, not the No. 9, has been accused of criticising Middlesbrough this season but this week at least he has put the club first.

Having travelled to Italy to join Cesare Maldini's squad for Poland, Ravanelli withdrew, citing a hamstring injury and explaining Middlesbrough's present position to Maldini as another significant reason. In the club-versus-country debate this was something of a sacrifice, because the Polish game was a full World Cup qualifier.

"I was scared about missing the final for Middlesbrough," said Ravanelli. "I could have played against Poland but for the benefit of everybody, the fans, the team, the club, I did not. It was a hard decision to renounce the national team but I made a professional decision."

Perhaps Ravanelli is indeed having a change of heart about life at the Riverside. Middlesbrough, after all, has certainly been pampering him, seeking his advice on everything from food to training methods. Then there are the shooting trips on the moors with his chairman Steve Gibson, not to mention the most frequently quoted weekly pay-packet in Britain.

If so, it has been a recent conversion. It is only five weeks ago that Ravanelli and Co's performance at Sheffield Wednesday was described in these pages as "scandalous". After that defeat, which left Boro rooted to the bottom, a cathartic players' meeting took place and Middlesbrough lost only one of their next seven games.

Emerson's disappearances and Ravanelli's whingeing undeniably took their toll on Middlesbrough's dressing-room. "Things we keep in there he [Ravanelli] blurts out. He can't keep it indoors," one of the club's English players said this week.

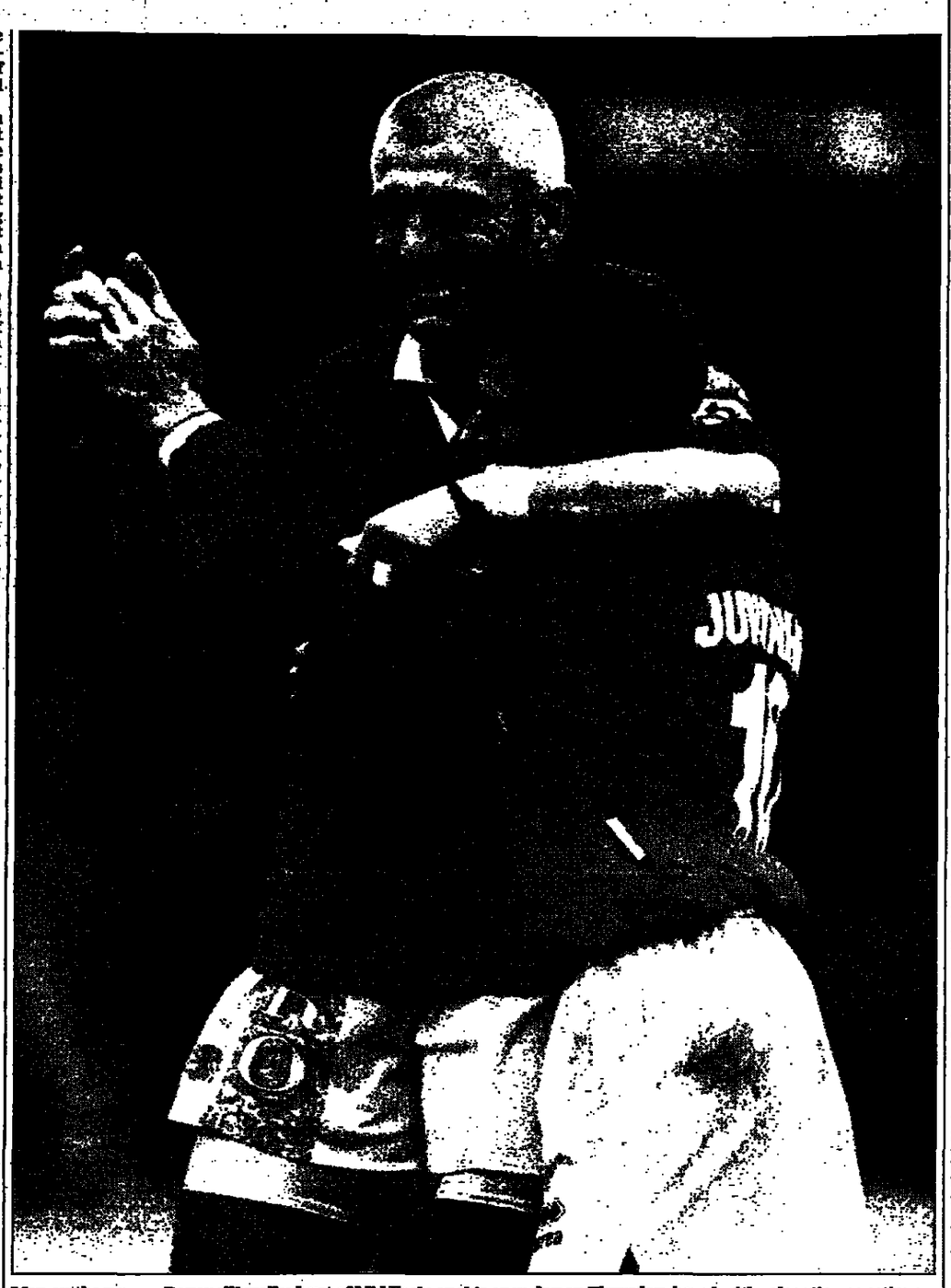
It was said without malice, though, more as a statement of fact, but it does illustrate why Ravanelli was barely on speaking terms with several of his Juventus team-mates when he left Turin last summer.

According to everyone at Middlesbrough the atmosphere has improved steadily and on the one occasion Ravanelli elaborated he even suggested that it might be enjoyable enough for him to stay.

"English football is becoming more and more important because so many important players are arriving and that's important to my future," he said. "I like the fashions, I like the fans, I like the way the stadium is half full just before kick-off and then, when you go out to play, it is full and you get a great response."

He is even impressed with Martin O'Neill, the mastermind of his opponents tomorrow, Leicester City. "I think he is a great, great manager. His team tries to play real football, not just long ball, and you can see the passion in his personality during the game."

Even if Leicester lose, O'Neill can console himself at being lauded for his inspirational qualities by Fabrizio Ravanelli. That is rare praise indeed.



Man on the run . . . Ravanelli walked out of Middlesbrough's open day on Thursday, bored with relegation questions

# Brave Boro fan in good heart for final

## Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

GOOD LUCK Bob Graham. Hopefully tomorrow's final will not be too stressful, for he is so determined to see Middlesbrough at Wembley that he has postponed a triple heart bypass to be there.

The retired estate manager, who lives in Eastbourne but was born in Redcar, has supported Boro for 57 years. And he travels 300 miles to every home game — despite suffering two heart attacks and a slight stroke last year.

"I must admit it's a bit of a risk," said Bob, "but the surgeon says I have to keep my life moving — he wished me and the Boro luck."

Bob's operation is now due next week, which means he will miss the FA Cup semi-final against Chesterfield. But, he says, "I am confident we'll reach the final and one doctor said I should be fit enough to play, never mind watch."

TALKING of devotion, 600 Fulham fans will make the four-hour train journey to Carlisle today for the top-of-the-Third Division clash at Brunton Park. Well, four hours there. The journey back takes slightly longer. It begins at 6.30pm but, because of engineering works, will not end at Euston until half past midnight. That is six hours on the train. And then, because the tube will have stopped by then, it will be followed by an expensive cab ride home.

LIFE in the north has become even more tangled for Emerson. He has to go to London to get his hair done. "There are just no Afro barbers in Middlesbrough," he moans.

SUCH is the clamour for Celtic stories among the Scottish media at the moment that an unexpected knock came at the Celtic Park door last Tuesday. The security man who answered it found a BBC reporter outside who had been tipped off by a colleague that there had just been a board meeting and that the manager Tommy Burns had been sacked. He demanded to see the club's owner Fergus McCann. "Very interesting," said the security man, "but you know it is two in the morning?"

Undeterred, the reporter insisted his story was true and demanded again to see McCann. "Still very interesting," said the guard, "but do you also realise what date it is now?"

THE Euston Tannoy announcer was also in fine April Fool form last week. "Would Mr Zola, travelling to Manchester . . ."

LEICESTER's goalkeeper Kasey Keller was brought up on his parent's egg farm. Cue hard-boiled jokes about preventing poaching.

WHILE the intensive-care spotlight has focused on Brighton and Bournemouth, what about Hull City? Or should that be Hell City?

Last week the club shop was vandalised and stock worth £1,000 was taken. This is the third recent break-in at the ground. In the most bizarre, burglars used the car-park barriers to ram open the reception door and pinch the club switchboard and laminating machine.

Also last week the bus company which ferries the team to games pulled out over an unpaid bill, leaving the players facing the embarrassing prospect of travelling to games by car — until a national newspaper sponsored a new coach.

Finally Hull's award-winning groundsman John Cooper is being headhunted by another club and, if he goes, so does £70,000 of sponsorship which pays for his work.

A collectively stressful *hors d'oeuvre*, then, for next Wednesday's main course: the club faces a winding-up order brought by the taxman over a £200,000 bill.

## A N Other

NEVER mind being famous for 15 minutes, the high point of this Boro-born forward's career lasted about 15 seconds and turned the skies above Wembley an unusually pale shade of blue. Until recently, as a player-manager, he was back in the Victorian pond where his professional career began. In between times he ambled East, shambled North and did a brief spot of ironing before finding glory at the home of a pale rider. Later he piped an old smoky and looked green before sipping a dry port.

*Last week: Sammy Chung (Reading, Norwich City, Watford).*

## Team sheet

**Aston Villa v Everton**

Aston Villa will be without their suspended captain Andy Townsend and the goalkeeper Mark Bosnich, who injured a hamstring during Australia's midweek win in Hungary.

Everton's caretaker-manager Dave Watson will have to get by without the injured Nick Barmby and Earl Barrett. Paul Gerrard, Craig Short and Michael Branch are all doubtful and Neville Southall is likely to start rather than the former Oldham goalkeeper.

**Chelsea v Arsenal**

Roberto di Matteo, Dennis Wise, Frank Sinclair and Mark Hughes are all suspended for Chelsea. Eddie Newton is in the squad after a seven-game absence following a cartilage operation but is unlikely to be raised.

Arsenal's 17-year-old Frenchman Nicolas Anelka will make his debut after being sidelined with a series of niggling injuries since arriving from Paris St Germain. The captain Tony Adams misses out with ankle trouble.

**Man United v Derby County**

United's Andy Cole will be back after missing two games with a groin strain but David May and Gary Neville are both doubtful with ankle injuries.

Derby's Estonian goalkeeper Mart Poom makes his debut while Paul McGrath is fit after Achilles tendon trouble, which is just as well as his fellow defender Igor Stimac is out with a back spasm.

**Newcastle v Sunderland**

Newcastle could have their much vaunted strikers Alan Shearer and Les Ferdinand back on show. Faustino Asprilla, sent off in Colombia's midweek defeat in Paraguay, was due back last night but might miss out with jet-lag. Philippe Albert is suspended.

The Sunderland manager Peter Reid will give a debut to the midfielder Allan Johnston, signed from Rennes for £250,000, and welcomes back Niall Quinn after seven months kicking his heels with a cruciate ligament injury.

**Nottm Forest V Southampton**

Forest may give a full debut to the on-loan midfielder Brian O'Neill. Chris Bart-Williams is back, after seven matches out due to a cartilage operation, but will probably be on the bench.

Matt Le Tissier will play for Saints after recovering from a foot injury while Graeme Souness will recall his ill-again defenders Jason Dodd and Claus Lundekvam.

**Tottenham v Wimbledon**

The Spurs goalkeeper Ian Walker is doubtful with a knee injury, so the Norwegian Espen Baardsen stands by. Teddy Sheringham is expected to overcome his ankle trouble but Darren Anderton and Sol Campbell have hamstring strains.

Joe Kinnear reports no injury problems at Wimbledon, who are boosted by the return of the captain Vinnie Jones after a one-match ban. Peter Fear is likely to make way in midfield.

**TOMORROW**

**Liverpool v Coventry**

Liverpool's internationals all returned unscathed from their midweek international excursions and the 23-year-old defender Dominic Matteo is also expected to be available.

Coventry's Anfield old boy David Burrows is likely to play after recovering from a series of injuries. Brian Borrows and Paul Telfer are suspended but the manager Gordon Strachan may recall Peter Ndlovu.

## Ronaldo may go for £45m

LAZIO have called a press conference on Monday amid rumours that the Brazilian striker Ronaldo could be on his way to Italy in a deal worth £45 million.

Ronaldo currently plays for Bobby Robson's Barcelona, whom he joined last summer from PSV Eindhoven for *£13 million*, but the Spanish club could cash in on the 20-year-old now their title hopes have faded.

The owner of Lazio, Sergio Cragnotti, said he would discuss the so-called "deal of the century" on Monday. Rome officials confirmed that Cragnotti "will talk about Ronaldo's possible transfer to Italy".

Scottish preview

# Johnson's entry may be delayed

Patrick Glenn

TOMMY JOHNSON might have chosen more salubrious surroundings than Stark's Park, Kirkcaldy, for his Scottish league debut but Celtic's £2.3 million forward from Aston Villa is unlikely to spend a full 90 minutes on an awkward pitch.

Tommy Burns hinted yesterday that Johnson will probably be on the bench against Raith as his new team-mates start the match.

With Paolo Di Canio back from suspension — the Italian missed the damaging 2–2 draw at Dunfermline two weeks ago — Burns is likely to give his regular front line the opportunity to keep the challengers within sight of the leaders Rangers.

Burns is adamant that he and his players retain hopes of overcoming the champions' seven-point lead in the five-match run-in. But Rangers need to win only three of those fixtures to be certain of their ninth successive title.

"One paper told us after we had drawn at Aberdeen on the opening day that the race was over," said Burns. "Well, we're still here and of course we think we still have a chance." With the defender Malky MacKay and midfielder Peter Grant suspended, Burns is able to recall Alan Stubbs and Enrico Annoni to the back line. Both were missing when Dunfermline took advantage of a lack of height in the Celtic defence to secure their draw.

Rangers are at home to Dunfermline today and are likely to have Mark Hateley's aerial presence against the Fifers. Hateley was sent off during his "homecoming" against Celtic three weeks ago and missed the defeat by Kilmarnock a week later.

But the Ibrox side will have to continue without Paul Gascoigne, Richard Gough and Andy Goram, all injury victims who are hopeful of returning to first-team duties next week. Gascoigne has had the plaster removed from his damaged ankle and is back in training. Rangers are down to the bare bones in midfield with Ian Ferguson and Charlie Miller suspended.

## Rugby Union

# Wasps out to end Bath reign

Robert Armstrong

WASPS and Bath may have only one Lion apiece but there is serious Courage League business to be attended to first and Lawrence Dallaglio and Jeremy Guscott will have no time to dwell on their selection during tomorrow's meeting between the leaders and champions at Loftus Road.

The London club will be anxious to bounce back from their midweek defeat at Leicester and demonstrate that the traditional pecking order really has changed this season. At the same time Phil de Glanville's team, who also lost a midweek game, at Sale, probably need to win if they are to retain a chance of keeping their title.

Wasps currently have a four-point lead over Leicester, who have two games in hand and a superior points-difference which is likely to improve during today's meeting with Orrell at Welford Road.

Harlequins, who visit London Irish, have a daunting wage bill and have had a mediocre season. They will find the Exiles lack nothing in passion or commitment under their director of rugby Willie Anderson, who is determined to get his new club away from automatic relegation and into the play-offs.

Quins, having lost five league games to date, will be looking over their shoulders at Saracens and Sale who are strong contenders for European qualification. "We targeted a top-four place at the start of the season; getting into Europe is the main aim," said Sale's captain Jim Mallinder. "The Cup is a bonus."

Gloucester, though, have sufficient know-how up front to see off Saracens at Kingsholm while West Hartlepool, who are second from bottom, are so desperate for points that their guests Sale could get a nasty surprise.

"We have a tough game at West, whom we respect highly on their own pitch," said Sale's player-coach John Mitchell, who intends to rest himself and several others.

"When we qualified for the Cup final it meant we were involved in 10 matches in 43 days. Nobody is super-human enough to play in them all."

It is a safe bet that a number of players overlooked by the Lions selectors, such as Saracens' Kyran Bracken, Gloucester's Phil Greening and Sale's Mallinder, who scored a possible try of the season in last week's cup win over Quins, will seize every opportunity in the coming weeks. That could also apply to Bath, who have at least four players, notably Mike Catt, with points to prove.

Northampton, who surprisingly have five Lions, are likely to find their new-found pedigree acts as a provocation to Bristol, whose drive to get out of the play-off zone would be nicely boosted by victory at the Memorial Ground.

However, Mark Regan and Simon Shaw will miss out with ankle injuries sustained during England's Five Nations match with Wales. The Bristol University student Barry McConnell continues to deputise for Regan while Phil Adams plays in the second row.

## Hockey

# Reading and Ipswich back to the crunch in the league

Pat Rowley

THERE is to be no respite for Reading and Ipswich Ladies after their silver medals in the European Cup Winners Cup on Monday, with both clubs facing matches this weekend that may decide whether they are in Europe again next year.

Reading, the men's National League leaders, are at home to Cannock, the champions, in their final league match. With Teddington a point behind them, they know that only a victory will guarantee them their first league success.

Ipswich, who still have two league matches to play, can be champions if they beat Slough, their nearest rivals, at Ipswich, today. Tomorrow they have to play Slough again, away, in the AEWHA Cup quarter-finals.

Teddington, who entertain the highly competitive Canterbury, are the one side who can stop Reading being champions. They push-off at the same time (2pm) as Reading, having switched from a midday start. They did not wish a repeat of last year, when they had to endure an anxious wait before learning that Cannock had denied them.

Teddington would seem to have a better chance of beating Canterbury than Reading of eclipsing Cannock.

Reading have to recover from a taxing European weekend and a hammering by Germany's Gladbacher, while inconsistent Cannock are *capable of beating any* English club on their day.

Simon Mason, Reading's Olympic goalkeeper who was outstanding in the 3–2 win over Cannock in November, holds the key to this match and he will be only too aware that Cannock's Bob Crutchley needs two goals to pass the record 42 goals in a season, held by the former Reading player Paddy Osborn.

Ipswich, apart from their 4–1 defeat by Kampong Utrecht last week, have not lost since October 5. However, it would be no surprise if Ipswich and Slough shared the honours this weekend.

## Sport in brief

**Olympic Games**

A women's action group has called on the International Olympic Committee to debar 25 countries from the Sydney Games of 2000 because they selected all-male teams for the Atlanta Olympics and thus discriminated against women.

The Atlanta/Sydney Plus Group, in Geneva to lobby the United Nations Human Rights Commission, cited among the offenders Botswana, Libya, Rwanda, Senegal, Somalia, Sudan, Haiti, Afghanistan, Brunei, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Oman, Palestine, Qatar, United Arab Emirates and Yemen.

**Soccer**

Alan Shearer, top scorer of Euro 96, will join George Weah of Milan, world player of the year, in a Fifa all-star team to play an Asian Football Confederation select in a gala match in Hong Kong on July 3, three days after the colony reverts to Chinese government after more than 150 years of British rule.

**Road Running**

Paul Evans, tipped to become the first British winner of the London Marathon since Eamonn Martin in 1983, has pulled out of the international 5,000m in tomorrow's CMFS Inter-club festival of road running in Blackpool to save himself for the big race in London the following Sunday. Evans, last year's Chicago Marathon winner, will face South Africa's Olympic champion Josia Thugwane and Britain's Richard Nerurkar, who finished fifth in Atlanta.

**Basketball**

The Leopards manager Billy Mims was yesterday named Coach of the Month for March. On Sunday Mims, who also won the award for October, guided his team to the Budweiser League title with a run of eight wins in nine matches. Earlier in the campaign the Leopards won the National Cup in only their third season. Player of the Month is Birmingham's 6ft 7in defender Tony Dorsey, top league scorer with an average of 26.4 points per game.

**American Football**

London Monarchs have signed Jason Byworth, a 19-year-old European junior from Battersea, as replacement for the injured linebacker Karl Ballard. Byworth, a wide receiver, will line up against Frankfurt Galaxy at Stamford Bridge next Sunday.

## Sailing

# Nicorette in line for record

Bob Fisher

AFTER making 230 miles towards the Lizard in a difficult 24 hours smiles returned to the faces of the 15-man crew of Nicorette at midday yesterday.

Light winds had earlier reduced their chances of beating the monohull transatlantic sailing record of the schooner Atlantic, but they were back on schedule to do so.

There were 354 miles left and more than two days to finish inside the 52-year-old record of 12 days, four hours and one minute. Nicorette has to cross the finishing line due south of the Lizard Lighthouse by 5.39pm BST tomorrow and yesterday was computer-predicted to be there in the dying hours of today.

The World Sailing Speed Record Council will time Nicorette across the finish and her overall time, with the starting time supplied by the Sandy Hook Pilots Association of New York, will be placed before the Council for ratification.

**Fightback at the Palace** Richardson keeps Davis Cup hopes alive 21

**Tideway trauma** Can Oxford end their losing streak? 23

The Guardian sport

Over the Chair . . . Blue Cheek, left, ridden by Robert Thornton, clears one of Aintree's famed fences on the way to winning yesterday's Fox Hunters Chase DAVID ROGERS

# The richest lottery of all

**Graham Rock** on the 150th running of the world's most keenly backed steeplechase

THE National Lottery might be the most popular gamble of the British but tumbling balls are no substitute for jumping horses and the Grand National has been the favourite betting event since it was first run in 1839.

Bookmakers are anticipating a record £65 million turnover on the 150th running of the world's most famous steeplechase and a maximum 39 runners will line up at 3.45pm to battle for prize-money of £250,000.

Which horse will start favourite is proving as difficult to forecast as finding the winner. Lord Gyllene has headed the ante-post market for several weeks but, as the race approaches, he has been deposed by Suny Bay, a grey, and Wylde Hide, owned by the legendary punter J P McManus.

The diffident Irishman had a second entry, Time For A Run, which was backed to win £500,000. That horse was withdrawn a few days ago because of injury but McManus has piled on Wylde Hide to win an estimated £600,000.

His bravado, however, pales into insignificance compared with that of the late Alec Bird in 1954. He backed Tudor Line to win £250,000, the equivalent of £2 million today, but his selection was pipped by Royal Tan in a photo finish.

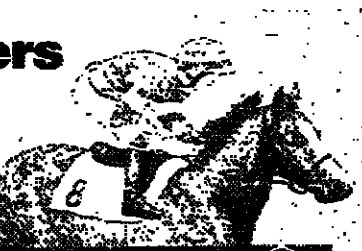
Professional money alone will not determine which horse starts favourite; the once-a-year punter has the final say. Smith's Band, ridden by Richard Dunwoody, is one of two entries trained by Jenny Pitman, who won with Corbiere in 1983 and Royal Athlete two years ago. The expected pre-race banter between Pitman and the BBC's Des Lynam could spark a huge gamble on Smith's Band.

This will be the 50th and final year that Peter O'Sullevan commentates on the race; The Voice, as he is known, retires in November. A commemorative bust will be unveiled before racing and O'Sullevan will be joined in his box by the Princess Royal for one of the televised events.

There was no commentary in 1839, when the field galloped over ploughed fields. That first Grand National was won by the 5-1 favourite Lottery, whose previous name was Chance.

**Grand National Special, pages 21 and 22**

## Runners and riders



| No | Horse | Jockey | Age | Weight | Odds | Trainer | Form | Comment |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Master Oats | N Williamson | 11 | 11-10 | 25/1 | K Bailey | 10/P32-P | Not the force of old |
| | Nahthen Lad | J F Titley | 8 | 10-9 | 16/1 | Mrs J Pitman | 1-6P2P | Out of sorts lately |
| | Lo Stregone | G Bradley | 11 | 10-4 | 12/1 | T Tate | 214-335 | Proven stayer. Big chance |
| | Suny Bay | J Osborne | 8 | 10-3 | 10/1 | C Brooks | F/161-51 | May prefer softer ground |
| | Feathered Gale | F Woods | 10 | 10-3 | 25/1 | A L Moore (Ireland) | 15-2605 | Struggling to find form |
| | Avro Anson | P Niven | 9 | 10-2 | 10/1 | M Camacho | 2125-3U | Lacks jumping experience |
| | Belmont King | R Johnson | 9 | 10-1 | 25/1 | P Nicholls | 1F5/-1P2 | Should be staying on |
| | Buckboard Bounce | P Carberry | 11 | 10-1 | 25/1 | G Richards | 52/10-P0 | No appeal on latest runs |
| | Bishops Hall | D Bridgwater | 11 | 10-1 | 50/1 | R Alner | 01-241P | Twice first-fence faller |
| 0. | Lord Gyllene | A Dobbin | 9 | 10-0 | 10/1 | S Brookshaw | 231112 | Bold jumper, should go well |
| 1. | Wylde Hyde | C F Swan | 10 | 10-0 | 10/1 | A L Moore (Ireland) | 11U-021 | Best form on soft going |
| 2. | Dextra Dove | C Maude | 10 | 10-0 | 33/1 | Simon Earle | 6P114P | Rare poor effort last time |
| 13. | Antonin | C O'Dwyer | 9 | 10-0 | 16/1 | Mrs S Bramall (Ireland) | 30-1651 | Eighth last year, needs mud |
| 14. | Smith's Band | R Dunwoody | 9 | 10-0 | 12/1 | Mrs J Pitman | 11F12-P | Specially prepared. Chances |
| 15. | New Co | D J Casey | 9 | 10-0 | 40/1 | M Morris (Ireland) | P11500 | Can be a dodgy jumper |
| 16. | Go Ballistic | M A Fitzgerald | 8 | 10-0 | 10/1 | J O'Shea | 4121F4 | Looks pick of the weights |
| 17. | General Wolfe | L Wyer | 8 | 10-0 | 14/1 | Capt T Forster | 11F2-14 | Jumping may let him down |
| 18. | Glemot | S McNeill | 9 | 10-0 | 50/1 | K Bailey | A-12232 | Unlikely to stay the trip |
| 19. | Valiant Warrior | R Garritty | 9 | 10-0 | 40/1 | M Hammond | 11-2553 | Out of his depth |
| 20. | Killeshin | S Curran | 11 | 10-0 | 25/1 | H Manners | 5P5344 | Too slow unless it pours |
| 21. | Master Boston | Non-Runner | 9 | 10-0 | | R Woodhouse | U-PP40F | |
| 22. | Straight Talk | Mr J Tizzard | 10 | 10-0 | 66/1 | P Nicholls | 21-225U | Goes well on fast ground |
| 23. | Nuaffe | T Mitchell | 12 | 10-0 | 100/1 | P Fahy (Ireland) | F0F01P | Likely to be outpaced |
| 24. | Northern Hide | P Holley | 11 | 10-0 | 50/1 | M Salaman | 113-420 | Outsider with a squeak |
| 25. | Turning Trix | J R Kavanagh | 10 | 10-0 | 33/1 | D Nicholson | P3-1441 | Stable is in cracking form |
| 26. | River Mandate | A Thornton | 10 | 10-0 | 40/1 | Capt T Forster | 12223F | Rather deliberate jumper |
| 27. | Grange Brake | D Walsh | 11 | 10-0 | 66/1 | N Twiston-Davies | 45U5P0 | Capable if in the mood |
| 28. | Evangelica | R Supple | 7 | 10-0 | 40/1 | M Pipe | 211142 | Honest mare with a chance |
| 29. | Back Bar | T P Treacy | 9 | 10-0 | 66/1 | A L Moore (Ireland) | 550404 | Not one to back today |
| 30. | Dakyns Boy | T J Murphy | 12 | 10-0 | 100/1 | N Twiston-Davies | 4U0/-240 | Seems to have lost his form |
| 31. | Scribbler | D Fortt | 11 | 10-0 | 100/1 | G McCourt | 554-05F | Can safely be written off |
| 32. | Celtic Abbey | B Powell | 9 | 10-0 | 100/1 | Miss Venetia Williams | 442/2-P4 | Could spring a surprise |
| 33. | Full of Oats | J Culloty | 11 | 10-0 | 66/1 | Miss H Knight | 11-3F33 | Not full of confidence |
| 34. | Camelot Knight | C Llewellyn | 11 | 10-0 | 100/1 | N Twiston-Davies | 0/5P-246 | Faller two years ago |
| 35. | Mugoni Beach | Jamie Evans | 12 | 10-0 | 66/1 | M Pipe | 3P2-045 | Finished lame last time out |
| 36. | Plastic Spaceage | G Upton | 14 | 10-0 | 150/1 | J Old | U223-56 | Not a certain runner |
| 37. | Over the Stream | A S Smith | 11 | 10-0 | 200/1 | Miss M Milligan | 1340-60 | Probably over the hill |
| 38. | Don't Light up | Mr R Thornton | 11 | 10-0 | 250/1 | Miss Venetia Williams | 35P/1FP- | Potential damp squib |
| 39. | Pink Gin | Mr C Bonner | 10 | 10-0 | 150/1 | M Hammond | 32-10P6 | Rather take a stiff drink |
| 40. | Spuffington | P Hide | 9 | 10-0 | 150/1 | J Gifford | 533B33 | On a losing run |

David Lacey

## No buckets but fans turn tide on the south coast

THIRTY years ago Orient nearly went under. The club had debts of £100,000. The situation was desperate. So they called a Sunday morning meeting at Brisbane Road to explain their plight to the supporters. The Orient chairman Arthur Page took a plastic bucket around the ground and the fans responded generously.

Within three years the deficit had been halved and, when Tommy Taylor was sold to West Ham for £80,000, it was cleared. While they have never been overburdened with wealth, nobody has had to pick up the bucket at Orient again. Orient represented the bottom line of football support, a willingness to stump up to preserve a local way of life. It helped that Page was a chairman of the old school, an Orient fan from the age of six.

What has happened at Bournemouth this week reinforces the point that amid the Gadarene rush to float football clubs on the stock market, the faith of supporters remains the bedrock of the professional game's existence. Bournemouth were in peril partly because they owed the Inland Revenue a sum which would not buy a teenage midfielder, an ageing striker or even a goalkeeper from Omsk. They have been thrown a lifeline through a trust set up by the fans which has already raised £300,000.

The rescue operation is far from complete but at least the tow-ropes have been secured and there is every chance of Dean Court continuing to evoke memories of Ollie Norris, Ted MacDougall and the day Ron Atkinson's Manchester United were sent packing from the FA Cup.

Fan power seems to have won an important victory and along the south coast there has been another sort of triumph of the will. The supporters of Brighton and Hove Albion have, for the moment, achieved at least a score-draw. Their team will still be playing next season but not at the Goldstone Ground, which has become a shrine for dissaffected, disenfranchised fans from far and near.

Brighton are due to share with Gillingham next season, which for their followers is about as convenient as wanting to go to Birmingham only to be taken on to Crewe. But at least the Sussex club's chairman Bill Archer has belatedly done a deal with the consortium seeking to take Brighton over and build them a new ground.

It would be nice to believe that, while pitch invasions tend to be counter-productive, the highly articulate message being voiced by the majority of Brighton fans finally got through. Certainly the club's support has gained considerable unity of strength and purpose through its anti-Archer campaign.

After boycotting Albion matches, fans have now swung behind the team's fight to stay in the League. Attendances at the Goldstone are nearly twice last season's and, when the old place stages its last match with the visit of Doncaster in three weeks' time, the traffic around Hove Park will be at a standstill.

Should Bournemouth thrive and Brighton survive, those who kept the faith will feel a new sense of belonging, like those Orient supporters who put their shillings and sixpences in Arthur Page's bucket. It is, however, no longer a feeling common to the Premiership.

Newcastle United's share flotation this week appears to have been the predicted success. It will generate millions and fund a new 55,000-seater stadium, provided Sir John Hall can get planning permission. Yet a common complaint on Tyneside is that the real fans have been priced out of St James' Park.

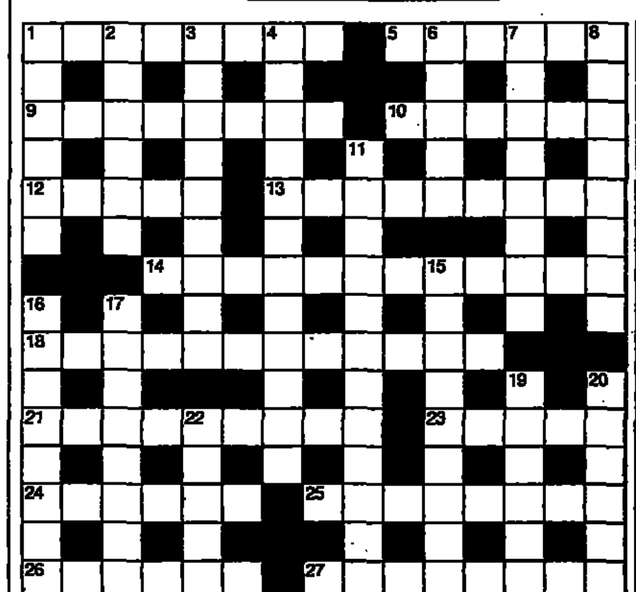
APART of English football is enjoying an expensive pipe dream about ever-rising share prices and millions more from pay-TV once the digital revolution is under way. But the initial share boom has peaked and the financial promise of pay-as-you-view already looks exaggerated.

Should there ever be a crash, woe betide those who have farthest to fall. But if they asked nicely, no doubt buckets could be passed around on the beaches of Brighton and Bournemouth.

**The former jockey Bob Champion is more familar than most with the highs and lows. In 1981 he came back from the cancer ward to win the most memorable Grand National of all on Aldaniti, another ex-invalid.**

**Page 22**

## Guardian COLLINS Prize Crossword No 20,930



Set by Bunthorne

**Across**

1 Beast burdened by muck-spreading without limit (4-4)
5 Mosaic dietarian sends back plat du jour as intrusive (6)
9 Rooftop housing for ring-doves? (8)
10 Curry cold? It's lapped up in Riga (6)
12 William Bickerstaff put more than one foot in it (5)
13 City Pooh-Bah demolished: hard going for one in fear of one's home (9)
14 See 1 down
18 Many, many quiet babies grow into hollow men (5-7)
21 Not sure one can carry a brief case in uniform (9)
23 Am I to leave with a friend? (5)
24 Seeing headless cat, I take a pick-me-up (6)
25 A main course of the lowest fare (8)
26 Hard of hearing (6)
27 Stock food supply line to an American theatre of war (4-4)

**Down**

1,16,17,14 Constraints deployed as tactic by mute, pitiful, sincere minister (6,8,8,12)
2 An additional monument (6)
3 Card (Queen) dealt with unknown devices (9)
4 Mediterranean sail transport making delayed appearance (4,8)
6 Put out a bishop to lead anti-smoking lobby (5)
7 Bad for the hips in Germany (4-4)
8 Downwardly mobile Dutch city girl taking English (8)
11 One chats about Franco-Left Alliance (12)
15 Delivery section requiring square area in a Channel port (9)
16 See 1 down
17 See 1 down
19 Confused type of frogs with fish (6)
20 He equals Miss March's record by the hour (6)
22 Five-finger exercise (1-4)

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,930, P.O. Box 180, East Molesey, Surrey, KT8 OYY, or Fax 0181 957 5010 by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday April 14.

Name ..........

Address ..........

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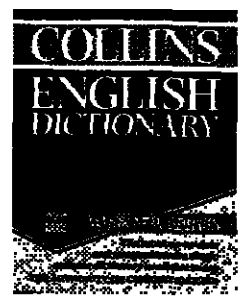

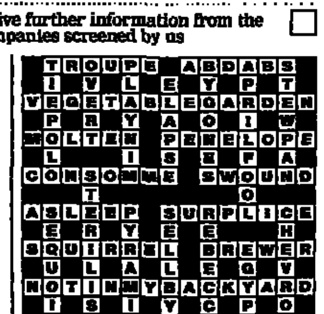

CROSSWORD SOLUTION 20,929

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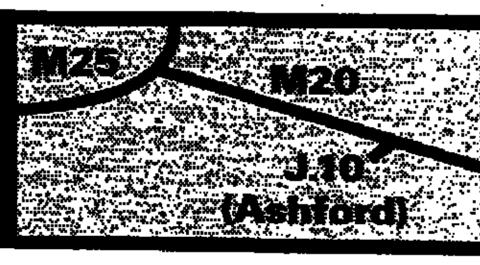


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